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THE TURNLEYS
AND COLLATERAL BRANCHES

NOTE:—APPENDIX INFORMATION.

There are recorded in this book 413 names of the Turnleys and Collateral Branches; of these, 159 are deceased, leaving 254 now living; of those living, there are 157 of adult age. The remaining 93 under age, are not all infants; but many of them approaching the hey-day of matrimony and family building.

The 254 now living are scattered through not less than 20 states of the union, about as follows:—The two Virginias, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisana, Texas, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Utah, Montana, Washington, Oregan and Arizona.

Of the 157 adults living, about one fifth of them (or exactly 31 of them) have sent me orders for the book; each order ranging from one single copy to 13 copies and aggregating in all 104 copies, leaving me still on hand some copies which I wi.l gladly send to any of the 126 adults who have not been heard from on receipt of order, as per accompanying blank coupon order.

The 31 orders now being filled (aggregating 104 copies) amount to $302.75. The total money cost of the edition of 200 copies is stated by the Secretary-Stenographer in the following note:

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOS, August 10, 1605.

DEAR COL. TURNLEY:

In response to your note of request, I will say that the only entries I find in the cash journal and mailing list, in reference to the book you mention, entitled "The Turnleys" are as follows:—

1900	Examining county records in U. S. - - -	$15.00
1900	Examining county records in Europe - - -	10 00
1904	To 34 half-tone engravings - - - -	63.50
	To typewriting 650 pages of pen text - - - -	53.50
	To 200 copies, finished book, of 225 printed pages, plus 34 inserts - - - - - -	298.00
	To incidentals, postage etc. - - - - -	20.00
	Total, - -	$ 460.00

A correct transcript

MARY DOOLEY,
Secretary-Stenographer.

Mount Pleasant Home

THE TURNLEYS

A BRIEF RECORD

BIOGRAPHIC AND NARRATIVE
OF SOME OF THE TURNLEYS IN THE UNITED STATES
AND EUROPE FROM DATA GATHERED FROM
MANY SOURCES ON TWO CONTINENTS
THROUGH THE KINDLY ASSIST-
ANCE OF SEVERAL OF THE
DIRECT AND COLLAT-
ERAL BRANCHES

BY

PARMENAS TAYLOR TURNLEY

A GREAT-GRANDSON OF

JOHN TURNLEY OF BOTETOURT COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Highland Park, Illinois:
THE CANTERBURY PRESS
1905

1227140

INTRODUCTION.

A FEW months before our great fire in Chicago (October 8th and 9th, 1871,) I had completed the manuscript for a book narrating incidents in the life of my great-grandfather, John Turnley, and of his only son, George Turnley, my grandfather. The manuscript, however, was not placed in the hands of the printer, but was filed away in a box, with many hundred other papers, in a basement of a large brick store, 44 State street, Chicago, and all was burned. I regretted the loss exceedingly, all the more because I had lost all the special data I had been for thirty years or more collecting expressly for the book, and I did not then have any idea of attempting to rewrite the same. But a few months after that fire I discovered many of the fragments of data I had used thrown into an empty flour barrel in my barn, which had not been reached by the fire. I at once conceived the idea of preserving the same, so far as they could be used in rewriting to a smaller extent the lost manuscript. This I did, and in a few months gave it to a couple of young men (printers) who had been burned out, but had re-established their plant to a limited extent, and desired work. I was absent most of the time, and failed to do my proper part as proof-reader and reviewer. The book was finished before I heard of it, and when I got time to review it I found so many typographical errors in it that I had to insert two pages of "errata." But even that did not correct the errors in names, dates, narratives, etc., which at that stage could

not even be enumerated by "errata." I therefore only distributed a few copies of it to some of the closer relations of the family in 1872 and 1873 and let the matter rest, until about a year ago, when I concluded to try and rewrite at least the portion relating to old John Turnley, of Botetourt County, Virginia, and Grandfather George Turnley; also when I revisited the old Turnley home (June, 1871,) to be at the bedside of my father, John C. Turnley, at his death from the accident he met with near Dandridge, he transferred to me, before his demise, his large and valuable desk, with its four lower drawers filled with his papers and back date memoranda; also grandfather's desk of a similar pattern, which likewise contained a vast amount of records, memoranda and diaries of a far back date when they lived in Botetourt County, Virginia, 1776 to 1784. These papers furnished me with much of the data I had lost in the Chicago fire. Meantime, I had discovered that the descendants of Grandfather George Turnley, scattered over the southern states from Tennessee to Texas, were little informed of his early life and of his later years. His own children having died, only grandchildren, great-grandchildren and, in fact, great-great-grandchildren were the only living ones, who sought properly some information as to their progenitors. As I had been brought up close under his own eye, and was the only one in possession of the many incidents and recorded facts of his long, rugged and worthy life, I felt that a duty devolved on me to make a record of the same for the correct information of present and succeeding generations of his line. Accordingly I laid aside some other literary work and began the compilation of what I then intended to be a record only of John Turnley, of Botetourt County, Virginia, and his descendants. However, I soon discovered

there were several other branches of the Turnley tribe both in the United States and in Europe, some mention of which I found records of in the two old desks I had fallen heir to. I therefore widened my field of exploration and began to seek information and correspondence with such of them as I could reach. Of course this delayed the work, and involved more labor than I had contemplated, especially as I had then entered my eighty-fourth year of age, a period when one's second childhood has to be reckoned with. Nor was this the only obstacle which crossed my path—I had been suffering for more than a year with cystitis, or severe inflammation of the bladder, but was not aware of its serious character until I suddenly collapsed with a most malignant catarrhal inflammation of that organ, which forced me to a hospital for several weeks and after that confined me to my rooms at home for more than a year longer, and disabled me for all work. However, in the quiet of my rooms at home I gradually resumed work on the book and have completed the manuscript as well as I could, which is now ready for the printer.

I make this declaration to the reader as my apology for the errors and the crudities sure to be met with in these pages.

PARMENAS TAYLOR TURNLEY.

Highland Park, Ill., April, 1905.

PREFACE.

"WHAT is the use of pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to be accounted of an ancient line, and to display the painted faces of your ancestors, and the Aemiliani standing in their cars, and the Curii diminished to one-half their bulk, and Corvinus deficient of a shoulder, and Galba that has lost his ears and nose—what profit is it to vaunt in your capacious genealogy of Corvinus, and in many a collateral line, to trace dictators and masters of the horse, begrimmed with smoke, if before the very faces of the Lepidi you lead an evil life. * * *

"Though your long line of statues adorn your ample halls on every side, the sole and only real nobility is *virtue!*

* * * * * *

"For who could call him noble who is unworthy of his race, and distinguished *only for his illustrious name?* * * *

"To you, my words are addressed, *Rebellious Plautus;* "you are puffed up with your descent from the Drusi, "just as though you yourself had achieved something to "deserve being ennobled. 'You are of the lower "orders,' he says, 'The very dregs of our populace.' "Not a man of you could tell where his father was born; "but I am a *Cecropid.* Long may you live and long rev- "el in the joys of such a descent, yet from the lowest "of this common herd you will find one that is indeed "an eloquent Roman!

"*It is he that usually pleads the cause of the ignorant* "*noble.* From the Toga's crowd will come one that can "solve the knotty points of the law, and the enigmas of "the statutes. *He it is, that in his prime, carves out* "*his fortunes with his sword, and goes to Euphrates;* "*and the legions that keep guard over the conquered* "*Batavi;* while you are nothing but a *Cecropid?*

* * * * * *

"He is the steed of fame, from whatever pasture he "comes, whose speed is brilliantly before the others, and "whose dust is first on the plain. * * *

"Therefore, that we may admire you, *and not yours,* "first achieve some noble act. * * * It is wretched "work building on another's fame, lest the whole pile "crumble to ruins when the pillars that held it up are "withdrawn. * * *

"What I have just set forth is no opinion of my own, believe that I am reciting to you a leaf of the sibyl that cannot lie."—*Juvenal.*

The desire to preserve our race and name is as old as man's existence on the earth, and it does appear to furnish some proof adverse to the Darwinian theory (or speculations, rather) as to man's origin.

Speculation, however, is useful to the philosophic mind, and to the world—inasmuch as it breaks down the enclosures of established creed; it abrades the stronghold of time honored superstitions; and allows science to penetrate the regions of the unknown, and by the measures of demonstrable matter, to investigate and draw some conclusions concerning indemonstrable spirit.

Theology (like everything else animated by human nature) becomes exceedingly narrow in ignorance; a kind of creed selfishness. Even the highest type of the-

ology—the Christian—has for centuries, through its expounders, lived in watchful fear of what may be called the advance of profane learning, and in past centuries much more than at present offered vigilant opposition to science wherever it seems to threaten or to undermine a religious dogma, as if the eternal principles of the universe rested upon the manipulation of a Greek or Hebrew particle! It was not thus he spoke who said, "Great are thy works, O God! who shall understand them?"

Happily for the world, mere dogma is yielding to science, and we dare to hope that no great shock may disturb the balance of society by the obliteration of these landmarks hewn out by scientific research, until mankind has reached the truer light wherein theological fallacies vanish—then indeed we shall see no longer 'through a glass darkly.' And may then with justice claim a modicum of civilization as a balance wheel to our religion?

All honor, then to Darwin and his growing class of speculators. They give impetus to inquiry. They give us some metal though they give us much dross. Lyell, Huxley, Lubbock and others give us constant proof of both the power and the weakness of the human mind. These are the reapers that gather in, and though much of the harvest is not wheat, yet the wheat could not be garnered without it. If, when Mr. Darwin's theories have been winnowed, one grain of the true wheat be found, it is worth all his labor to gather it—it is worth all ours to read and investigate it. This, after all, is the grand mission of the human intellect in this world (and perchance in the world which is to come). However, Mr. Darwin fails to show us any of the elements, capacities or results of indefinite and infinite change, advancement and elevation in the *quadrumana*. He fails to explain to us why our maybe ancestors have no *aspira-*

ations or instincts above his condition. What he was in the beginning of human records, he is now! Man only possesses the capacity for change, elevation, and progress infinite. Man only possesses aspirations for a higher and still a higher condition, and the difference between the highest and lowest order of man is immeasurably greater than that which exists between the extreme grades of the *quadrumana.* The lower orders of men may, and often do, rise, compete with, and outstrip a higher order, till it becomes the dominant race, and what had been its superior becomes its servant; but in all the ages wherein a history of man and *brute* has been preserved, there has been no change in the relative positions of the two, nor does there appear any connecting link that could, in any *unwritable,* incomputable, illimitable period of time, merge the one into the other. But all honor to Darwin. Every scientific truth he rescues from the debris of past ages, is a real gem, though set in the base metal of error. It must outlive the master hand that discovered it; it must outlive the theories it was brought forth to establish and adorn; it must live in that glorious crown, resplendent with gems, wrought out of the mysterious universe by the sweat of man's brow and the toil of man's brain; it must take one of that "cloud of interpreters" that shall one day declare to man the true purport of the history of the world, and of man as given in the book of Genesis, by biblical philosophers.

Nevertheless, Mr. Darwin and his co-laborers should rise above so much that is purely speculative. They should not organize themselves into a committee of metaphysicians, and proceed to deal out their wares on purely *borrowed capital.* Those very eminent and respectable writers and thinkers should be a trifle more guarded in

confounding *metaphysics* with true *philosophy*. The end and object may be the same; but the modes of reaching the end are very different; the inductive method, limited to the observation merely of facts, can hardly pass current among thinkers. A course of reasoning is equally necessary if they would raise their theories out of the mire of merely speculative philosophy, of vulgar observation, into the field of science. Science alone can solve the grand equations which, however, may very properly contain recorded observations as *quantities* and numbers. Science alone can ever solve the problem of discovering the *unknown* from the use of the *known*, and this, too, by fair course of patient reasoning.

It is not, however, the province of this preface to refute, or in any manner discuss Darwin; but to set forth a quality of the human mind, which is superior to the brute, the parent of history, the scaling ladder of civilization. That instinct, or more properly, *aspiration*, in man to preserve his personal identity, his race and name in the world after he shall have been called to lay down this mortal dress, to assume he knows not what other.

The march of civilization appears to be "war;" a mortal combat between light and darkness; between knowledge and ignorance; between elevation and degradation; between the higher man and the lower man. And it is to be regretted that the universal desire of man to preserve his line and genealogy has not more generally found expression in written records, by which individuals could be traced back through social change and political revolution; through the endless vicissitudes of moral and intellectual elevation and degradation.

The history of every man or a large number of men (not laudations and exaggerated accounts of personal prowess, as we have in the traditions of the Greeks, and

other ancient nations, to say nothing of the fulsome panegyric so universal at the present time), but a candid, faithful narration of the condition and line of descent through a thousand, or five hundred, or even three hundred years, through all the ramifications, intermingling and separations, might do more than anything has yet done to answer the question, why the strong must always rise by pulling down the weak.

It might furnish a key to that obstinate lock that guards the principles of human government, and show what is the true theory that leads to "the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers." It might reveal to the philosopher why men are not born free and equal.

Such a family and personal history would furnish the strongest bond of sympathy between the classes, and go farther than any power we now possess to soften the asperities and bitterness of the seemingly necessary war between the classes of a so-called civilization. To the peasant, it would say, "you can and may be greater than your fathers," while to the lord, it would say, "you are in fact, brother to your serf. The same blood courses your veins, a like spirit animates your life; from his class you have come, and to his class you may return. Look, therefore, to his elevation, if you would guard against your own degradation."

The elevation of the masses! A word so ponderous and unmanageable in its suggestions and signification; a word used so flippantly by that gushing class of humanitarians (marvelously like Mr. Darwin's pet progenitors of man), that one almost forgets from the lightness of the breath that breathes it, the immensity of its proportions. The elevation of the masses! It is what all the world would have, but it is not he who talks it so glibly on the stump and from the rostrum who is

likely to find the way to it. It is a slow work, if we may judge from past experience. The highest human attainments of the present century, when compared with man's knowledge two, three or four thousand years back, does not present so great a difference. Certainly much has been attained in the investigation of natural science and natural laws, and this has been utilized to the comfort and convenience of man; but the human nature passions, hopes and affections, was understood then as perfectly as now, and is in nothing changed by our long pupilage in the elevation process.

Looking at our own Motherland, England, which shows a longer connected and intelligible record than any other country of our civilization. She has not done much toward the elevation of the masses, and yet, we may ask, where is there a nation that has done more. America claims to have invented or discovered a literal, social, and political equality, and makes herself hoarse shouting, "no castes, no classes" (which, by the way, is false) "no lords, no peasants." The Adamic age had none of these. It is knowledge, progress, civilization, that produce these classes, and these castes. "When Adam delved and Eve span" truly enough there were none of gentle blood. The march of progress, of civilization, had not set its mark upon the barbarous earth. The only approach to democracy, and perfect social equality, we find among untutored savages, never in a higher condition of human society.

The United States took the superstructure of government, which England through ages of war and blood, through revolution and counter-revolution, through the experience of generations, wrought out for herself, remodelled, trimmed and fitted to strength and stability. The sturdy yeomanry of America under the peculiar cir-

cumstances that surrounded them, needed but little government. They wisely trimmed off much of the heavy machinery of law that age had made unnecessary and useless to the great model; and the secret of the rapid progress that America has made in the development of her natural resources is in the fact that she has been but little governed. But, we are now calling for laws more restrictive of criminal aggression of one class of citizens against another class, which was not dreamed of in earlier decades of our once hopeful, but now decadent and abortive experimental government, while our *pretended* republic has become the most pretentious and aggressive world power almost on earth. The end of which of course we cannot even forecast—certainly not within one or two centuries.

As society waxes older, it gradually settles into the inevitable grooves of the employer and the employed; master and man; him who commands and him who obeys; him who toils, and him who enjoys the proceeds. In fine, it becomes he who *may* and he who *shall not.* This is the status of every progressive people. However different may be the names employed to designate these relations, however irregular and uncertain may be the fortune that determines the preponderance of power, power once gained becomes a patrimony, and a condition once determined becomes an inheritance. The moral and intellectual nature conforms to the physical and social condition, and beauty or deformity perpetuates itself in its caste.

Power is what man wants in all ages and countries, and every clime; this is the aspiration of his soul that makes him godlike. This theory and that theory of government only means power to this or that class or caste of men. Humility is no element of man's nature;

it is not even a principle that he can learn, and though he try it ever so honestly, it becomes only empty cant or an available disguise for gaining what is the involuntary inspiration of every human soul, viz: *power*. "Even those who have not the will to kill a man would gladly have the *power*."

The engine of government, which for three-fourths of a century was but a name in the United States, readily takes up its more weighty attachments as society outgrows its primitive condition, and so loose and indefinite has been the government itself, that this additional machinery goes on only too easily, and is plied by the lower instead of the wiser powers of the land. While those who are honest and learned in the state and law stand with uncovered heads before the consecrated theories of 1776, demagogues and mountebanks, the lowest strata of a new and untried people, mount the seat and ply the lash. Now, if there be anything in the theory that intellect must rule, here goes for a war, a war of mind against muscle, a war of civilization. One more step toward the solution of man's origin and destiny.

Badges of family distinction and respectability are much valued in older countries, and especially in our mother country England. Even in America the national characteristic begins to assert itself. Every man of gentle breeding and moderate culture feels just pride in the distinction which attaches to an honorable name and ancestry.

It has been said Americans have no grandfathers, and however just this may have been in the past, it cannot long apply to American society. Time—that unfailing regulator of human affairs—will bring all things and all men to their legitimate places at last. It may be some time before we have a College of Heraldry in America,

but even now almost every man of respectable or distinguished ancestry and laudable aspirations preserves most sacredly in his family archives the testimony of his respectability.

Aside from the commendable feeling of pride that operates upon all the world in common, the philosopher desires to preserve his line and ancestry, their honor or dishonor, upon philosophical grounds and for philosophical investigation. The history of one family traced back to the Flood would contain more to enlighten mankind than all the histories of all the nations that have existed on the earth!

PARMENAS T. TURNLEY.

Highland Park, Ill., April, 1905.

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THE TURNLEYS
AND COLLATERAL BRANCHES

THE TURNLEYS
AND COLLATERAL BRANCHES

CHAPTER I.

The Turnleys in General.

In England, the Turnley family dates back to a remote period. Prior to 1550 the name is recorded as a family with a coat of arms in the register's office. When the Herald College in London was burned, this, with so many other recorded coats and blazonry, was destroyed. Those interested in the preservation of these family armorial ensigns, took measures to have those of their respective families reregistered or recorded, and so preserved them. The Turnleys neglected to do this for a great while. The attempt was at last made, and after long search through the British Museum the record was found in Randal Holme's Academy of Armory, published during the reign of Charles the Second. The family record also was found bearing the coat of arms. We give a diagram of the same as copied from the records in the College of Armory in the British Museum, with book chapter and section.

The "Turn Cup Lily" as the arms represent, (page 480, vol. 1 of Fairbairn's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland) is the following: "TURNLEY" on a mount. vert. an oak tree ppr. pendent on (sinister side) a shield, gu. charged with a cross pattee or perseveranda, pl. 75 cr. 2 cross pl. 141 or more clearly rendered. Turnley's coat of arms consist of a green oak tree growing on

a mound; pendent on left side a reddened shield charged with a "pattee" cross; that is, a cross in which the *arms* are very narrow at the *inner* ends and broad at the *outer* ends.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, three branches of the Turnley family appear in England. Richard Turnley belonged to the expedition, which, under the Earl of Essex, embarked from Plymouth, against Spain, and resulted in the capture of Cadiz. He was also in another expedition under Essex, for the protection of Ireland from a threatened invasion from Spain. He returned in 1599 to England, where he remained in private life.

Several members of the family held positions of honor and trust in the state during this period.

We do not see anything more of the name until the Civil war under Charles I. of England. During the latter part of this reign, the Turnleys seem to have been divided between Charles and Parliament, some being on the one side and some on the other. At last, when Charles refused to answer the charges of Parliament, the Turnleys are all found on the side of the Parliament, and subsequently in the army of Cromwell. John, Francis and Edmund Turnley served in the army of the Commonwealth, John and Francis as Ensigns, Edmünd as Cornet in a squadron of cavalry. When Cromwell became Lord Lieutenant, he dispatched reinforcements to the garrisons in Ireland, and among these reinforcements we find the names of John, Francis and Edmund Turnley. They participated in the little battle near Dublin in 1649, and were present at the shameful butchery perpetrated by Cromwell at Drogheda in the same autumn. They remained in service in Ireland till 1651, when they all obtained discharges. John, the eldest, remained in Ireland, married there, and had children. His de-

JOHN TURNLEY OF DRUMNASOLE, IRELAND

scendants are still to be found in Ireland. The writer has heard of a number of them prior to 1850; but is unable to give anything more definite concerning them than will be mentioned further along in these pages.

Francis and Edmund Turnley, after the discharge from the army of Ireland, started to return to England, but stopped in Wales. Francis remained there, married and had children. During a portion of the time he lived in Monmouth, where he died in 1690. His two eldest children were sons, whom he named John and Francis. These two are the progenitors of the Turnleys of America. More will be said of these hereafter.

Edmund Turnley, the youngest of the brothers who left England in the Cromwellian service, married in Wales, afterward returned to England, and stopped in the town of Bath.

About the same time, another branch of the family (cousin to the one above) James Turnley, resided in the town of Gloucester, near the head of the Bristol Channel. He had three sons, viz., Robert, Isaac and Joseph. The record of these appears in 1700. No accurate account can be obtained of their issue nor of their deaths.

The name is still preserved in both English and Irish branches, and we insert the following letters on the subject from John Turnley, Esq., of Ireland, and Joseph Turnley, of England, dated at his temporary residence, Maison La Roche, St. Severn, France, March 1, 1861, as giving all we know of his branch of the family. The letter is as follows:

Drumnasole, Glenarm, County Antrim, Ireland,
September, 1861.

Captain Parmenas T. Turnley, U. S. Army, Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir: Your letter to me without date, followed me through my wanderings, until it reached me here. I should have answered it long since; however, better late than never. Until about eighteen years ago we did not know of any other family in the world of the same name; but about the year 1843 my late father was astonished at receiving a letter from a London barrister, named Joseph Turnley, saying that in reading A Tour Around Ireland, by Mrs. Hall, he had met with his name as the proprietor of property in the County of Antrim, and of a place called Drumnasole. My father invited him to come and see us, and next mail, before his letter could have reached him, the said Joseph Turnley drove up to our door! His curiosity being even greater than ours to see a namesake. I may now safely say that this London Turnley family and our Irish family are the only people of the name now on this side of the water; once or twice I have had begging petitions from poor illegitimate dependents; and I know that some illegitimates settled in Buenos Ayres, and became very rich there.

I found the English Turnleys to consist altogether of about *eight* males. The head of the family lives in London, No. 19 Russell Square. Joseph Turnley, a rich city man, who has made a large fortune, is an alderman, I believe, and expects one day to be Lord Mayor. He has one or two brothers, and first cousins scattered over England, but I know that children and adults do not number more than eight or nine males altogether. The cousin, Joseph, who visited us, was a barrister, but is now

The Turnley Coat of Arms

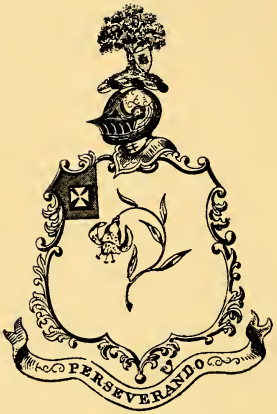
a solicitor, and is the author of some fanciful books, chiefly on the subject of beauty. But, living as I do, entirely in the north of Ireland, and very seldom going to England, I see very little of them; not oftener than once in seven or eight years, so that we have had no intimacy, but very good will when we do meet. Mr. Joseph Turnley, of Russell Square, some four years since joined me, having our arms, etc., determined. It seems that they had old family plate handed down for many generations, and the arms on it, they naturally always considered as theirs, and used, until lately some occasion arose requiring proof of right to use it, and inquiring at the Herald's College, the name was not known there. This put Mr. Turnley on his mettle, and being a book worm, he commenced a search among the old Herald books in the British Museum, and in Randal Holme's Academy of Armory, published in Charles II. reign, he found the family then, at that time, recorded *"as a family,"* and bearing arms, a copy of which I made myself, from that book, and send enclosed. It is a turncup flower "Fliped" the florist term *"Mastagan Fliped."*

"An Academy of Armory, a store house of Armory " and Blazonry, containing all things worn in coats of " arms, both foreign and domestic, with the terms of " Arts used in each service, by Randal Holmes of the " City of Chester. Gentleman senior in extraordinary to " his late Majesty King Charles II., and sometimes dep- " uty for the King at Arms, MDCLXXXVII. Book 14, " Chap. Page 74, Sec. CV, as follows: 'He beareth argo. " 'Turncup Flower, Fliped, but by Florists termed " '"*Mastagan* fliped." These are borne by Turnley.'"

I think, and most probably, originated from the name " Turnelie"—"Turndlily." This is represested on a shield, and is *not a crest,* but *"Arms,"* and exactly corresponds

with the arms on Mr. Turnley's Family Plate, above alluded to. It seems the reason the Herald's College knew nothing of it, once on a time (many years past) the Herald's College was burned down, and records all destroyed, and those families interested in such matters took care to see theirs re-entered on the new books, and the Turnleys neglected to have *theirs* done likewise. Sir Bernard Burke at once recognized our right, and we are now recognized and registered in the Herald's College. I had some difficulty in convincing Sir B. Burke that our Irish family was the same stock. However, there always has been a tradition with us that we came over in Oliver Cromwell's Army, and a tradition existing with English Turnleys, that a branch had gone to Ireland. It was recognized by Sir B. Burke, and he formally permitted us to carry the same arms, etc., being of the same family originally, and the English Turnleys chose the *lily* also for their crest, and use a "tree," which, right or wrong, I found my father and grandfather using. The motto is common to both, "Perseveranda." But the crest and motto are only of the other day, signifying nothing. *The "Arms,"* and the right to bear them, so long ago as at least James I. (1603 to 1625) it shows that we are of a good old descent. I believe you think very little of this in America, most likely look upon it as weakness in us here. However, we only value it for what it is worth, knowing well what the real and higher value of a man is, with reference to here and hereafter.

Now, with reference to my own family, the Irish branch, I may say, I stand alone, and with me the family name comes to an end. We have had a strange history, "always cutting our own throats." My great-great-great-grandfather held a respectable position and landed property in Ireland, and dying, left it all to his widow,



Turnley.

THE CREST OF THE ARMS

trusting in her to deal judiciously among his family of sons and daughters, but she proved false to his confidence, soon married a person called a Mr. Wilson, and all the Turnley property became Wilson's, and on the strength of it, Mr. Wilson got into Parliament, from the Borough. The Turnleys seem to have become unknown then for many years (naturally so), until my grandfather, Alexander Turnley, turned up, having become a rich merchant, and land agent to the first Lord Londonderry. He married a Miss Block, of a respectable old family, and had three sons.

John, (for whom I am called,) Francis (my father) and Alexander, and four or five daughters, all of whom married in the most respectable families. My eldest uncle (John) died without issue. Alexander's family are all dead or unknown; my father, (for whom a good berth in the East India Company was procured through Lord Londonderry, and where my father realized, and brought home seventy-five thousand pounds sterling.) My father married a Miss Rochfort, of County Carlow, one of the oldest and best families in Ireland, and has Francis, Robert, Joseph, John, and Charles, Dora and Kate. Francis and Joseph died when about to enter the Bar and Church, Robert became a settler in Canada, and lost his patrimony, then returned, and went out of his senses—and is now in a lunatic asylum—a ward of Chancery. Charles is also soft brained, and I alone of all the males am left. My sisters are alive, but unmarried. My father and uncles are long since dead, and no possible source left from which to reproduce the family. I early married a Miss Lytton, daughter of one of the Masters in Chancery, and have six daughters but no son; nor do I expect to have any further addition to my family. (But he was mistaken, for since then he has two sons who are now

grown and have families. P. T. T.) My place of residence is County Antrim, at a handsome house called Drumnasole near Glenarm, and my brother Robert's property lies all around, and I am his guardian or committee under the court. I have the use of the house, and a good allowance from the court to support the respectability of his name in the county. I am on the grand jury, and a magistrate; but there are too many rich men in the county for me to be more than a sprat among them all; especially as it is a county where purse rules your rank in a good measure. In other parts of the land, education, family, and personal qualifications tell in society; here it is the length of your purse. I am (and expect to be for another year) a resident at St. Jerome, to economize a little and get the advantage of French for my six daughters. It is a good locality for the enjoyment of yachting, of which I have been always passionately fond. Yours truly,

JOHN TURNLY.

P. S.—I spell my name without the final e. This is an omission which took place within my recollection.

J. T.

The foregoing letter is full of interesting information. The Civil war appeared to put a stop to our correspondence, until about 1866, when it was resumed, and has been kept up to the present time. The following transcript of a letter from *one* of his sons shows that Mr. John Turnly was mistaken in 1861 when he lamented that his *six* daughters closed his increase of family. He had two sons born after that, one of them the writer of the following letter:

Lisloughry, Cong, Co. Mayo.
May 21, '99.

Dear Col. Turnley: My father has not heard from you lately, so trust that you are not unwell. I am trying to collect a few more facts regarding our family, and would be glad to know after yourself who will be the head of the family in America, and would you please give his name and address. What has become of the Mount Pleasant Home—who owns and lives in it now? I am my father's (John Turnly, Drumnasole) eldest son and am now married and have a young son christened John Francis. So in spite of my father's gloomy prognostications in his letter to you from St. Malo in 1861, the Irish branch may survive a bit longer! I shall be very glad, if it would not trouble you too much, to know where you got your information from on page 3 and 4 of your book regarding the expeditions under Cromwell to Ireland.

Yours very truly,
Francis J. S. Turnly.

P. S.—My father is in excellent health. I hope Miss Emma is also.

Of the English branch, it appears from the following letters of Joseph Turnley, Esq., that the name is not likely to become extinct, there being several male members of the family living in 1862:

Tudor House, Burgess Hill, Sussex.
August, 1862.

To Capt. P. T. Turnley, U. S. Army, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir: I am obliged for your letter of the 20th of July, and I will endeavor to answer your different questions to the best of my ability.

In my early days I have often heard my father say, that one portion of his family left England for America, that another went over to Ireland, and there settled. I fear I cannot tell you very far back, my knowledge of the family being very limited. The oldest member I can recollect was my grandfather, who left behind him six sons and one daughter, "Mary Agnes." Mark, the eldest, *dead,* had one son, who, I believe, is in America.

James, "dead," no issue.

Joseph, (my father,) "dead," left five sons and a daughter, "all dead but myself."

James William, left one daughter, married.

Robert Henry, unmarried.

Joseph, (myself,) three sons and a daughter, all alive.

Say Joseph Wright, married, with four daughters.

Robert Cooper, unmarried.

Thomas Hale, do.

Alice Cooper, married to F. Cramp, of London, Oporto; they have five daughters.

John Muro left four sons and one daughter.

Samuel Muro left four daughters.

Joel Muro left no children.

Mary Anne, married, left son and daughter, since dead.

The above are all the branches I have known, they have all passed away. In or about the year 1821 my father left England for America, in search of his relations. He went to New York, from there to Charleston,

South Carolina, and returned to London after eight months' absence, without finding what he sought. In Ireland he was more successful, he found the family living in the Co. Antrim, on their estate, called Drumnasole, and an exceedingly nice family, consisting of three sons and two daughters. No doubt, Mr. John wrote you all particulars of his branch; that we are all of the same stock I have not the least doubt; therefore, the same family. The arms of our family, which have been handed over to me, were kept by the ancients of our race under lock and key. We are descended from a very old Norman family, and some hundred years ago, was much "better known" at "Court" and "in the fashionable world" than at present. Randal Holmes has a long article on the arms borne by the Turnleys, in his work on the London Gentry of England, 1614. On applying at the Herald's College in London, they could not find the name, but on questioning them more closely I found about one hundred and fifty years since a "large fire" took place and destroyed a great portion of the building and papers, and amongst the lot our "Pedigree" was "burnt." About four years ago I held the office of Deputy Governor of the Honorable the Irish Society of the New Province of Ulster. During my stay in that country I called upon my friend B. Burke, Esq., "Ulster King at Arms" for all Ireland, and got him, after some conversation, to confirm and register the Arms worn by my ancestors for ages (not finding them in the Herald's office in London). In addition to the "Turn Cup Lily," our Arms, the Viceroy of Ireland gave permission for the family in future to wear the Tower of Londonderry as a mark of respect to the position I held as Deputy Governor of the Province. I have become the head of the family in England, there only being eight

of the name left. I am a Justice of the Peace, for the county of Middlesex, for the City of Westminster and Liberty of H. M. "Tower of London," also a Deputy Lieut. for all those three commissions, I am a commissioner of the Board of Conservancy, of the River Thames, a member of the Common Council of our City, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, and in the year 1858, I filled the high position of Master of the "Merchant Tailor's Company," one of the most ancient Guilds of our City, in whose splendid Hall are entertained the first nobles of the land. The late Prince Albert was a member, and I had the honor of conferring the freedom of the company on the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia in Buckingham Palace. The last ten years of my life I have devoted to the public service without fee or reward, and last Christmas I found my strength give way, being overworked. I was advised to leave London for twelve months to recruit my health, and I have taken a house as above. It is forty-two miles from London, and eight miles from Brighton. It is a beautiful place and I have found great benefit by the change. We are on the grounds or driving over the country all day, receiving the fresh air, and I hope in another six months to be able to return to my magisterial duty.

I married early in life Miss Mary Anne, the daughter of Thomas P. Cooper, Esq., one of the old Yorkshire families. I am happy to say she is in good health. I have a son, Robert Cooper, who left us two years ago, for South Australia, thinking, like many others, to make a rapid fortune. He has found his mistake, and at present is seeking some employment, which I trust he may soon find, being a good-tempered, clever man, and industrious.

With respect to your great-grandmother, I cannot give you any information, and I believe I have told you all I know of my family.

I am very sorry the unhappy differences in your country cannot be settled. That the two States will ever again be under one President I think impossible. I can only hope that you may return to your peaceful home unhurt, and that I may hear it confirmed by yourself.

Having told you all I know concerning myself and family, and if you feel disposed to continue a correspondence, I can only assure you I shall at all times be delighted to hear often from you. With kind regards, I remain, Yours truly,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

PARMENAS T. TURNLEY, Esq.,
Chicago, Ill.

Tudor House, Burgess Hill, Sussex.
October 6, 1862.

To Capt. P. T. Turnley, U. S. Army, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir: I am in the receipt of your two letters by the same post. In future I will thank you to direct to this place, as it makes two or three days' difference in my receiving the letter. There was no need of your caution, in these troublesome times. I am at this place for my health, which, I am very happy to say, is quite reinstated, therefore, see little or no company beyond my own family. I go to London twice a week to attend to magisterial duty; the other days are devoted to my garden. I can assure you my wife and self sympathize with you and Mrs. Turnley, on the dreadful state

of your country, and more particularly the painful position of yourself, with reference to your family; however, you must put your trust in that God, who, thus far, has spared you to your family, through all the perils you have passed. I am happy to hear you have recovered your health, and long may you enjoy that blessing. I have little news to communicate. America seems to occupy the whole world with her troubles on the one hand, and Italy on the other. The International Exhibition is very nearly closed, and very attractive it has been. I believe London never was so full of strangers as during the last two months, nearly every nation having sent a man-of-war ship, with some 200 or 300 young men, engineers and different mechanics, to give them the opportunity of seeing if anything was to be learned from the curious contributions from all the nations in the world, and it appears they have all left England satisfied.

The Lord Mayor and Common Council gave a Grand Ball in honor of the International Exhibition, at which was invited every foreign visitor of distinction—there were over 3,000 persons present, and a very splendid affair it was; they built a large room over the court yard, for dancing, and the Grand Hall was appropriated for the Concert, at which the first performers in the country were engaged; it went off exceedingly well. I was one of the committee for conducting it; the dancing was kept up till 4 o'clock in the morning. You, no doubt, have seen by the London papers, our good Queen is in Germany spending some time with the relations of the late Prince Consort, and I sincerely trust she is enjoying herself.

The Prince's death was a very severe loss to our beloved Queen, and, in fact, to all her subjects, he having become quite English, entering into all our charities and institutions, to see them properly applied; he, also, gave

his attention to the fine arts, in short, made himself beloved by all classes of people.

You say you will be happy to hear from me; I can assure you it will be exceedingly pleasant to address you, knowing I shall hear of your welfare in return, and that all the unhappy differences in your country are peacefully settled.

You speak of some day paying our city a visit; I trust you may soon put that good resolution in force, and that I may have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand, and introducing you to my family as a branch of the Turnleys that was lost but found. Mrs. Turnley joins me in kind regards to your wife and daughters and self, and believe me, very sincerely,

Yours,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

P. T. TURNLEY, ESQ.

Tudor House, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

December, 1862.

To Capt. P. T. Turnley, U. S. Army, Chicago, Ill.

Many thanks, my dear sir, for your kind letter; like yourself, we have been from home for some time visiting our friends. I am very sorry to read so bad an account of your troubles in America, and did hope the war would have been decided long before this, but from your description of the causes, I fear it will require a long time to settle the differences. You ask me what is the opinion of the English people, here; I feel assured all their sympathies are entirely with the South, and consider they

should be a separate State, in fact, I cannot see how the two can ever again be united to work in harmony. With respect to slavery, I consider it would be an act of injustice to the owners and the race themselves to make them a free people. The slaves have never known any other condition; the owners feel bound to feed and clothe them, and take every care of them for their own sakes, they being of great value—and what would become of so large an amount of these black people if left to themselves? I can see nothing but riot and rebellion accompanied by every act of violence, if not murder; in fact, for a long time the white population would never be safe in their homes. You ask me what class I belong to. In answer, my family and myself are all conservatives, that is, we are for upholding the Established Church and State as by law directed, for what nation or people are governed by so good a Queen, and enjoy so many privileges and freedom as do the English? America is called the Land of Freedom, but few of her subjects find it out; they are more taxed than the mother country, and, I consider, more harshly dealt with.

I have not at present heard from Judge Turnley, but I am looking forward to that pleasure. You say you are about to finish some few works that have been long in hands. When complete, should opportunity offer of sending them to England, I should very much like to read them. Are you still called upon to act as a soldier, or have you sent in your resignation? There is little news. We are all engaged collecting for the distressed in Lancashire, and I have little doubt soon to be called upon to do the like office for the operatives in our own city.

I shall be delighted to hear from you how the war goes on, as no reliance can be placed upon the news-

paper reports. My wife and family join me in love and good wishes to you all, and believe me,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

Tudor House, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

July 8th, 1863.

To Capt. P. T. Turnley, U. S. Army, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir: On the 13th of May last I wrote you to your address in America, and not hearing from you in reply, considered you were from home or on your way to England. I am surprised you did not recollect I had removed from Russell Square to the above house over twelve months. I am exceedingly sorry you should have been in our country and not paid us a visit, or, in fact, let us know the pleasure of a personal introduction. The letter you wrote while in London never reached me, for I am exceedingly well-known; had you directed to Russell Square they would have been sent by the postoffice people to 41 Tower Hill, the Thames Conservancy, at which board I am found every Monday and Friday. I cannot help regretting not having seen you, as I had with my wife made up our minds that you would have paid us a visit for a few days. We are within eight miles of Brighton, which is one of the lions of our country.

My son-in-law, Mr. Cramp, wrote me yesterday, requesting I would call soon on him, which I did, and received your letter from him, the contents of which annoyed me to think you had been so near and I not to have heard of your arrival in England, which I the more

regret for I had intended to have shown you some of our old institutions, particularly Merchant Tailor's Hall, of which company I have the honor of being a very old member.

On the 11th day of June last our good Prince of Wales did the company the honor of becoming a member, and afterwards dining with us in our Hall. I should much wish you to have been present on that occasion. The place looked magnificent, crowned with the presence of the ladies in the gallery. The day passed off well, everybody, including the Princess, left pleased; however, it appears I was not to have your company, I do sincerely hope it is only pleasure deferred, and that the day may still arrive when we may meet hand to hand.

Mrs. Turnley and the other members of my family join me in wishing you a speedy and safe passage to your own country, and that you may all enjoy good health, is the prayer of

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

The writer had occasion to visit England, in 1863. Business detained him in London a month or more, during which time he made many efforts to communicate with Mr. Joseph Turnley; the failure which he deeply regretted and still regrets was owing to his having overlooked the fact that Mr. Joseph Turnley had some months previously changed his residence from Russell Square to Tudor House, Burgess Hill, a fact of which he had been informed by Mr. Joseph Turnley at the time of the change, but which, under press of business, and harrowing anxieties, occasioned by the war then raging in America, had been entirely forgotten.

Through Mr. Cramp (son-in-law to Mr. Joseph Turnley), he was enabled to apprise Mr. Turnley of his presence in England, but not till too late to admit of a personal meeting. If these lines should fall under the observation of Mr. Joseph Turnley, as they doubtless will, the writer begs that the above explanation may be received as apology for his apparent inattention. He lives in the hope of yet seeing Mr. Joseph Turnley, in England, when war and family complications at home do not claim so large a share of his attention.

Note. Since the foregoing correspondence, Mr. Joseph Turnley, Esq., deceased.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN and Francis Turnley, sons of Francis Turnley and progenitors of the American family, were born in Monmouth, Wales, John in 1660, Francis in 1662. After attaining their majority, they crossed the channel to the port of Bristol, where they worked for themselves, and finally married, one in 1689, the other in 1690. In 1692, having been tempted by the favorable inducements offered by William and Mary, to emigrants to the American Colonies, they together embarked from the port of Bristol for Norfolk, Virginia. John, the elder, settled in Botetourt County, Virginia; Francis in Spottsylvania County. They each had children, and named the eldest sons for themselves respectively—John and Francis. John (the eldest son of John Turnley of Monmouth), was born in Bristol, 1690; attained his majority in Botetourt County, 1712. Francis (eldest son of Francis Turnley of Monmouth), was born also in Bristol, 1691, and attained his majority in Spottsylvania County, 1713. These are the heads of the two American families of Turnley. The fathers, old John and old Francis, of Monmouth, were respectable citizens in the new country. They were farmers, men of moderate acquirements in the way of education; were possessed of but little property, and, as may be readily inferred, attained no position of note or influence in public affairs. The colonies, like the old country, offered but few opportunities to the plain laboring man, especially when backed by neither wealth nor education. It remained for a later day to reverse the

order of things, and make men great by accident without the once necessary equivalents, ability, wealth, or position.

John and Francis, of Monmouth, died in their respective homes at advanced ages. Their sons (John and Francis), married in Virginia, John in his own County Botetourt, in 1725; Francis in his own County Spottsylvania, in 1725. Francis had a large family, judging from a record furnished by some members of that branch, a duplicate of which is found among papers of John Turnley, of Tennessee.

The following letter from Mr. Nelson G. Turnley, of Richmond, Virginia, written in 1869, gives some of the Spottsylvania County branch of the Turnleys, which I insert because it may enable some of the later descendants to trace their line of descent, although the branch of the Turnleys noted in his letter will be more fully given in Chapter III. Mr. N. G. Turnley died soon after writing the letter, which is as follows:

RECORD OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE FAMILY OF GRACE AND FRANCIS TURNLEY, OF BRISTOL.

Richmond, Va.
February 10, 1869.

Col. Parmenas T. Turnley, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Cousin: Your valued favor, under date of the 18th January, is at hand, and contents noted. We were very much gratified to hear from you and to form your acquaintance, if only by letter. We thank you for your kind invitation, and I know of nothing of a temporal character that could possibly afford me more pleasure than to visit you. With reference to giving you such information that may be in my possession in regard to

my ancestors, I don't know that I can better serve you than to give you a record recently received from my sister Mary, a resident of the County of Spottsylvania, Virginia, which is as follows:

Great Grandfather's Family.

Francis, son of Grace and Francis Turnley, born February 10th, 1726-7.

Elizabeth, daughter to Grace and Francis Turnley, born December 8th, 1728.

William, son to Grace and Francis Turnley, born January 25th, 1730.

Ann, daughter to Grace and Francis Turnley, born February 28th, 1732.

Grace, daughter to Grace and Francis Turnley, born June 9th, 1735.

John, son to Grace and Francis Turnley, born November 9th, 1737.

Grandfather's Family.

Susan, born October 8th, 1740.

Ellender, born December 18th, 1744.

Sarah, born July 6th, 1751.

Elizabeth, born February 12th, 1753.

Ann, born March 23rd, 1755.

John, born February 7th, 1757.

James, born September 7th, 1759, and died May 6th, 1763.

Francis, born December 31st, 1763, and died December 23rd, 1838.

DEATHS.

Mary, consort of Francis Turnley, Sr., died February 27th, 1794.

Francis Turnley, Sr., departed this life November 7th, 1796.

Susan, consort of Francis Turnley, Jr., died September 5th, 1822.

Judith, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., died October 10th, 1821.

Zachariah, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., died October 10th, 1825.

Francis Turnley, Jr., was married to Miss Susan Walls, a resident of Orange County, Virginia, April 3rd, 1791.

The names of his children I give below:

James, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born January 17th, 1792.

Elizabeth, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born January 24th, 1794.

Judith, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born January 21st, 1796.

John, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born October 22nd, 1798.

Mary, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born October 12th, 1801.

Whitfield, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born September 15th, 1804.

Nelson G., son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born August 8th, 1810.

Zachariah, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born February 22nd, 1813.

My sister Elizabeth died in Rome, Georgia, at the advanced age of 75 years.

Brother James died July 9th, 1862.

Brother John died in 1865; the day of the month I do not now recollect.

It was not the expectation at the beginning of these pages to include more than the Botetourt County branch of the Turnley "tribe"—that is, of old John Turnley and his only son George, of Botetourt County, Virginia. However, a few months past, I met with one or two gentlemen of the Spottsylvania Turnleys, especially Mr. Robert Pugh Turnley, at present a merchant in the State of Washington. He made me a brief call of a few hours, with his charming wife, on their return trip from the St. Louis Exposition. We have corresponded since then, resulting in his valuable contribution to a record of the Spottsylvania County Turnleys. I am glad to be able to give it place in these pages.

As an introduction to Mr. Robert Pugh Turnley, who contributes these valuable papers, I will insert, first, a brief extract from the lately compiled history of Whitman County, Washington, where Mr. Turnley resides, and carries on a large mercantile business. The great-grandfather, John Turnley, of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, he begins with, and whose discharge from the Continental Army on February 13, 1778, is inserted in these pages, was the son of Francis Turnley of that

same county—or of Stafford County—it is not certain which—and his father, Francis Turnley, was the cousin to old John Turnley, of Botetourt County, who will be treated of later on in these pages. These two old *Johns* are the *direct* heads of the swarms of Turnleys now scattered over many of our southern states, also middle and western states. Old John, of Botetourt County, was born in 1730—two years before George Washington. Old John, of Spottsylvania, was born 1754-5; enlisted in the army when about 21 years old, served until February, 1778, got his discharge; he went home and married him a wife in the person of Miss Elizabeth Spindle, daughter of John and Elizabeth Spindle, of Virginia. Their first child was born June, 1779, say about a year and a half after his discharge from the army.

Old John Turnley, of Botetourt County, with his only son, George (a lad then only a little over fourteen years), served also in the army till 1779.

Roster and record of the Turnley descendants from John Turnley, of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, as furnished by his great grandson, Mr. Robert Pugh Turnley, of Rosalia, Washington state.

The following, taken from the History of Whitman County, State of Washington, lately published, gives Mr. Robert P. Turnley's status as a citizen in that state, and it gives me pleasure to insert the same in these pages.

R. P. Turnley, Merchant of Rosalia, Whitman County, Washington.

Endowed with the truly successful merchant's capacity for detail, and for handling a great multitude and va-

riety of undertakings, the man whose name gives caption to this review is one of the giants of industrial achievement who are domiciled in Whitman County. Proprietor of several business establishments in various parts of the country, interested in mining and a partner in at least one important firm in Spokane, Mr. Turnley might well plead stress of business as an excuse for taking no interest in local affairs, but he manages to find time to discharge well his duties to society and to the town in which he lives; indeed he is a leader in promoting what he conceives to be the general welfare. It is therefore but consistent with the province of this work that a brief summary of his useful career be given space in the biographical portion of our volume.

Mr. Turnley is a native of Alabama, born in August, 1862. He acquired there the major portion of his education, and spent one year in Bethel College, McKenzie, Tennessee, and when he became nineteen years of age he moved to Johnson County, Arkansas. He early engaged in the mercantile business. In 1892 he removed to Whitman county and for the first year after his arrival he was employed as a clerk in the mercantile establishment of Thompson, Holt & Company. The next year he and Mr. Thompson established a general merchandise store in Rosalia, and in 1894 he purchased the interest of his partner, becoming sole proprietor. To the building up and extending of his trade he has devoted at least a portion of his herculean energies ever since, carrying the largest stock in the city that he may anticipate and be able to supply every want of a customer. He also owns a store at Pine City and one at Sunset, and is interested as a partner in the Turnley and Chandler Produce Company, of Spokane. He is, moreover, the owner of a

section of land in the Palouse country, which is being farmed to wheat principally, and a director and stockholder in the Rosalia Bank and in the Alliance warehouse.

As before stated, Mr. Turnley is an active participant in the local affairs and government of his home town. He now is and for many years has been a member of the city council. In fraternal affiliations he is identified with Rosalia Lodge, No. 84, F. & A. M., and with the Woodmen of the World. His marriage was solemnized in Arkansas in January, 1887, Miss Laura E. Howard, a native of Georgia, then becoming his wife. They have seven children: Selma; Robert P.; Howard and Norma, twins; William Bryan; Madge and Blanche.

COPY OF ORIGINAL DISCHARGE OF JOHN TURNLEY, OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

I do hereby certify that *John Turnley,* a soldier in the South Virginia regiment, has faithfully served his time of enlistment and is hereby discharged.

Given under my hand at
Valley Forge Camp, Feb. 13th, 1778.

GEORGE WEEDIN,
Brigadier General.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 25, 1850.
For the Nashville Christian Advocate.

Elizabeth Turnley, widow of John Turnley, of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, died at her residence in Cannon County, Tennessee, June 23rd, 1850, at the age of 97 years, 1 month and 18 days. Her aged husband had died a few years previously.

Sister Turnley was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Spindle. Sister Turnley professed religion and joined the M. E. Church in 1810, living in Spottsylvania, Virginia. She moved from there to Tennessee in 1817 with her beloved husband and affectionate companion, John Turnley, who died a few years since in the faith of Christ. From the time she joined the Church she lived a lively and acceptable member. On being asked a few moments before she died if she saw her way clear, she answered: "Oh yes, I am now waiting the will of the Lord." She died in the arms of Jesus.

C. T. F.

A Brief Record of John Turnley (1st Generation), and Elizabeth Turnley, His Wife, of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, and Their Descendants.

John Turnley served in the Revolutionary war and was honorably discharged. We have in our possession his original discharge and some of the Continental money with which he was paid off at the time of his discharge, and they are relics of which we are proud, and which we prize very highly. His descendants are today enjoying the privileges and honors of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. We of this generation know nothing of his wife and marriage, but we have on record that he and his wife, Elizabeth, had born to them nine children while living in Virginia, prior to 1817.

Edmund Turnley, born June 30, 1779;

Martha Turnley, born March 10, 1781;

Mary Turnley, March 19, 1783;

Catey Turnley, April 17, 1785;

John Turnley, February 26, 1787;

Nancy Turnley, April 9, 1789;

Powell Turnley, April 27, 1791;

Elliott Turnley, March 22, 1793;

Temple Turnley, March 20, 1795. (2nd generation.)

We know very little of the history of their family except of our grandfather, Temple Turnley. Edmond Turnley, son of John and Elizabeth Turnley, spent his life in Virginia. He was married twice and was the father of twenty-one children, and lived to be ninety-one years of age. He was a wealthy tobacco planter and amassed a considerable fortune and lived in comfort and style. We never knew anything of his children except Edmond, Ira and Sarah Turnley, who visited Temple Turnley in Alabama at different times. Catey and Mary Turnley, daughters of John and Elizabeth Turnley, never married. They lived with their brother, Temple Turnley, from 1861 until their deaths. Mary died in 1876 and Catey died in 1878. Martha Turnley, daughter of John and Elizabeth Turnley, lived in Tennessee and married a Mr. Perry. We know nothing of them or their descendants. Temple Turnley was the youngest child of John and Elizabeth Turnley. He was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, and moved to Tennessee with his parents in 1817. In 1819 he married Miss Macca B. Harris, of Sumner County, Tennessee. She was a niece of Bishop McKendree, who is widely remembered because of his prominence as a leader in the Methodist church; especially in Alabama and Tennessee. In 1832 they moved

to Lauderdale County, Alabama, where the remainder of their lives were spent. To this union four boys were born.

John Wesley, 1820.

William Fletcher, August 22, 1822.

George Washington, 1824.

Temple, 1828. (3rd generation)

John Wesley died when a young man. William Fletcher was born in Williamson County, Tennessee. In 1832 he removed with his parents to Lauderdale County, Alabama, where he grew to manhood, receiving a common school education. When seventeen years of age he entered upon a three years' apprenticeship with Mr. William Kenney, learning the tanner's trade. When twenty-two years old he married Miss Mary Malvina Houston; the Houstons being one of the leading families of Alabama.

He operated a tannery and also engaged in farming. The old residents of that locality today will gladly testify to the many noble and lovable traits of character of William F. Turnley and his wife. Their hospitality and charity made friends for them wherever they were known. Mr. Turnley had a bright mind and was one of the leading men of his time. He manifested great interest in schools, and took the lead in planning and building school houses and paying competent teachers. He was one of the Trustees of the Female College of Florence, Alabama, then a prosperous and up to date school. He had a warm friend in Governor "Bob" Patton, of Alabama, for whom he named his youngest son.

To William Fletcher Turnley and his wife Mary Mal-

vina Houston Turnley were born eight children, as follows:

1. John Wesley, born August 1, 1845.
2. Macca Caroline, born June 27, 1847.
3. Laura Jane, born August 27, 1849.
4. William Houston, born February 4, 1852.
5. Mary Smith, born April 24, 1854.
6. Edmond Temple, born January 8, 1857.
7. James Hamilton, born July 20, 1859.
8. Robert Pugh, born August 5, 1862. (4th generation.)

1. John Wesley was attending college at Florence, Alabama, when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter. True to the patriotism of his ancestors he left college at the early age of sixteen and enlisted in the Confederate cause, serving only one year, when he was killed in the battle of Seven Pines in front of Richmond, Virginia, and was buried in a Confederate cemetery.

2. Macca Caroline finished her education at the Female College at Florence, Alabama, and was married to Mr. James H. Chandler Nov. 25, 1868. He was truly a noble man and always made friends. Being genial and pleasant, he is loved by his family, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. To this union twelve children were born. Mamie Houston Chandler married Mr. W. L. Martin. They have five children and reside at Athens, Alabama. John David Chandler died in infancy. Elizabeth Dixon Chandler married Mr. E. E. Higgins. They have one child and reside at McKenzie, Tennessee. Elijah Graves Chandler (single) resides at Rosalia, Wash-

ington, where he is well known. Robert Temple Chandler (single) resides at Spokane, Washington. His twin brother, William Bennett Chandler, died March 20, 1893. James Hunter Chandler (single) resides at Spokane, Washington, and is partner and general manager of the R. P. Turnley Trading Company at 207-9 Riverside Avenue. Rachel Chandler (single) lives with her parents. Carey Judson Chandler (single) now at home and attending school. Janie Louise Chandler and Margarite Chandler, both single, are attending school and living at home. J. H. and Macca C. Chandler were married and lived at Gravelly Springs, Alabama, ten years, moving to McKenzie, Tennessee, where they resided twenty years, then to Spokane, Washington, where they now have their home at S. 524 Hatch street.

3. Laura Jane attended the Florence Female College with her sister. After finishing her school course she returned to her home with her parents, and shortly after this her mother died, leaving the smaller children, the youngest being two years of age, to Laura's care, and for eleven years she was a mother to them. In October, 1875, she was married to Mr. George Washington Darby, at Gravelly Springs, Alabama, where she lived two years and then moved to Clarksville, Arkansas. She remained there until 1901 and then went to Spokane, Washington, where she now has her home. Mr. Darby is a fine mechanic, a good husband and a true friend. To this union five children were born.

Mary Lizzie died in infancy in 1878.

Lucy (single) lives with her parents in Spokane, Washington. She is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and is loved by all who know her.

Harry Jackson (single) lives in Spokane, Washington. He has seen considerable of the world for one of his age, having visited the Paris Exposition in 1900, and also several of the countries and leading places of interest in different parts of Europe. In October, 1901, he returned to Spokane. He is a fine business man and has a good position with one of the leading firms of the city.

George Hunter lives in Spokane with his parents. He is a hard worker and will succeed in his undertakings because he is a man of good judgment and with it has a good supply of determination,—qualities highly essential to success.

Homer died in infancy.

4. William Houston Turnley, son of William Fletcher and Malvina Turnley, began a promising career, graduating from Stratton Business College of Louisville, Kentucky, when he was eighteen years of age. Soon after this he engaged in business at Gravelly Springs, Alabama, and the following year he went to Arkansas, where he engaged in the timber business. His constitution, however, was not strong enough to withstand the climate of that locality, and in July, 1872, he contracted swamp fever and died at Trenton, Arkansas.

5. Mary Smith Turnley, daughter of William Fletcher and Mary Malvina Turnley, finished her education at the Inka Female Institute, of Inka, Mississippi. She married Capt. T. J. Ruffin, of Toone, Tennessee, in 1879. He was a man loved and respected by all. Seven children were born to them.

Thomas Turnley (single) lives with his mother at Spokane. He is favored in having a strong, quick mind

and a retentive memory. He loves books and has excellent business judgment, and holds a position with a wholesale firm of Spokane.

William Fletcher (single) also lives with his mother at Spokane. His sunny disposition makes friends for him on every hand. His close attention to business has won for him a position with one of the best firms in the city.

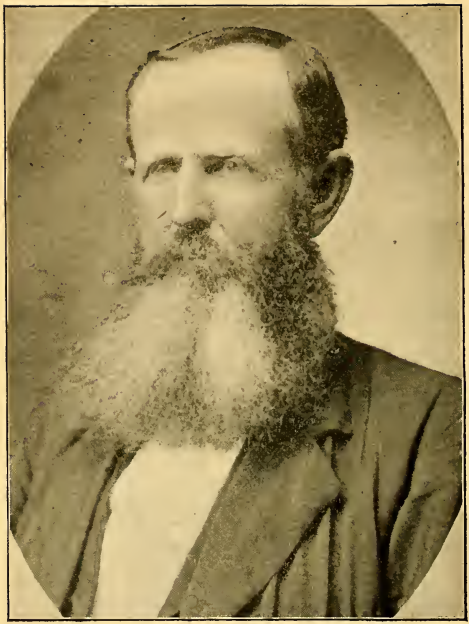
James Chandler (single) lives at his mother's home in Spokane. Although young, his hustling qualities bespeak for him a successful career.

Macca Laura lives at home with her mother in Spokane and is attending school.

Robert Russell also attending school is still at home.

Two others died while small.

6. Edmond Temple Turnley, son of William Fletcher and Mary Malvina Turnley, grew to manhood in North Alabama, attending the public schools there. He moved to Arkansas in 1882, residing at Lamar for sixteen years. He was married to Miss Agnes Gee in November, 1883, at Clarksville, Arkansas. In 1896 he removed to Reardon, Washington, and there engaged in the general mercantile business with his brother, J. H. Turnley. A year later he sold his interest to R. P. Turnley and moved to Spokane, where he engaged in the grocery business, buying out the Farmer's Cash Grocery at 1105 First Avenue, where he is still located and has built up a retail trade which is one of the best in the city. His wife is a very excellent woman and to her is due much credit for her husband's success. They have two children.



William Fletcher Turnley

Mamie Houston was married to Mr. B. A. Fuqua in August, 1904, in Spokane, where they now have their home.

Edna (single) lives at home and attends school, and on account of her admirable disposition she has a host of friends.

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7. James Hamilton, son of William Fletcher and Mary Malvina Turnley, was raised in Alabama, receiving his schooling there. On January 20, 1880, he married Miss Fannie Lucetta Carroll. They moved to Lamar, Arkansas, in 1892, and soon after this they went to Rosalia, Washington. In 1896 they moved to Reardon, Washington, where Mr. Turnley engaged in the general mercantile business with his brother, E. T. Turnley. Four years after this he sold out his interest in Reardon and moved to Spokane and opened the retail grocery store which he and his sons are now conducting at 17 Riverside Avenue, where they have built up a good substantial trade under the firm name of "J. H. Turnley & Sons." Seven children were born to James Hamilton and Fannie Lucetta Turnley.

Houston and Oscar, the two oldest, are engaged with their father in the business at 17 Riverside Avenue. They are full of energy and hustle and are making a fine showing.

William Addison, son of James Hamilton and Fannie Lucetta Turnley, is young and at school at Spokane, Washington. Being agreeable and obliging, he is a real comfort to his father and mother.

Mary Ella, daughter of James Hamilton and Fannie Lucetta Turnley, was a lively girl, nine years of age, when she died suddenly. This trial was a severe one for

the entire family, and even after many years they have not ceased to grieve, and it seems as if they could never become reconciled to their loss.

William Bryan, son of James Hamilton and Fannie Lucetta Turnley, is in school. He is genial and good natured and is a general favorite.

Josephine, daughter of James Hamilton and Fannie Lucetta Turnley, as well as one other little son, died in infancy.

8. Robert Pugh, the youngest son of William Fletcher and Mary Malvina Turnley, after attending the public schools, finished his education in Bethel College at McKenzie, Tennessee, in 1880. About two years later he went to Arkansas and settled at Lamar, and in six years afterward he opened a general merchandise store at that place. In January, 1887, he married Miss Laura E. Howard, and five years afterward they moved to the State of Washington, and for a time they made their home at Thornton. In 1893 they moved to Rosalia. In which place they are now living. Here Mr. Turnley opened a general merchandise store, which in eleven years has grown to be one of the largest in the county. He has taken a lively interest in the affairs of the town in which he lives, having served several terms as a member of the city council. While none of Mr. Turnley's family, so far as we know, had ever belonged to any secret order, he departed from this custom and became a member of the Masonic Lodge when he was twenty-one years of age. In 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Turnley attended the World's Fair at St. Louis, and also their old home in Arkansas and several of the cities of the south, returning by way of Chicago and the Yellow-

stone Park. While in Chicago they had the pleasure of visiting Col. P. T. Turnley and his wife and daughter in their lovely home in Highland Park, having fortunately discovered their address in a telephone directory. The trip was certainly a treat to Mrs. Turnley, for she had been staying close at home and this was her first trip to the east since moving to Washington twelve years ago. Mrs. Turnley deserves much credit for her husband's success, as she has borne her part of the burden bravely, and her good judgment has made her a helpful companion. Robert Pugh and Laura E. (Howard) Turnley have seven children.

Selma, the oldest, now attends the Agricultural College of Pullman, Washington.

Robert Pugh is attending school at Rosalia, Washington.

Howard C. and Norma (twins) are also in school at Rosalia.

William Bryan is beginning his school career at Rosalia.

Madge and Baby Blanche, while not yet old enough to be at school, are bright and interesting little girls. (5th generation.)

Mary Malvina Houston Turnley, first wife of William Fletcher Turnley, died April 17, 1865, at the age of forty-two years. She was laid to rest at the Gravelly Springs cemetery, on the brow of the hill looking to the west at Gravelly Springs, Lauderdale County, Alabama. In 1866 William Fletcher Turnley married Mrs. Nancy Martin, of Wayne County, Tennessee, she becoming his second wife. No children were born to

them. This union did not prove to be a happy one and seven years later they were divorced. In December, 1879, William Fletcher Turnley was married to Mrs. Fannie Story, a Georgia lady, she being Mr. Turnley's third wife; and to them four daughters were born.

Lanie died at the age of twelve. Susie married Mr. Frank Garman, of Rosalia, where they have their home. They have two children, who are bright and promising youngsters. Myrtle died in May, 1904, having been married to Mr. Harry Garman. She left one little girl. Annie married in 1904, Mr. Joseph Trowbridge, of Rosalia, Washington, where they now live.

Mrs. Fannie Story Turnley, last wife of William Fletcher Turnley, is now living with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Garman, at Rosalia, Washington.

William Fletcher Turnley died July 17, 1899, at the home of his youngest son, Robert Pugh, being seventy-six years of age. Being fully reconciled, his end was peaceful and he was conscious to the very last. He called the members of the family to his bedside and bade them goodbye, then he settled back onto his pillow and passed away as quietly as if going to sleep.

George Washington, son of Temple and Mary Harris Turnley, studied medicine, in which he was successful. He located at Danceville, Tennessee, when a young man, and soon after he married Miss Annie Miller. Three children were born to them.

Simon, born 1850; married; has six children.

Annie, born 1857; married; has seven children.

George, born 1860; no children.

Dr. George W. Turnley

Dr. George Washington Turnley died in 1887. Annie Turnley, his wife, we think, died in about 1894.

Temple, son of Temple and Macca B. Turnley, married Miss Laura Houston in about 1850, and soon after their marriage they moved to Louisiana. Four children were born to them, but they all died rather young, except one daughter. She is now married and living in Louisiana. Temple Turnley, son of Temple and Macca B. Turnley, was married four times; had three sons by his second wife; one daughter by his third wife; and by his fourth wife he had one child. He died in Louisiana, where his children are now living.

Macca B. Harris Turnley, first wife of Temple Turnley, Sr., died in 1847. In 1850 he married Mrs. Elizabeth Britt. She was a woman having many good traits of character. She died in 1861. Four children were born to them, three daughters and one son.

Mary Frances Turnley, born in 1851.

Elizabeth, born March 1, 1853.

Virginia, born August 19, 1856.

Lewis Cass (died in infancy), born in 1859.

Mary Frances, daughter of Temple and Elizabeth Turnley, was married to Mr. William B. Taylor, December 12, 1886. She was a brilliant and highly cultured woman, and had a splendid memory. Her power of retaining and repeating sermons and lectures was something unusual, and this, with her natural gift of language, made her an exceptionally entertaining conversationalist. She died July 28, 1896.

Elizabeth, daughter of Temple and Elizabeth Turnley, was married to Mr. William Lipscomb on January

18, 1883. One child, a son, was born to them. Temple Lipscomb, son of William and Elizabeth Lipscomb, was born December 19, 1883. He now lives with his mother at Spokane, Washington. He is strong and vigorous and a fine specimen of young manhood. Being noble, tender and sympathetic, he is highly deserving in every way. His father, William Lipscomb, died in 1889. He had been a man of good qualities and his demise was a severe blow to his family.

Virginia, daughter of Temple and Elizabeth Turnley, still enjoys single blessedness. She is a prepossessing and a well informed woman, and still appears young indeed for one of her age. She lives with her sister, Mrs. Lipscomb, in Spokane, Washington.

In 1863 Temple Turnley was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond, she being his third wife. No children were born to them. She died in August, 1879, surviving her husband five months.

Temple Turnley, son of John and Elizabeth Turnley, lived to a ripe old age and had the respect of all who knew him. He was a grand old man and his advice was frequently sought by his numerous friends. The word "charity" was regarded by him in its broadest significance, and he lived up to the term, being charitable both in hand and heart. He was a consistent Christian ever after he made a profession of religion and was faithful to the Methodist Church South. His grandchildren and great grandchildren look back with a fond pride upon the splendid character shown by his life, and his memory is affectionately cherished as one unmarred and unspotted. He died on March 5th, 1879.

Temple Turnley (Deceased)

TEMPLE TURNLEY—*Obituary.*

(GRANDFATHER OF R. P.)

Temple Turnley was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, March 20, 1795, and died near Oakland, Lauderdale County, Alabama, March 5, 1879. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Turnley, names worthy of honorable mention in the annals of Virginia Methodism. How our hearts have burned within us, when the deceased, in his peculiarly nervous style, was wont to revert to the introduction of Methodism in this part of the Old Dominion. The first minister of our church that ever preached in his father's neighborhood, occupied the pulpit of a Baptist Church, of which his father was a member. The new preacher being solicited to leave another appointment for his next round, stated that he would be unable to procure that church again. The father of the deceased promptly arose and proclaimed that there was at least one house hard by whose doors should not be closed to the preaching of such doctrines; and though himself not a member of any church, the dwelling of John Turnley was at his service. The announcement was accordingly made, and upon the next appearance of the stranger a larger congregation met him. At the conclusion of an unctuous discourse the usual invitation was extended to penitents, and an opportunity afforded such as desired to unite with the church. True to the element of moral heroism that prompted the offer of his house so opportunely, this worthy sire of a worthy son, advanced and gave his hand to the man of God, and his heart to the Master, followed by his wife and several members of the family. Thus was the nucleus formed whence a flourishing church grew up. Thence initial movements,

in the times that tried men's souls, exemplified qualities of hand and heart, in the ancestry whence the subject of this memoir sprang, which furnish an index to the sterling traits that characterized the long and useful life of Temple Turnley. On attaining his majority in 1817, he left the paternal roof and emigrated to Warren County, Tennessee. In 1819 he was married to Miss Macca B. Harris, of Sumner County, Tennessee, a niece of Bishop McKendree. In 1820 he professed religion and united with the M. E. Church. In 1832 he moved to Alabama, settling in the vicinage where the remainder of his life was spent. Having lost the wife of his youth, who died in 1847, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Britt in 1850, who also died in 1861, leaving him three daughters of tender age. He married Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond in 1863, who, with his three devoted daughters, and three sons of his first marriage, are now called to mourn a husband and father, who combined in singular degree the qualities that make up those endearing relations. While the sorely bereaved relict, and loving daughters who clung around his aged form, as pendant vines upon the sturdy oak, with all the fondness that a gentle nature such as his could inspire, are alone prepared to estimate their great loss, the church and community to whom his life is as "precious ointment poured forth" sustain in the death of Brother Turnley a deprivation that is difficult to measure and can hardly be repaired. Yet such a life as his when closed cannot be considered as wholly lost within the temporary shadows of the tomb! Standing forth in bold relief, recognized by all who knew him as "the noblest work of God, an honest man" he could not fail to impress himself upon the age in which he lived. Of quiet demeanor, he was to the young men of the

day a marked example of integrity of purpose and energy of character, affording a striking contrast to many leading figures who demoralize this fast age. He had been a steward of the church during nearly forty years. Proverbial for doing well what he undertook, no doubt the account he has gone to render of his stewardship received the welcome plaudit "well done!" Though noted for deep and well defined convictions, and pronounced in his views of all questions regarding the common weal, he was a man of few words. Any apparent lack in this regard, however, was fully made up in deeds! His promptness of action betokened unwavering faith; his steadfast continuance in well doing proved a well grounded hope; and the law of kindness which sat ever upon his lips and flowed from his heart toward his fellow man, exemplified the excellence of his charity. Having formed in early life the fixed resolve, never to be triflingly employed, he was a model of devotion to every duty of the citizen as well as the Christian. With such a rule of life, his was a constant state of preparation for the final change. Though well stricken in years and (owing to the great activity of his laborious life) very infirm for the year or two past, yet he suffered but little, announcing to his family that he was simply worn out. His house having been fully set in order, he calmly fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers. Whilst his loved ones and friends were assured that he was ready for the summons, the still better guarantee of a consistent life illumes their sorrow with buoyant hope, that though absent from them, he is present with the Lord, where, if they are faithful, the now broken circle may be forever reunited. So mote it be!

WM. B. TAYLOR,
Son-in-law of Temple Turnley.

Tribute to Bro. Temple Turnley.

Adopted by the 2nd quarterly conference, April 12th, 1879.

Death, though an enemy, is not a stranger to us. He has again entered our midst and borne from us our friend and brother, Temple Turnley.

In the mysterious dispensation of God's providence we are so sorely bereaved, that all the strength that the Christian religion can alone give is required to enable us to suppress our murmurings. So are we now bereaved.

Brother Turnley has been a member of the M. E. Church from the year 1820 until the day of his death, which occurred March 5th, 1879. His pew in the church till within the last few years was rarely ever vacant; this was occasioned by physical disability. He was promptly at his post when well. He was most dearly beloved by all of us, and his death universally deplored. He was born in Virginia, November 22nd, 1796; moved to Tennessee in 1817; thence to Alabama in 1832. His Christian character did not begin to form until in his 24th year, but he rapidly grew and developed in the beauty of holiness until his character was perfectly blended in the elements which rendered it pure and caused it to reflect before others the light with which the Saviour had so abundantly blessed his heart. We are saddened by his death; we shall miss him and not forget his kind and courteous manner toward everyone, his cheerfulness, and his example of usefulness and humility. But how unspeakably great is the depth of the sorrow of the devoted wife and children whose home has hitherto been filled with happiness and joy by the glad presence of him so amiable and so good. Jesus loved him and has taken him to himself. He was "pure in heart" and hath seen God. He has

gone to dwell in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He has joined the many kindred and friends at the beautiful gate who are "waiting and watching" for us, and who by the example of holy living they have left us, are calling us away "from earth to the better land." We would that it had been God's will that he should remain with us; but we doubt not his goodness; we cannot question his love; therefore, be it resolved;

That while we as Christians are to bow in humble acquiescence to the will of our Heavenly Father, we yet feel and must deplore the loss of one who, dear as he was to all who knew him, was doubly so to us as brethren devoted and consecrated to every church duty and obedient to every church call; as a citizen upright and beloved, as a friend constant and true, as a husband and father devoted and affectionate, as a Christian zealous, as a steward of this (Oakland) Circuit which position he held over thirty years faithful and efficient, whose purse was always open to the needy and especially to the support of the ministry. And whose great heart never heard unmoved the widow's or the orphan's cry. Indeed the temple of love and charity he erected and kept high in his heart is worthy of being exemplified by us.

Thus he was useful to the church and to the community in which he lived. Our mourning for him is no empty show, but a deep grief, lessened only by the hope that God who doeth all things well, hath called him from the labor of life to the rest that remains to the people of God.

Resolved, That to the afflicted family we tender our warmest sympathies, and earnestly assure them that they weep not alone, that while Sister Turnley feels the loss

of a dear husband, the children a dear father, we, as a quarterly conference, feel and deplore the loss of a dear brother who was so useful to the church. Yet we believe our loss was his eternal gain.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this quarterly conference, and copies thereof sent to the family of our beloved deceased brother.

May the Lord ever take care of Sister Turnley and his children.

Respectfully submitted,
W. T. Keith,
W. G. Hill,
James T. Walston,
M. Malone, Jr.,
Committee.

M. Malone, Jr.,
Secretary Q. C.

Some Thoughts on the Life and Death of Temple Turnley, Who Died March 5th, 1879, in the 83rd Year of His Life.

Brother Turnley was no ordinary man. He had a fine physical constitution, and a strong mind. He had a sanguine temperament and cheerful disposition, possessed fine social qualities, and was a pleasant companion. No man enjoyed the company of his friends more, and but few gave them more pleasure. He was a fast friend to the church of his choice, and its ministers. He had many of the standard works of the church both of theology and history. These he highly prized, especially the histories of the church in the west, by McFerrin & Redford, and Bishop Paine's Life of McKendree. His first wife was a niece of this good and great man, and

he always loved to read and talk about him, and of what he said and did. He knew a good many of the old time preachers in the east and in the west, the recital of whose deeds of holy living and courageous daring, by him, was very interesting to hear.

He contributed liberally of his means to the support of the Gospel and other enterprises of the church. Oh! how we shall miss him in this respect as well as many others. His house was always a pleasant home to the itinerant preachers, from Presiding Elder down to the humblest. He was a good friend of the deserving poor. He never had the heart to turn any away without helping or showing a disposition to help or relieve them. He had great energy and industry—never idly employed—went and came as long as the vital spring propelled the machinery of natural life, and then almost as soon died. He was scrupulously honest. His motto in this respect was, "Keep out of debt if possible."

He had faults as well as all who belong to a fallen race—even the best, but these were more than overbalanced through grace, by his goodness of heart and life. And through the merits of the Redeemer he is no doubt saved. Let us cover his faults in the grave, cherish his memory and emulate his virtues. No man in this community did I more highly esteem, and O how sad I felt when I heard he was rapidly failing. I felt anxious to visit him and intended doing so after getting the press of business off my hands, and it so happened at the very time I went to the house to prepare to do so, his son was at the gate to announce his death and request me to preach his funeral. They're one by one passing away, the veterans of the Christian Army. How many have died in our midst during the last year or two!

Who will take their places in the church and community? This is to me a serious question.

May the Lord take care of the family he has left behind.

J. W.

To Miss M. E. Turnley, from her friend, James Watson.

CHAPTER III.

A PARTIAL RECORD OF FRANCIS TURNLEY, JR.

His father, Francis Turnley, Sr., was one of the first generation of Turnleys to be born on American soil. This Francis, Sr., was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, February 10th, 1725. He had a cousin named John Turnley, born in Botetourt County, Virginia, in 1730, who was also one of the first generation of the Turnley tribe on American soil. This John Turnley of Botetourt County will be treated of in another chapter, and is only mentioned in this place to give note of relationship between this Spottsylvania County branch, and the Botetourt County branch.

To return to Francis, Jr., of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. Not very much about his early life is known, not even the dates of his birth and death; but we have the date of his marriage to Miss Susan Wall of Orange County, Virginia, on the third day of April, 1791; also we have a record of their eight children, as follows:

James, born January 17th, 1792,

Elizabeth, born January 24th, 1794;

Judith, born January 21st, 1796;

John, born October 22nd, 1798;

Mary, born October 12th, 1801;

Whitfield, born September 15th, 1804;

Nelson G., born August 8th, 1810;

Zachariah, born February 22nd, 1813.

James, eldest son of Francis Turnley, left Spottsylvania County, Virginia, when a young man. With what information we have received with regard to him he seems to have been a lumber dealer. He married Miss Mahala Cosby of Powhatan County, Virginia, on November 15th, 1832. To this union five children were born.

William Francis, born September 23rd, 1833;

John Jefferson, born March 15th, 1835;

James Whitfield, born May 2nd, 1837;

Susan Williams, born July 4th, 1841;

Georgia Eller, born March 15th, 1844;

William Francis, the eldest son of James Turnley, married Miss Virginia Ann Franklin of Henrico County, Virginia, March 20th, 1855, and lived at Swansboro, Chesterfield County, Virginia, until his death, which occurred April 12th, 1902. He, following in the steps of his father, was also a lumber dealer. He was the father of eight children:

Mariah,

James Beauregard,

Mary Ida,

Cosby,

Francis Lee,

John,

William Webster,

Rosa Lee.

Mariah died in infancy; Mary Ida died March 8th, 1891. James and Lee are merchants in Chesterfield County, Virginia; John and Webster are living in Swansboro, Virginia.

John Jefferson, second son of James Turnley, is a very prosperous farmer at Beachlan, Surry County, Virginia. He married Miss Helen Rowell of Surry County. No children.

James Whitfield, third son of James Turnley, married Miss Sarah Jennings of Suffolk County, and is the father of five children.

Luella W.,
Fitzhugh Lee,
Julius,
James Atford,
George Eller.

Susan Williams, eldest daughter of James Turnley, married Benjamine Franklin Wren of Surry County, Virginia, July 20th, 1858. Of this union seven children were born:

Atelier George,
Mary Mahala,
Benjamine,
Charles Nicholas,
Luellen,
Thadous,
Oneder.

Georgia Eller, youngest daughter of James Turnley, married Mr. P. H. Wright, November 27th, 1859. Mr.

Wright is a very prosperous farmer, owning one of the largest stock farms in southern Virginia, which is known as the Island Home Stock Farm. Mrs. Wright is a very businesslike woman regardless of her age. She is proprietress of a large store of general merchandise at her home at Mulberry Island, Virginia. Mrs. and Mr. Wright are the parents of two childen:

Cornelia Nelson, and John Turnley.

Cornelia, born October 23d, 1860, married Mr. Jas. T. Garrow of Warwick County, Virginia, December 18th, 1878. Of this union five children were born:

John Loomer,

Georgia Eller,

Annie Gray,

Patrick Henry,

William Francis.

Georgia at the present writing is teaching at Bridgewater, Virginia, in the public school, and Annie is attending college at Farmville, Virginia. The other children are yet in their home school.

John Turnley Wright was born February 16th, 1867, married Miss Fannie Jones of Warwick County, Virginia, July 2nd, 1899. No children.

Mr. James Turnley died July 9th, 1862, and Mrs. Turnley March 4th, 1864.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Francis Turnley, married Mr. James Heart of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. After living in Spottsylvania County for several

years they moved to Greenbrier County, Virginia, now West Virginia. To this union were born five children:

James,

Silas,

Lucy,

Their other children died in infancy.

Lucy Heart married Prof. Morphin of Charlottesville, Virginia, and when last heard from was in New York City. Mrs. Elizabeth Heart died in Rome, Georgia, at the age of 75 years.

Judith, second daughter of Francis Turnley, died at the age of twenty-five years, single.

John, second son of Francis Turnley, married Miss Malinda Cowin of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, in 1821, and moved to Chesterfield County, Virginia, in 1848. To this union were born five children, names as follows:

Judith, born 1823;

Martha E., born 1825;

James M., born September 14th, 1833;

John, born 1835;

William Henry, born 1837.

Judith, eldest daughter of John Turnley, was married to Andrew Williams, in 1850. To this union were born three children:

Cornelius,

Jannetta,

Judson Turnley.

Cornelius and Jannetta died while yet young in their teens; Judson, who was born about 1855, married a Miss Ida Watkins in 1890 and lives in Richmond, Virginia. He is now foreman of the carpenter force in the C. & O. R. R. shops at Richmond. Judith Turnley Williams died May 30th, 1901. Andrew Williams is still living in Chesterfield County, Virginia.

Martha, youngest daughter of John Turnley, married Mr. Aaron Hall of Hanover County, Virginia, about 1848. To this union were born four children:

Eliza, born 1850; married Mr. S. J. Turner of St. Louis, Missouri, was the mother of two children.

August Beverly was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and was born July 21st, 1852. August is master mechanic for the C. & O. R. R. Co. at Huntington, West Virginia, owns elegant property in Huntington and is worth some money. Last, but not least, is prone to die an old bachelor.

Murry M. Hall, born October 27th, 1855, is in the mercantile business in Los Angeles, California. He is an up-to-date merchant and a business man. He married Miss Isabelle Barger of Low Moor, Virginia, November 25th, 1884. To this union were born three children. Two died in infancy. Eva, who was born in 1890, is now with her father in Los Angeles. Mrs. Murry Hall died in 1891. Mr. Aaron Hall died January, 1862. Mrs. Martha Hall died February 16th, 1884.

James M. Turnley, eldest son of John Turnley, left his home in Chesterfield County, Virginia, in 1856 and went to Piedmont, Virginia, now West Virginia, and was engaged by the B. & O. R. R. Co. as freight brake-

JAMES MADISON TURNLEY

man between Piedmont and Grafton, West Virginia, for which he served seven months, and at the expiration of that time was promoted to conductorship on same division. He has now in his possession a silver medal given by the said railroad company for faithful service during the month of May, 1857. After serving eighteen years as conductor, he bought a farm one mile north of Newburg, Preston County, West Virginia, and from that time has been a prosperous farmer, also a coal dealer, as his farm was underlaid with an eleven-foot vein of coal, which has been mined and retailed to the inhabitants of Newburg, a thriving little town of about one thousand population. On October 16th, 1856, James M. Turnley married Miss Matilda B. Thorn of Thornton, West Virginia. Of this union the unlucky number of thirteen children were born:

Mary Alice, born November 16th, 1858;

Francis Calvert, born September 24th, 1860;

Lee, born November 29th, 1862;

Charles, born March 30th, 1865;

Luther Wright, born February 16th, 1867;

Arthur Peabody, born December 29th, 1868;

Eunice I., and Lucy M., born April 15th, 1871;

Samuel Tilden, born May 9th, 1873;

Thomas Hendricks, born February 29th, 1876;

Lelia Luella, born October 6th, 1879;

Agatha May, born October 21st, 1882;

James Wade Hampton, born April 27th, 1885.

Mary Alice, eldest daughter of James M. Turnley, died December 24th, 1859.

Francis C., eldest son of James M. Turnley, was accidentally run over by a freight train of the B. & O. and killed September 3d, 1881.

Lee, second son of James M. Turnley, married Miss Allie Fawcett, May 10th, 1885. Of this union two children were born:

Francis C., born September 7th, 1886;

Bertha M., born May 18th, 1889;

Lee Turnley was employed by the B. & O. R. R. Co. at Newburg. In January, 1890, he contracted a deep cold which terminated in typhoid fever and died January 24th, after about three weeks' illness.

Charles, third son of James M. Turnley, married Miss Sophronia Montgomery, December 24th, 1885. Charles Turnley was employed by the Newburg Orral Coal and Coke Co., and was killed by an explosion in a shaft on January 21st, 1886, of which 38 others were victims.

Luther Wright, fourth son of James M. Turnley, has been employed as railroad agent for several years, but now is bookkeeper and director for the Light and Fuel Power Company at Sutton, West Virginia. He is a bright, prosperous and businesslike young man. He married Miss Mary Phillips of Independence, West Virginia, May 10th, 1896. Of this union two children were born:

Lula, born June 16th, 1898;

Mildred, born August 21st, 1899.

Arthur Peabody, fifth son of James M. Turnley, is now in the service of the B. & O. R. R. Co. as freight conductor. He is one of the most thoughtful and careful conductors on the division. He was awarded a prize for

flagging a west bound passenger train on Terra Alta grade in West Virginia, which was stopped in train length of itself and only one rail's length of the wreck which was caused by the train on which he was employed leaving the track and blocking both east and west bound tracks for quite a distance. Had not this train been stopped the loss of life would have been great. Turnley was the only one of his crew whose mind acted quickly enough to think of the passenger train which was about due at this point. Arthur P. Turnley married Miss Lizzie Shafferman of Newburg, March 10th, 1895. He is the father of one child, Richard Paul, born July 21st, 1896.

Eunice I. and Lucy M., second and third daughters of James M. Turnley, were twins. Eunice died at the age of three months. Lucy M. was a successful school teacher, taught in the public school at Newburg for twelve years, but, falling out with this occupation, she is now a stenographer.

Samuel Tilden, sixth son of James M. Turnley, is a farmer by occupation. Married Miss Agnes Smith, July 21st, 1899. Of this union one child was born, which has been named for the author of this narrative, Parmenas Raphael, born April 14th, 1901.

Thomas H., seventh son of James M. Turnley, is a mechanic and is employed by the Hamilton Coal and Coke Co. at Newburg. He married Miss Minnie Squires of Independence, West Virginia, August 20th, 1901. He is the father of two children:

Irene, born July 21st, 1902;

Carol Bryan, born July 16th, 1904.

Lelia L., fourth daughter of James M. Turnley, is single, is of a bright sunny disposition, and is talented in the line of music.

Agatha M., fifth daughter of James M. Turnley, died of diphtheria, January 2d, 1888.

James Wade Hampton, youngest son of James M. Turnley, is single and at home.

John, second son of John Turnley, joined the regular army, was wounded and died at Pittsburg Landing while a young man.

William Henry, youngest son of John Turnley, single, was killed at Winter Park Coal mines in Chesterfield County, Virginia, while very young.

John Turnley died in 1865, and Mrs. John Turnley in October, 1885.

Mary, third daughter of Francis Turnley, married Mr. Addison Gibson of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were the parents of one child, who was choked to death by one of their negro slaves. After the death of this child Mr. and Mrs. Gibson moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, where they both died at an advanced age.

Whitfield, third son of Francis Turnley, married Miss May Taylor Janway, in 1840. Of this union four children were born:

Mary Susan, born April 2d, 1841;

Martha Ann, born July 17th, 1842;

Melissa Agnes, born December 12th, 1843;

Luther Watts, born May 15th, 1846.

Mary Susan, eldest daughter of Whitfield Turnley, married a Mr. Clifford about the year 1860. Of this union one child was born, Mary, in 1864. Mr. Clifford died while his daughter was very young. Mrs. Clifford never married again, but lives with her daughter, who married Mr. John Lunson of Richmond, Virginia, December 24th, 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Lunson are the parents of two children:

Clifford, born 1891, and Mary Isabella, born December 22d, 1901.

Martha Ann, second daughter of Whitfield Turnley, died while very young. Malissa, youngest daughter of Whitfield Turnley, married Mr. David Furloin of Robous, Virginia. No children.

Luther Watts, the only son of Whitfield Turnley, was married, and was the father of two children:

Ella, who is a trained nurse in Richmond, Virginia.

Hettie is married, but no more known about her.

Nelson G., the fourth son of Francis Turnley, left Spottsylvania County while very young and located in Chesterfield County, where he was engaged by the English Coal Company as their accountant for several years. He was afterward superintendent of the Richmond Medical College for some time, then was engaged in the manufacture of tobacco until the fall of Richmond, when his establishment was burned. After the close of the war, he was again superintendent of the Richmond Medical College. He was married to Miss Ann Cox of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, June, 1840.

Zachariah, fifth son of Francis Turnley, died while a young man at his home in Spottsylvania County, Virginia.

It has been quite a task to get the foregoing sketch as the Francis Turnley branch seems to be scattered to such a degree that but few seem to be in communication with each other. The war of subjugation seemed to have played havoc with even the brothers and sisters of that day. In fact, many never knew when their relatives died.

The foregoing record was compiled and sent to me by Miss Lucy M. Turnley, of Newburg, West Virginia, one of the Turnleys mentioned therein, and one of the unlucky number 13 she mentions—meant, of course, as jocular.

Miss Lucy M. Turnley's intelligence, energy and superb education, justly entitle her to the creditable appellation of "Family Historian." Surely the octogenarian who is compiling this book owes to Miss Lucy M. Turnley a debt of gratitude.

EDWIN TURNLEY (DECEASED)

CHAPTER THREE. (Continued.)

EDWIN TURNLEY OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA, AND HIS DESCENDANTS TO THE FOURTH GENERATION.

Edwin Turnley, son of Edmond Turnley by his first wife, born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, December 9th, 1807, was reared on his father's farm in Spottsylvania County, Virginia.

On August 5th, 1827, he married Miss Emma Tandy against his father's will, for which offense his father never forgave him.

Under these existing circumstances he immediately emigrated across the Blue Ridge Mountains to Todd County, Kentucky, where he bravely took up the battle of life, assisted by his noble wife, who through life was ever a source of comfort and help to him and performed her part more than well.

All they possessed upon their arrival in their new and strange home was love, hope and health. By frugality and close economy it was not many years before they purchased a tract of land and there established a home for themselves and their progeny.

Edwin Turnley was a cool, clear headed man, whose judgment was worth something—his counsel and advice was constantly sought by his neighbors and friends which at all times was cheerfully given to their profit. In his nature he was exceedingly charitable and those in trouble never feared to go to him for relief, and withal he was prosperous and reared and educated his family with all the advantages of his day and times.

He served as sheriff of Todd County several terms with credit to himself in the forties; with this single exception he lived a quiet, peaceful and energetic life, devoting his life and time to his family and friends. Was a pillar in Mount Zion Baptist Church.

On January 20th, 1879, he departed to his reward, honored and beloved by all who knew him.

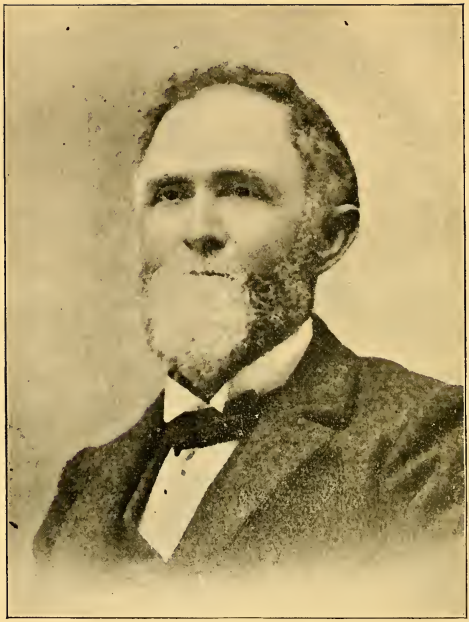
Born December 9, 1807, in Spottsylvania County, Virginia. Was married in 1826 to Miss Emma Tandy of Spottsylvania County, Virginia, and the same year emigrated to Todd County, Kentucky. He died January 20, 1879. His wife died April 3, 1898, at the age of 94 years. There were six children born to them.

I. Edmund Turnley was the oldest son of Edwin and Emma Tandy Turnley, and first saw light of day near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky, on November 6th, 1833.

He began his business career as a clerk in a hardware firm in Clarksville, Tennessee, and by close application and strict integrity he soon became a partner, and, finding the business a successful one, he continued in it for twenty-five years, when he retired to engage in the tobacco business, also invested in a large orange grove at Lake Weir, Florida, where he also had a winter home.

He was twice married, the first time on April 27th, 1858, to Susan R. Wright of Todd County, Kentucky, and to this happy union were born five children, three of whom survive him, namely, James Harvey Turnley, Edwin P. Turnley and Nettie Turnley Wade. All married and are living in Clarksville, Tennessee.

Losing his first wife by death in 1878, he married Mrs. Cornelia R. Keesee of Clarksville, Tennessee, in 1879, who survives him.



EDMUND TURNLEY (DECEASED)

Edmund Turnley was one of nature's noblemen; to him was given the best qualities of heart and head. His politeness and suavity of manners might well have been the envy of a prince.

He was firm without sternness, gentle and affable without compromising his convictions, he moved through the world without friction and made friends of the lowly and great alike, until he was suddenly summoned to the "Great Beyond" by a stroke of apoplexy, while eating his noonday meal with his family January 10th, 1896.

He was a consistent member and elder in the Christian church and lived up to his convictions.

Verily, his was a successful life!

1. James Harvey Turnley, first child of Edmund and Susan Wright Turnley, was born March 9, 1859, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. He married Miss Sallie Carney of Lake Wier, Florida, November 18, 1885. They reside at Clarksville, Tennessee. There were four children born to them, as follows:

Annie C. Turnley, born July 22, 1887;

Edmond Turnley, born January 8, 1889;

Emma Lenna Turnley, born August 2, 1890;

Harvey Turnley, born November 20, 1891, died November 23, 1891.

2. Edwin Perry Turnley, second child of Edmund and Susan Wright Turnley, was born April 24, 1862, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. He married Miss Willie Lee Golladay of Roaring Spring, Kentucky, October 21, 1884. They reside at "Ellerslie" R. R. No. 2, Clarksville, Tennessee. There were three children born to them, as follows:

Nettie Bell Turnley, born January 30, 1888;

Robert Moseley Turnley, born January 9, 1891;

Carolyn Elizabeth Turnley, born April 18, 1897.

3. Lucinda Turnley, third child of Edmund and Susan Wright Turnley, was born June 27, 1869. Died September 23, 1869.

4. William Wright Turnley, fourth child of Edmund and Susan Wright Turnley, was born October 11, 1870. Died June 23, 1878.

5. Nettie Turnley (Wade), fifth child of Edmund and Susan Wright Turnley, was born September 8, 1872, in Clarksville, Tennessee. She married Mr. Stockley D. Wade, February 6, 1896. They reside at Clarksville, Tennessee. There were three children born to them, as follows:

Eduelia Wade, born January 25th, 1897;

William James Wade, born August 18th, 1899.

Nettie Wade, born February 20th, 1904.

II. William Henry Turnley, second child of Edwin and Emma Tandy Turnley, was born July 11th, 1836, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. He married Miss Amelia A. Wisdom of Clarksville, Tennessee, October 16th, 1859. They reside at Clarksville, Tennessee. There were eight children born to them, as follows:

1. William Davis Turnley, first child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born December 11th, 1861, at Clarksville, Tennessee. He married Miss Maud W. Garey of Ocola, Florida, December 17th, 1890.

They reside at Arcadia, Florida. There were four children born to them, as follows:

Summerfield Garey Turnley,

William Henry Turnley,

Theodore Thomas Turnley,

Morton Wisdom Turnley.

2. Fannie May Turnley (Eagleton), second child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born February 4th, 1866, at Clarksville, Tennessee. She married Mr. Edgar J. Eagleton of Lake Wier, Florida, October 14th, 1885. They reside at Clarksville, Tennessee. There were four children born to them, as follows:

Nannie Gay Eagleton, born September 7, 1886;

William Turnley Eagleton, born July 1st, 1888, died July 4th, 1889;

Fannie May Eagleton, born October 25th, 1891;

Mary Anna Ellen Eagleton, born December 18th, 1899.

3. Nannie Gay Turnley (Rudolph), third child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born January 29th, 1868, at Clarksville, Tennessee. She married Mr. John W. Rudolph of Clarksville, Tennessee, October 13th, 1893. They reside at Clarksville, Tennessee. There were three children born to them, as follows:

Thomas Turnley Rudolph, born August 3d, 1894;

William Wisdom Rudolph, born March 1st, 1896;

Frances Hunt Rudolph, born October 19th, 1904.

4. George Morton Turnley, fourth child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born March 9th, 1870, at Clarksville, Tennessee. He married Miss Maggie Carney of Lake Wier, Florida, April 10th, 1895. They reside at Elkton, Kentucky. There were two children born to them, as follows:

Carney Turnley, deceased;

Amanda Amelia Turnley, born November, 1898.

5. Amelia Fay Turnley, fifth child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born March 9th, 1872. Died August 23d, 1887.

6. Edwin Wisdom Turnley, sixth child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born February 11th, 1874. Died July 30th, 1902.

7. Tavina Smith Turnley, seventh child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born May 13th, 1876. Died June 25, 1876.

8. Harry Ely Turnley, eighth child of William Henry and Amelia Wisdom Turnley, was born March 10th, 1878. Died October 24th, 1878.

III. Fanny Turnley (Chappell), now deceased, third child of Edwin and Emma Tandy Turnley, was born in 1838 near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. She married Mr. Bob Chappell July 25th, 1855. There was one child born to them.

William Edwin Chappell, born May 31st, 1856 (physician), resides at Kansas City, Missouri.

IV. Ellen Turnley (Clayton), now deceased, fourth child of Edwin and Emma Tandy Turnley, was born in

1840 near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. She married Mr. G. W. Clayton, October 28th, 1863. There was one child born to them.

George W. Clayton, deceased.

V. Marcellus Turnley, fifth child of Edwin and Emma Tandy Turnley, was born March 22, 1844, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. He married Miss Florence Wright of Todd County, Kentucky, January 23d, 1867. He died September 22d, 1904, at Tampa, Florida. There were six children born to them, as follows:

1. Emmie Ewin Turnley (Adair), first child of Marcellus and Florence Wright Turnley, was born December 11th, 1867, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. She married Dr. Pike Adair of Georgia, June 27th, 1888. They reside at Lakeland, Florida. There were seven children born to them, as follows:

Donald George Adair, born May 23d, 1889;

Emmie Margarette Adair, born May 10th, 1891;

Pike Adair, Jr., born January 18th, 1893. Died March 31st, 1894;

Ewin Adair;

Keith Adair, born January 7th, 1898;

Alpha Alford Adair, born December 4th, 1900;

Merle Adair, born August 10th, 1902.

2. Alpha Turnley (Alford), second child of Marcellus and Florence Wright Turnley, was born August 23d, 1869, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. She married Mr. Joseph William Alford of Tennessee, September 9th, 1891. They reside at Lewisburg, Tenn.

There were two children born to them, as follows:

Florence Alford, born January 3d, 1893;

William Joseph Alford, Jr., born August, 1897.

3. Susie Wright Turnley (Flood), third child of Marcellus and Florence Wright Turnley, was born December 1st, 1870, near Trenton, Todd County, Kentucky. She married Mr. James Flood of New York, May 6th, 1891. There were six children born to them, as follows:

Marcellus Turnley Flood, born January 15th, 1893;

Lady Dora Flood, born August 30th, 1894;

Richard Flood, born October, 1896. Deceased;

Jack R. Flood, born June, 1898;

Mary Hester Flood, born June, 1900. Died October 6, 1900;

Edward Flood, born July, 1902.

4. Lucinda Ewin Turnley, fourth child of Marcellus and Florence Wright Turnley, was born December 23d, 1874, at Clarksville, Tennessee. Died January 11th, 1875, at Clarksville, Tennessee.

5. Mary Hester Turnley, fifth child of Marcellus and Florence Wright Turnley, was born November 14th, 1879, near Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky. Resides at Ocola, Florida.

6. Mattie Ewin Turnley, sixth child of Marcellus and Florence Wright Turnley, was born June 23d, 1883, near Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky. Died September 4th, 1884, near Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky.

VI. Mary H. Turnley (Williams) (Boxley), sixth child of Edwin and Emma Tandy Turnley, was born November 7th, 1848. Married Mr. Stephen Fuqua Williams December 21, 1870. They had four children, as given below: Stephen Fuqua Williams died September 11th, 1892. She afterwards married J. C. Boxley November 7th, 1893. There were no children born to them. Mary Turnley Williams Boxley died November 29th, 1901.

1. Edwin Turnley Williams, first child of Stephen Fuqua and Mary Turnley Williams, was born August 1st, 1901. He married Miss Susie Coulter Fulks March 12th, 1901. They reside at St. Louis, Missouri. There was one child born to them.

Mary Cornelia Williams, born June 2, 1902.

2. Elizabeth Williams, second child of Stephen Fuqua and Mary Turnley Williams, was born November 26th, 1875. Died April 1st, 1878.

3. Susie Williams, third child of Stephen Fuqua and Mary Turnley Williams, was born October 31st, 1877. Died September 14th, 1898.

4. Stephen Fuqua Williams, Jr., fourth child of Stephen Fuqua and Mary Turnley Williams, was born January 9th, 1880. He married Miss Mary Lou Gary, December 23d, 1901. They reside at Pembroke, Kentucky. There were two children born to them, as follows:

Mary Fuqua Williams, born October 3d, 1902;

Martha Elizabeth Williams, born December 23d, 1903.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN TURNLEY, of Botetourt, as we will know him, and who is one of the subjects of this biography, was left an orphan at the age of eight years, with his brother Francis, who was younger. His father had left no means for his support and education, and he was apprenticed to a mason and brickmaker.

John, according to the family tradition, thought his master hard and exacting, in consequence of which, before the expiration of his legal term of apprenticeship, he ran away and set up work for himself in another county, where he continued to work at his trade without material change in his fortunes or condition till about 1760, when he married Miss Mary Handy, of Botetourt County, Virginia, by whom he had two children:

George, born August 30, 1762.

Elizabeth, born 1764.

At the beginning of the Revolution (1776) George was a robust lad of fourteen years of age, well grown and a good horseman. By 1777 he had learned of the war and the call for soldiers, and learned that pack horses were needed and men to handle them, for the purpose of carrying supplies into out of the way places where wheeled vehicles could not go. George thought this kind of work would suit him exactly, and he soon got his father's consent to enter the military service and his assignment to the pack-horse transportation. This service continued, in fact, through his entire three years'

enlistment, till about 1781, when he got his discharge and returned home to his father in Botetourt County (not a very great way from the little town of Fincastle). He resumed his former work with his father. He had little or no schooling—in this respect much like his father. But he was very anxious to try and obtain some rudiments of education. He bought and borrowed such elementary school books as English grammar, spelling-book and arithmetic, and with such incidental instructions from neighbors and a casual country school teacher who came along, George made the most of his spare time evenings and nights with his books. The old time candle, or tallow dip, was the only kind of light then known to anybody, rich or poor, while in the humble log cottage the "pine knot" firelight was mostly used. George, with his slate and pencil and arithmetic, lying prone on the floor before the hearth, face downward, pored over his books nightly till late bed time. In this way he became proficient in all the four ground rules of arithmetic, and also made much progress in orthography and English grammar. He also took up writing, which at that time was one of the arts in penmanship much sought after, and was a work of some importance to a young man seeking a position in a business line above that of the common drudgery. It is enough to say that George Turnley kept up his attention to reading, writing and arithmetic long after he had a family of his own, and when he was thirty-five or forty years of age, few men of his associates could write so smooth and legible a hand as he—still fewer could equal his readiness and accuracy in figures or in solving arithmetical problems, or in casting up accounts of business transactions between his neighbors; but he never broached any higher branches in mathematics.

About 1783 George Turnley got tired of the unequal everyday "grind" for a scant living in his county in Virginia, where those who had the money owned the land, and also the slaves to work it! He had learned of a new territory being visited by many of the enterprising white men of Virginia and North Carolina, and he soon began to ask himself and his father, "Why not make a move from the old to the new land?" The more he pondered this question the stronger the desire to start. Finally it was agreed that he should leave Botetourt County and make his way southeast as far as the headwaters of the French Broad River and see what kind of a country it was, and then return and report to his father and family. This trip occupied him nearly two years, during which he visited the French Broad River, and the Pigeon and Holston Rivers as far as "White's Fort" (that is, the present Knoxville). From there he started back on his course to return. It was on his return that he finally fixed on a permanent home on the French Broad River at a point thirty-five miles above "White's Fort," or Knoxville. There were several settlers then in that region of new territory, notwithstanding the numerous Indians who roamed over the country in a semi-hostile spirit. There was then beginning to crop out a very hostile feeling in the minds of the Indians against the whites, in the fear that they were to be deprived of their hunting grounds.

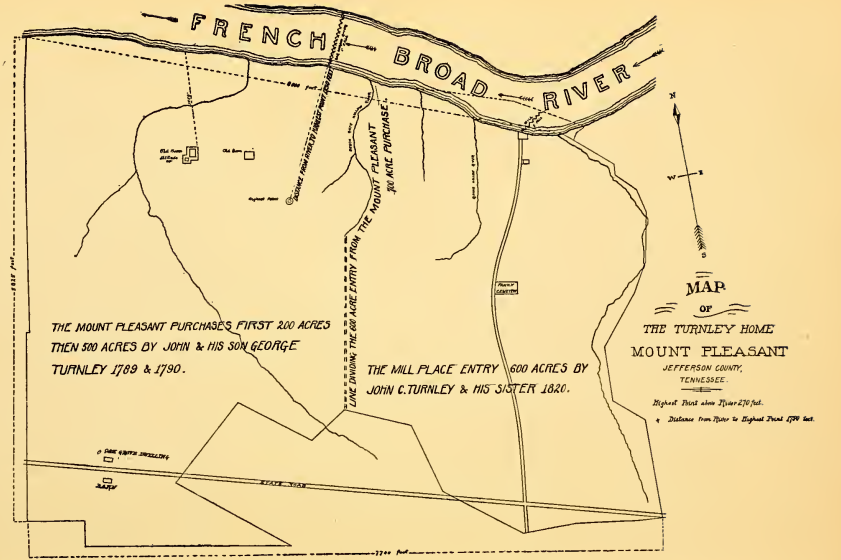
Of course this was the same old bone of contention between the Indians and whites as far back as the first landing of a white man on this continent. However, Turnley did not then finally secure a place to locate, but met a man who had already made a "location," or "preemption," and made some improvements, and who was willing to sell if he could get his price. Turnley had

not made his trip with a view of a permanent location or a purchase, but merely to spy out the country. He therefore agreed with the man having the improved claim, that he would return to Virginia and the next year he would come back, and if the place suited him at that time, and also suited his father (old John Turnley), a trade might be made. With this understanding George Turnley continued his return to Botetourt County, Virginia, where he arrived on his twenty-third birthday, or 1785. He related to his father and mother all he had seen and the lovely and inviting new country he had visited. It was not long before old John and his wife made up their minds to migrate to the new Eldorado. This, of course, required some time. They had but few personal effects and even less land, but all the more need to dispose of it to the best advantage, and George assisted his father in disposing of his small holdings. About this time the daughter (Elizabeth) had married a Mr. George Graham, a Scotchman, and a skilled and able mechanic and millwright, who was also desirous of migrating to the new territory. It was not till 1787 that the Turnleys got entirely ready to take up the line of march southwestward. They reserved such needful household goods as they required to begin anew, and could take with them. Wheeled vehicles were not owned by everybody in those days, and even carts were a luxury to many. The ancient pack-horses were still a frequent vehicle for carrying people's goods, as well as their persons, from one place to another. George Turnley had learned much of this kind of pack-horse work in his army service and therefore was competent to put it to useful purpose now in his own and his father's interest. In due time the Turnleys took up their line of travel from Botetourt County westward,

through the counties of Roanoke, Floyd, Carroll and Grayson, in Virginia, and through the present counties of Johnson, Washington and Green to Jefferson,—a total distance of over two hundred miles. All these counties of Tennessee of to-day were at that time included in the one county called Green. On reaching what is now Jefferson County (Eastern Tennessee) the Turnleys made a camp on the south side of the French Broad River, of more or less temporary structure, for they did not know how long a time would be consumed in finding a suitable location for a final resting place. Here they found a Mr. Thomas Ruddle, whom George Turnley had on his first visit partially agreed with on a trade, and the Turnley camp was located not far from the Ruddles on the same side of the river. At this stopping place the Turnleys unloaded their goods and effects and prepared to plant a crop for food purposes. It was now early spring of 1787 and no time to lose for beginning a new crop. In the meanwhile negotiations were carried on with Mr. Thomas Ruddle and a final purchase made of his improved "claim" or "pre-emption." The old deed is in the hands of the writer, and is in George Turnley's smooth handwriting. It reads as follows:

"Deed of Turnley's purchase of land on French Broad River in what is now Jefferson County, but what was then called Green County."

"Know all men by these presents, That I, Thomas Ruddle of Green County Colony and State of 'North Carolina,' have bargained and sold my right and title to a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being on the south side of French Broad River, being a part of *John Winton's claim,* 'joining Ever—— (not decipherable from 'moth') his land. It being the plantation on which the said Ruddle now lives, unto John Turnley



Map of Mount Pleasant Purchase

and George Turnley, both of the County and Colony aforementioned, to them and their heirs forever, for value received of them. The said Ruddle is to give possession of the said plantation the first day of April, 1789.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this fifth day of August, 1788.

THOMAS RUDDLE. (*Seal.*)

Attest:

WM. M. CATHEY.
RORERT SEYPORT."

(The amount paid for the land is not stated in the deed.)

The most disappointing thing about the new location was the year's delay in getting possession. However, this did not delay the needful work of preparing a new home for housing and shelter.

After getting possession, April 17, 1789, the Turnleys also purchased the balance of the *Winton place,* of which the Ruddle place had been a part. This gave the Turnleys a large tract of land, all of which was free from stones or rocks and was most of it high land back from the river, heavily timbered with choice oak, interspersed with sugar maples, poplar, pine and chestnut, and beech trees of large size; while the portion lying for half a mile right along the river was of the black rich river land, highly productive, and more than half of it studded with large, tall trees of poplar, walnut, beech and gum, with nearly a hundred large sugar maples. The open spaces, of one to five acres (alternating with the timbered portion) was thickly set in *cane brake* of the most superior kind; often one could find cane stalks as high as twenty-

five feet, with a perfectly straight body and tapering in circumference from the lower or large end of an inch diameter to the size of a common pipe stem at the upper or tip end.

The purchase from Winton gave the Turnleys over 200 acres of superior land. Of course, only a very small portion of this was as yet cleared for the plough. This first purchase comprised what was known as Mount Pleasant Home. The clearing of land is the life work of him who goes farming, not only so, but also the life work of his children yet to be born. Yes, and of *their* children also.

Still later (about 1800) George Turnley purchased nearly 600 acres more adjoining on the southeast side of his first purchases; and as time passed George Turnley had sons and daughters; his oldest son (John Cunnyngham Turnley) father of the writer, and his daughter Elizabeth (next in birth to John C.) entered between them a large body of vacant land still adjoining on the southeast part of that already purchased. The map herein shows the two parcels of land. This addition made the Turnley Mount Pleasant homestead about 1,350 acres and this, by the year 1816, constituted the old Turnley manor, which was kept intact, and was owned by one or more of the Turnleys up to 1872, when Parmenas T. Turnley (the last Turnley owner) exchanged the entire property for lands in the State of Iowa. P. T. Turnley, living in Chicago, found it impracticable to have the old Turnley homestead managed so far away, and especially after the backset that region of East Tennessee suffered by the Civil war of 1861 to 1865. The war had created very bitter feeling among the people, and many of the older conservative people had died, and others had left that *war-cursed region* for homes in the

Old Mount Pleasant Mansion

west and south. It is now owned in two separate parts by a Mr. Thomas and a Mr. Taylor (second cousins to P. T. Turnley). The country became so demoralized that a non-resident owner could not expect any profit from land culture, however good.

The property thus purchased by old John Turnley and his son George in partnership, as well as the adjoining entries made by his son John, is situated on the French Broad River, about 30 miles east of its confluence with the Holston, and 35 miles east of the present town of Knoxville, and known as the Turnley Mount Pleasant Home. There old John lived near his son George till 1798, when he sold his interest to George and bought for himself a farm, or "claim," lying on the same river, one and a half miles below the former tract and on the same side, at a later date known as the "Guiger Mill Place" and still later as the Evans farm, where he lived until the year 1800. He then made an exchange with a Mr. Thomas P. Thompson for a large farm known as the "Beaver Dam," situated also on the French Broad River and three miles farther down. He remained on that place until his death, 1808. Aged 78 years.

John Turnley of Botetourt County, was discharged from service at the end of his enlistment, 1779, by a certificate of a "Mustering out" officer. That certificate he kept in his old style writing desk at his Beaver Dam Home on the French Broad River, five miles (by the river) below Mount Pleasant. After his death, 1808, his widow, Mary Handy Turnley, in a short time closed up her affairs in that Beaver Dam home farm, and went two miles up the river to live with her only daughter, the wife of George Graham. It was some years before members of the family thought about the certificate of

discharge, and then search was made, but it could never be found.

But evidence sufficient of his service was long ago obtained, to give his descendants membership in the organizations of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

John Turnley was a quiet and industrious man; temperate to abstemiousness, honest and exact in all his dealings. His manner was morose, his will arbitrary. To his children he was stern and exacting, but he extended to them every advantage that his limited means could procure. A rugged life had given him rugged manners, but he had a kind heart and an open hand, and was always ready to help those of his neighbors who might be in want, sickness or distress.

Mary, widow of John Turnley, continued to live on the Beaver Dam farm, and to carry it on by means of hired labor until 1813, when, tired of care, she broke up and lived with her daughter (wife of George Graham). She died in 1829, aged 94 years. Mrs. Handy, mother of Mary Turnley, died some years before (about 1810), on the same farm, aged 104 years. Only one week previous to her death she walked, according to her custom, three miles on the country road, to visit her grandson, George Turnley. This longevity and prolonged vigor is the more remarkable in that it seems to have been handed down to the succeeding generations.

CHAPTER V.

From 1770 to 1794 the early settlers, in what is now east Tennessee, encountered many discomforts and suffered many hardships and dangers by reason of the unfriendly Indians. The Cherokee Indians, by far the most numerous and warlike as well as the most savage and cruel, had for more than a century claimed all the region of country between the coast of Florida on the south, and the Ohio River on the north, and east and west the country co-extensive with the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. Those Indians claimed that vast region as their domain and exclusive hunting grounds. They permitted the Choctaws and Chickasaws to hunt over the head waters of the rivers of Tennessee, but rather as a favor than by any right the two tribes had. It was by way of the head waters of those rivers that emigrants and explorers from Virginia and North Carolina first penetrated the territories of eastern Tennessee and Kentucky. Soon after the thirteen colonies rebelled against England and war was declared, the emigration from some of the Colonies, and especially from Virginia and North Carolina, greatly increased. This was natural and to be expected. It is not improbable that the Declaration of War was notice to many, able to carry guns, that sooner or later their services would be required in the ranks of the armies to be raised, if Independence from England was to be achieved! Nothing more natural, therefore, than that the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" among the free whites should take time by the

forelock, and get as far away from the recruiting officers and the drafting agents as possible.

Not all did this, of course. There always has been a large majority who imagine their surest road to distinction leads through the Military Ranks, little heeding the invariable facts that it is the individual leaders and the fomenters of war who reap the glory, the fame, and the immediate profits of conflict! This has ever been the goal of human ambition, and the bait of human credulity. Whether this feature of human nature be fortunate or unfortunate remains to be determined; a real civilization alone can solve the question! The question has been in progress of solution (as we learn from the fragmentary records that have been preserved to us) all the way from Moses' time. There is but one possible element that can solve the question, and that is the possibility—or the impossibility—of what we call, for want of a better name, the real "civilization" of the human races. During the eons of time man has been on earth his civilization has not progressed far enough yet for us to more than dimly descry, through the mist and darkness of unceasing strife and bloody conflict, a change of methods and improved weapons rather than a lessening of conflict!

But all this constitutes another question than the brief narrative we started out to record of our revered grandsires, and their early location on the French Broad River, Eastern Tennessee. So I will return to my proper subject. But, I must disclaim any imputation as to lack of patriotism in any man, whose single hands are his only tools to earn a living, for evading the call of kings and officials, at the call of the stay-at-home revolutionists, to rush to the battle-field and lose his life in their behalf and for their special benefit! The brave and self-

reliant men who were foremost in pushing their way into the unknown wilderness of Tennessee and Kentucky proved their superior courage nearer to their new homes, and greatly bettered their worldly condition for themselves and their families by so doing. Few of them, in fact, none of the early pioneers, owned slaves to do their labor for them, and for that reason white man's labor, energy and skill, were at a premium in those days! All that class of immigrants from the old Colonies to the new frontiers in fact had more pity for the owners and managers of the then slaves than they had for the African slave, for the latter were receiving the benefits of methodical instruction on useful lines which indigent whites were denied except in rare cases of apprenticeship!

That region of country was adjoining and was part of the Colony of North Carolina, and it is proper to briefly mention the tortuous course it traveled up to statehood!

North Carolina, at an early day, organized that entire region lying between her western border and the Ohio River, into what she called "Washington District," and appointed officers therein and gave them jurisdiction over pretty much all the territory comprising the present state of Tennessee. Three years later (1780) a party of frontiersmen left the settlement that had been formed at Wautaga and passed through the mountain at what is known to-day as Cumberland Gap, and continued to what was then known as "French Lick" or "Salt Springs" which is the present site of Nashville, the capital of Tennessee. A fort was there erected and named Nashborough, in honor of General Nash of North Carolina. Hence the later name, "Nashville."

In 1784 North Carolina ceded all that territory to the Federal government, but many of the settlers in it ob-

jected to the transfer, and held meetings of protest and organized what they called the "State of Franklin." In the following year (1785) North Carolina repealed its act of cession to the Federal government and named the territory "Washington District." Some of the settlers also objected to this for a while, but finally agreed to resume their allegiance to the state or province of North Carolina, and contentment reigned over all the territory once more. But in 1790 North Carolina again ceded to the Federal government all the territory now comprised in the State of Tennessee, and the same was speedily organized into a Federal Territory with the capital at "White's Fort," that is, Knoxville of to-day, and, in fact, it was then so called as the capital of Knox County, named after General Knox (a distinguished general under Washington during the war 1776 to 1784, and who afterward became Secretary of War to 1785. He died 1806).

Knoxville, situated on the Holston River, four miles below the junction of the Holston and French Broad Rivers, was at that time considered near the center of population of that part of the territory. In 1794 the territory was made the State of Tennessee, and Knoxville continued to be the capital till 1811, when Kingston, at the mouth of the Clinch River, was made the capital for about one year. Then from 1812 to 1816 the capital of the state alternated between Knoxville and Nashville, and the rising town of Murfreesboro (in Rutherford County). Finally Nashville became the permanent capital of the state, and was the more central point of territory as well as of population at that time, and has remained so ever since.

The foregoing is only a brief reference to the ups and downs of the birth of the State of Tennessee to

statehood, and in so far may be a diversion from the main object of my narrative, which relates to John Turnley and his only son George Turnley, who became the grandfather of the writer of these lines. However, a word or two of back date history may not be out of place, but possibly instructive to later generations.

To refer back a moment to Virginia. A Mr. James Cunnyngham and his wife, Arabella, the parents of Charlotte, whom George Turnley married, natives of Ireland, migrated to the colony of Virginia about 1769 with their three sons and one infant daughter, namely, William H., James, Jr., George and Arabella. Another daughter, named Charlotte, was born soon after their arrival in Virginia, and later a fourth son was born to them, named Jesse, making a family of six children. Charlotte (or, as she was always called, "Lottie") was born April 13, 1770, in Bedford County, Virginia. Soon after the close of the war, or about 1783, Mr. James Cunnyngham died in Virginia, leaving his widow Arabella and her six children, namely:

William H., (who had married).

James, Jr., single.

George, single.

Arabella, single.

Charlotte, single. my grandmother

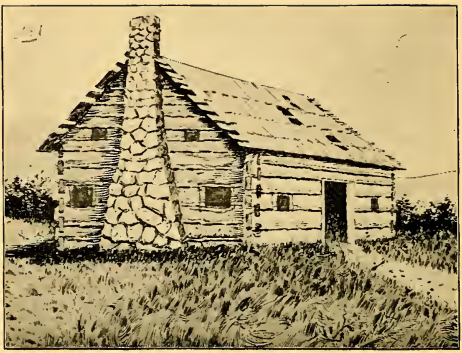
Jesse, single.

The last two were born in Virginia. The entire family followed close after the Turnleys to the new country on the French Broad River. The widow and her five children located first on Indian Creek, three miles south

of the Turnleys, but later located a home on the north side of the river nearly opposite the Turnleys. William, the married son, located ten or twelve miles higher up the river, on "Boyd's Creek," not far from the confluence of French Broad and the Chucky Rivers. The location of the Cunnynghams just across the river was a happy event for George Turnley. He and Charlotte were not long in becoming the best of friends. Mr. John Winton, a son of the man they purchased part of their land from, later on married Lottie's sister Arabella.

Meanwhile George Turnley and his father, "Old John," having thus fixed themselves in their new home, proceeded to build, and collected around them the necessary comforts and conveniences of living.

George was then 27 years of age and began to think of settling himself with a wife and family of his own. George soon had a fine canoe to navigate the river, which of course facilitated intercourse between the Turnleys and Cunnynghams. George Turnley, being 27 years of age, and Lottie 19, what could be more natural than for them to feel like uniting their fortunes in the new country? This in fact occurred, but not immediately. George Turnley thought first of preparing a house to bring his bride to, and therefore set to work to erect the required cottage then in vogue for the humble and industrious, not blessed with much of worldly wealth. He chose a favorable location near a spring and on the margin of a creek of running water. The cottage he erected was 18x25 feet, one story, of course, as the word cabin implies. But it was of a better grade than was usual in that day and, in fact, at present. It consisted of small logs 10 or 12 inches in diameter, hewed with broad axe on two opposite sides to a smooth surface. The other two sides of each log were slightly straight-



George Turnley's First Cabin

ened also, with the axe. They were then erected on a firm foundation, log at a time, each log being nicely notched at the ends and fitted at the corners. The walls were erected in this manner to the height required, say from 10 to 14 feet, and the last or top log, was capped or crowned with a hewed log, called the "wall plate," and on this was set the foot of the rafters. The cross timbers on which the floor rested, called "sleepers," were also hewed logs, and likewise the joists, the ends of which rested on the wall plates and supported the ceiling, or upper floor (or the loft, as it is called). Saw mills and sawed lumber were not much in existence at that time, in that unsettled region. The floors of most of the cottages of that day were hewed of split logs called "puncheons." In fact doors and windows were often made of hewed or split material.

Suffice it to say that George Turnley made a neat, comfortable and attractive little house of four rooms. See plate 4 on page *. When it was finished he felt prepared and ready to ask Lottie Cunnyngham to become its mistress and permanent tenant. It is needless to say that very little hardware was used in such structures—even nails were 25 to 30 cents a pound. Hinges, screws and door locks in proportion, as those things had to be hauled in wagons all the way from Baltimore or Philadelphia, say 500 miles, the freight charges alone on which was often 25 cents a pound. Even tables and chairs had to be improvised by the skill and ingenuity of the builder. But all this was accomplished by George Turnley before his marriage to Charlotte Cunnyngham. This marriage occurred at her mother's house just across the river from the Turnleys on the 3d day of March, 1791, and the couple at once stepped into their little "palace." Indeed no king's palace ever furnished more

real comfort and happiness to its occupants than did this little cottage to George and Lottie.

About this time (1792) the Indians had made a raid on some settlements on "Indian Creek," only three miles southeast from the Turnleys, and had killed a woman and a little boy. A party of white men assembled and proceeded to the scene of the murdered woman and boy, to get their bodies and take them to "Pine Chapel" burying-ground, which was a mile and a half from the Turnleys. The party consisted of half a dozen white men, including young George Cunnyngham, and a young man named Jacob Jenkins. The party rescued the dead bodies of the woman and the boy, and started to the place of burial, only three miles distant.

Young George Cunnyngham and Jenkins rode on in advance of the party, a quarter or a half mile, and were suddenly surprised by shots from Indians concealed in ambush behind trees near the road. One shot killed Cunnyngham instantly. Another shot only wounded Jenkins' horse, but scared him so that the horse sprang forward and carried Jenkins rapidly out of reach of the Indians, and thus saved his life. The funeral party came along very soon, and saved Jenkins from further pursuit by the Indians. But the unfortunate George Cunnyngham was cut and mutilated (even during the brief hour which elapsed before the funeral party reached the place) and his dead body was propped up against a pine tree near the roadway. (That pine tree was standing sound and in good condition in 1855, and I suppose is yet.) The funeral party took the body along with the two others to the burying-ground and buried all at the same time in the old "Pine Chapel" burying-ground. That early established graveyard is made the resting place still of the deceased in that vicinity. In it are the

remains of old John Turnley and wife, and his wife's mother, Mrs. Handy, aged 104 years; also of his son, George Turnley, and his wife Lottie, and four of the latter's children; also of Mrs. James Cunnyngham, the widow, mother of Lottie Turnley, and her murdered young son, George Cunnyngham, the promising young brother of Lottie Turnley.

The inglorious death of young Cunnyngham was a grievous blow to all, but especially to Lottie Turnley. She was then nursing her first born (the infant John Cunnyngham Turnley). The Indians who were committing these outrages were mostly roving bands south of Knoxville, and extending up the Holston River on their hunting forays, and sometimes up the French Broad River. During those Indian forays, Colonel Seviere was in command of such forces as he could assemble and equip. To do this, Seviere drew unstintedly on his private means. There was no overflowing treasury to draw on, and the mass of people were only too happy if each owned a good horse and a trusty gun, and were glad to serve without pay.

Meantime the then Governor (Blount), whose headquarters were at Greenville, was trying to induce some Indian chiefs then in council down in Georgia, to meet some white men as commissioners to try and come to some understanding for peace and safety. The whites had become enraged at the many murders by the Indians, and made up their minds to assemble and make a combined attack on all Indians in reach. This was not a wise course to pursue, as it would inflame the large number of Cherokee Indians to still greater violence. Governor Blount deprecated any such move, as likely to cause the Indians to increase their forays in greater numbers. Colonel Seviere was doing all that was possible

with the means at hand to look after the hostile Indians south of the Little Tennessee River.

About this time Governor Blount prepared a letter to be sent to the assembled Indians at their council, being held at a place said to be "four days' ride" south of the Big Tennessee River. It appears to have been somewhere in what is now Fannin County or Murray County, Georgia. The governor sent the letter and messenger (a white man) who agreed to carry it. But after waiting two weeks and hearing nothing from his messenger or the Indians, the governor concluded something had happened to the carrier and he determined to send another. For this purpose he called for a volunteer and George Turnley (though living 35 miles from the governor) mounted his horse and reported to the governor his willingness to carry the message to the Indian council. George Turnley's two years' sojourn with the Chocktaws and Chickasaws on his first visit to that region had enabled him to pick up much of the language and signs of the Indians and he trusted to his many friends among these tribes to give him a favorable reception, although the Indians in council were mostly of the Cherokee tribe, which was always the most unfriendly and cruel, as also the most numerous; yet somehow George Turnley always liked the Cherokees best.

Turnley's offer was accepted, and besides receiving verbal instructions as to what he should say to the Indians, he also carried a written letter from the governor to be presented to the council. It must be borne in mind that the Indians always had interpreters of white men who had lived much of their lifetime with them, as the Indians lived, and many of them had married squaws and raised families. They were what we of present

day call "Squaw men," who live with and among our western tribes of Indians.

Turnley, having received his instructions from the governor, returned to his home and his wife Lottie and babe. He informed his wife and friends of his intended trip. It was a sore trial for his wife, and only her courageous spirit of retribution in some way for her young brother's murder nerved her to the point of acquiescence. Had she been free from the incumbrance of the babe gladly would she have gone also. She therefore bravely assented to her husband's trip.

This was near Christmas, and George Turnley hurried his arrangements and set out on his trusty saddle-horse with provisions, dried beef, venison and corn bread, for fifteen days, tied behind his saddle, together with his blankets and rope halter, or as we later call it, "lariat," with which to tie his horse in places where he could feed on the grass or green cane tops that grew along the rivers and other water courses.

His course was southwest to the junction of the Tennessee and Clinch Rivers, or near that point. From there his course would be more southerly, perhaps to where Loudon now is. At that place he would have to cross the Tennessee River. It was mid-winter, snow covered the ground, and in the river (several hundred yards wide) the "mush ice" was running thick over the surface of the water from bank to bank. Turnley did not know of any ford on that river, and the snow covered any Indian trail leading to any ford, so he was in deep quandary as to how he would proceed to cross. But it was late in the day, near sundown, and to camp for the night was the first thing in order. Tying his horse where he could feed on the green cane tops, he soon had a roaring fire made of old dry logs on the bank of the

river, and after taking his frugal supper of dried beef and corn bread he went to sleep by his log fire with blankets, one under and one over him. All night long the grinding mush ice moved along the bank, sometimes cutting its way through the overleaning willows and young cottonwood shrubbery near the water's edge. This was not music calculated to lull one to sleep who realized that the morrow must solve the problem of crossing that river, cold and icy as it was.

Turnley had a fairly good night's rest and at early daylight visited his horse and changed him to a fresh place of green cane tops. He then warmed up some of the bread and dried beef, also a piece of sausage meat he had put up at home. Coffee and tea, the favorite beverages of present day soldiers and wayfarers, were not at that time in reach of the common people, and were seldom found in any but the high-toned and affluent families. Such a luxury was not to be thought of by the woodsman or bearer of dispatches. About the time Turnley had finished his frugal breakfast he was surprised by two gentlemen on horseback coming over the ridge towards his camp. (See plate No. 6, Page 90) The men had discovered the smoke of his camp fire a mile distant and therefore directed their course towards it, but in a cautious manner, lest it might be the camp of Indians. When the two horsemen satisfied themselves on this point by hallooing to Turnley, they were equally at a loss to imagine why any white man could be alone in such out of the way line of travel. They sat on their horses several minutes contemplating Turnley's camp fire. However, explanations and compliments were soon exchanged and each one learned all about the object of the other.

George Turnley's Camp on the Tennessee River

All were seeking a mode of crossing that Tennessee River. The men gladly availed themselves of the comfort of Turnley's fire and to talk over the matter. The two horsemen, it appeared, were citizens of North Carolina, and had been on a several months' trip over to Kentucky looking out for a favorable location in lands in that new state, and were on their way back to North Carolina, and this point of crossing the Tennessee River was in their most direct course. Turnley also desired to cross the river at this point. But, after crossing the river, the two horsemen's course was not in the direction Turnley had to go to find the Indian council tents. His course lay directly south towards the Georgia line somewhere, it may be not far from the present town of Pierceville, in Fannin County, Georgia. However, this did not in the least interfere with their united efforts to cross the ice flowing river. Turnley was a mechanic and the horsemen were practical farmers of intelligence and skill in emergency. They were all strangers to the nature of the river as to fords and the country. The snow was some inches deep on the ground, and the cold temperature all combined to incline them to try and cross the river where they were. In fact, so far as they had examined, they failed to find any Indian tracks or paths leading towards a ford. Therefore it was decided to cross the river where they were. To do this was the question to be solved. They all had small short-handled axes with their other luggage and traps carried on their horses, and after some time discussing methods, Turnley proposed to make a raft out of the dry dead trees and limbs that were along the river bank close at hand. This was agreed to, although the axe was the only tool they had to work with. No nails or augers to make holes to use wooden pins, but all had good long ropes with which

to picket their horses. Therefore these ropes or lines could be utilized to tie the raft logs together even more safely than the rigid nail would be, because the ropes allowed of some motion and flexibility of the logs in the water and running ice. That day was devoted to building the raft and part of the next forenoon, when it was ready to "launch." (See plate No. 7, Page 92)

The raft was computed to carry the saddle, blankets, provisions and guns of the three men. While it was designed for the horses to swim alongside of the raft, while two of the men with poles would push the raft diagonally over the river as it floated down stream with the current. Of course it was idle to think of pushing a raft of logs *against* the current, or even straight across the stream, but utilizing the current by gradually pushing the raft diagonally, partly with the current and partly across it, would reach the opposite side at some point below. They had spied out what appeared to be a favorable point on the opposite shore a mile below to try to make a landing. The point chosen also showed a pile of drift wood and dry logs favorable for a log fire.

Finally the raft was put in the river where there was virtually no current running, and the fastenings all made safe by the ropes or picket lines. Then the saddles and other plunder was put on board, when it was discovered that the raft could not carry the whole outfit with any safety. The three men weighed nearly 500 pounds, while the saddles and other traps aggregated not less than 150 pounds more. When all was on board the raft was so nearly submerged that it was too dangerous to risk so much in the venture. The five or six light floating dry poplar logs used in the raft were all they could find near at hand, except dry limbs seven or eight feet long and as large as a man's leg.

Turnley and the Two Wayfarers Building the Raft

These limbs of trees served as cross ties, one at each end and in the middle, tied firmly with their ropes, besides adding greatly to the buoyancy of the raft. Thus the raft was fairly rigid and safe enough for full half of the weight desired to put on it. After some discussion and trial of weight on the "floating pile," Turnley proposed that the two horsemen go on the raft with all the luggage, and "pole" it across the river, and land at the designated point (or as near there as they could), one of the men to hold the bridles of their two horses swimming alongside of the raft, while the other man poled the raft across the river, which was about 500 yards wide, and then when they got over and had made a good fire Turnley would swim the river by the side of his own horse. This the two horsemen reluctantly agreed to do. They carried over with them on the raft all of Turnley's luggage save his shirt and drawers, which he kept on, so as to leave him as little weight as possible to swim with by the side of his horse.

In the meantime (it being now afternoon) the mush ice had greatly diminished on the surface of the water. (Mush ice is a loose ice, which in temperate latitude forms in running streams only in a very cold snap of weather, and mainly at night, and floats on the surface of the water, being carried along by the current. This is usual on all the rivers of that climate in the early morning, during the coldest weather, and this running mush ice is thickest on the water's surface about an hour after sunrise and begins to thin out about noon, sometimes almost ceases to float on the water as night comes on.) The raft was finally cut loose and the two horsemen worked it over the river safely and landed near the point aimed for. In half an hour they had a rousing fire ready to warm themselves and their horses, and above

all to warm Turnley and his horse so soon as he could swim across the river.

This was the most hazardous venture in this little episode, but Turnley knew his capacity and knew his faithful horse, and had weighed all contingencies. He was a robust man of 170 pounds, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, inured to rough, laborious work, and knew just what he could do in the emergency, which the two horsemen doubted and feared. As all is well that ends well, so in that incident. Turnley swam on the lower side of his horse with the bridle rein in his teeth and placed his left hand on the horse's neck, or withers, so as to equalize their speed swimming, while the horse on the upper side served to screen Turnley from cakes of floating ice. (See plate No. 8, page 94) The two horsemen stood ready to assist Turnley and his horse out of the water, if need be, and all hands were very soon around the log fire of the drift pile. The horses, no less than their riders, enjoyed the warmth of fire, with their dry saddle blankets spread over them. In fact, Turnley had no occasion to *swim,* for his horse carried him through the water at much greater speed than the raft men had made. A good warm supper of their limited bill of fare, and a good night's rest, was to terminate this accidental meeting of the way-farers.

After their early breakfast next morning the horses were saddled and equipped for a new start for all hands. As previously stated, their paths of travel separated at this crossing. The two horsemen bearing eastward towards their homes in North Carolina, while Turnley's course was directly south to the Indian council camp somewhere in Georgia. They mounted their horses and exchanged parting salutes.

Neither Turnley's diary notes or memory supplies

TURNLEY SWIMMING THE TENNESSEE RIVER WITH HIS HORSE

any definite name of the place where the Indian council was being held. The most Turnley could give as to locality was that after crossing the river at the point named, that is, somewhere near the present town of Louden, but no town was there then, his course was south, striking the Georgia line, probably on the southerly line of the present Polk or Bradley County, and the distance from the Tennessee River to that Indian camp Turnley could only estimate by his time in riding to it. He traveled three days after crossing the river to reach the camp, say eight hours riding each day, would be 24 hours of horseback travel, and he thought his horse made on the average four miles an hour. This would seem to make the distance from his crossing the river to the council camp about 96 miles, while the distance from Louden to the south line of Tennessee in Polk County is, by Turnley's supposed route, about 60 miles. This would indicate that the council camp, Turnley's destination, was 30 miles over the Georgia line opposite Polk County, Tennessee, or that the council camp was somewhere in what is now Fannin or Murray County, Georgia.

Turnley finally reached the council camp, delivered his letter from the governor to the chiefs and warriors there assembled. In a few minutes Turnley was placed in charge of two Indian squaws who had their tepees a short distance from the council tent (or big tepee). The squaws' orders were to keep Turnley and his horse and outfit until further orders from the head chief of council. This, to say the least, looked ominous for Turnley, all the more so because the previous messenger sent to the same council had not been heard from! However, Turnley had only to wait events, painful as the suspense was. The Indians in council had interpreters of course (some of the white squaw men).

Turnley waited two days and two nights, guarded by the two squaws. He became nervous and apprehensive, fearing the council was discussing his death sentence, instead of his message or relief. Finally, the third day, he was called before the council to explain verbally, through the interpreter, his mission, also to read the letter he had brought from the governor, so the interpreter might in turn give it to the council verbally. This being gone through with, Turnley was again called before the council, this time to learn his doom. It was a trying moment, and being without resource or friends of any kind, it was simply a foregone resolve to meet his fate, whatever it might be. After a time, with due formality, the chief of council called an interpreter to his side and told him what to say to Turnley. Turnley had acquired some little of the Chocktaw and Chikasaw lingo, but these Indians in council were Cherokees, or most of them, and Turnley could not gather much from their talk, and he had to wait for and rely on the interpreter. This deliverance ran as follows (as Turnley afterwards related the episode):

"Tell this white man from the governor to go back to his people and tell his chief, the governor, that we have received his letter and will consider it in our council. We, also, want peace and good behaviour, and we desire the white men to stop coming to our people's lands and hunting grounds. Tell him he can start right away, and that we will send one of our best guides to escort him to the Big River (the Tennessee) and then return, and he can go on himself from the Big River to his big chief (the governor). That is all." "How, how," whatever they meant.

With this most glorious deliverance from the Indian council, Turnley was overjoyed. In only one item could

it have been better, and that is not to have sent any escort. Turnley would much rather return alone, for he doubted the trustworthiness of all Indians, even the Cherokees whom he liked best, and he was quite prepared to fear the fidelity of a single Indian escort. But there was no alternative.

Turnley was soon ready to start on his return, and so was his escort and guide. The guide was much better acquainted with the country and the trails leading back to the Big River (the Tennessee) than Turnley was. The result was they reached the river the second night, by a shorter trail than Turnley had traveled, and at a better place to cross it, where, in fact, there was shoal water, which at the time was a fairly good ford, though a very deep one for a horse. Both Turnley and the Indian guide laid down their camp pallets, tied their horses where they could eat cane tops and such grass as still existed in the winter, ate their scanty supper and went to sleep. The Indian guide, however, told Turnley by signs and words that he desired to start back to his home, at the council early in the morning, "while the stars are yet shining" (pointing his finger toward the sky). To this, of course, Turnley made no objection, and so both guide and guided appeared to drop asleep. The Indian did, in fact, go to sleep, but Turnley only feigned sleep through all the hours of that anxious night. Turnley had spread his saddle blanket on some leaves on the ground for a bed, his saddle for a pillow and his other two blankets for a covering. The heavier blanket he spread next to his person and the lighter one on top, leaving his hands over his chest, lying prone on his back, as was his custom on a camp pallet. He made up his mind to keep awake and be "on guard all through the

night," but to aid himself to feign sleep he turned slightly on his side.

Finally, a little before daybreak, and while the silvery stars were most brilliant, Turnley (though feigning sleep) heard the Indian guide get up. They had made a good log fire when going into camp and spread down their pallets on opposite sides of the fire. (See figure on opposite page) The Indian got up and went out to his horse about fifty yards and led him up to within fifty feet of where his pallet was, and began to saddle up to start back. Turnley never moved nor showed the least sign of being awake. On the contrary he was careful to feign very deep sleep.

While yet bright starlight, though everything was still, and the camp fire gone down to a bed of smouldering ashes, the Indian crept up stealthily and gently lowered his head to discover if Turnley was surely asleep (see illustration on page 100), while Turnley, though wide awake, feigned sleep. And when the Indian became satisfied that Turnley was surely sound asleep, he gently took the two corners of Turnley's top blanket between his thumbs and fingers and raised it off the wide-awake, but *sleeping* man, and as gently and quietly withdrew to where his horse was, some twenty yards distant, and mounting the horse rode off on his return trail for the Indian council camp. In relating this incident, Turnley was asked why he permitted the Indian to rob him thus of his much needed blanket. Turnley replied, with a smile, that in only one way could he have prevented it and that would have been by shooting and killing the Indian, and this he could easily have done, he said, for he had his gun alongside of him on his pallet, as also his pistol.

"But," said Turnley, "I had in those few critical

THE INDIAN STEALING TURNLEY'S BLANKET

moments, calculated the cost of such defense, for, had I killed the Indian and saved my blanket, it would have raised the worst passions of all the Indians, and the result would have been a fresh and a worse war by the whole tribes of unfriendly Indians against the whites and the white settlements. I never could have made it appear clearly just why I had to shoot the Indian to save my blanket, and to lose my blanket was a very small loss as compared to the great necessity of consummating a peaceful agreement with the Indians in general. The guide who thus stole my blanket, no doubt, said to his chiefs when he got back to them, that I had made him a present of it, or else that he had found it. At all events, I felt exceedingly comfortable when that 'guide and escort' had departed, even with my blanket. I then felt more safe than I did while he was with me, and I made no delay in crossing the Big River after the sun rose to give broad daylight and a little warmth to the air."

The place where Turnley and the guide had slept was near a fairly good ford, or a shoal place, where a horse might cross without swimming at low water. The stage of the water at that cold season was fairly low, and had Turnley been familiar with the ford he could have ridden across by picking his way, without his horse getting into swimming water. As it turned out, before getting entirely across the river, the current beat the horse down stream so far that he got off the shoal into deep water, so that Turnley and horse both had to swim to reach the shore. This was at a point off some ugly rough rocks in the river's margin, and Turnley was so benumbed by the cold water that he gave his horse his own way to swim for the shore, while Turnley saved himself by clinging to the horse's tail. The horse soon

reached the shore, and hauled his rider out over a ledge of rocks, which severely injured Turnley in his benumbed and helpless condition.

This was the time and the place where Turnley received the injury on the pelvic bone which ultimately, years later, resulted in hernia or rupture, and which became a more or less disabling affliction in his old age. Reaching dry land on shore, Turnley soon had a fire started and horse and man prepared to get warm, and dry clothing. Indeed it was still winter weather though not intensely freezing. Turnley had fixed his equipments and some clothing on the horse's neck to keep it dry. He camped at that place till the next day, drying his clothes and blankets. He had kept his gun and pistol and ammunition dry by having them secured to the horse's neck, which did not get under water at all.

Having thus dried his clothes and rested, he again set out for his home, still over 100 miles distant; but part of it would be by way of some white settlements where he could obtain food and shelter. In this way Turnley reached his home, which was 35 miles east of White's Fort (Knoxville now). He kissed his wife Lottie and babe, rested one day only and then mounted his horse and proceeded to Green County to report to Governor Blount, 35 miles distant, and deliver the verbal message of the Indian council. After doing this, Turnley returned to his home and resumed his vocation on the farm, fencing, cleaning up the ground and making ready for the spring plowing.

His first born, John Cunnyngham, was now a year old, a promising boy, as the father thought. His wife Lottie had spent the lonely weeks of his absence impatient and fearful, but now rejoiced that no harm had come to her husband in his perilous trip. This closed an

episode in Turnley's rugged and varied life which he and his acquaintances always considered was discreetly managed, and as fortunate in its termination as it was perilous and indiscreet in its undertaking.

"Old John Turnley," as he was called, and his son George busied themselves in clearing the land, fencing and general improvements to their homes. Not one of this branch of the Turnleys ever owned or cared to own a slave, nor did they in any wise approve of its existence further than to realize the fact that it already existed and had for more than one hundred years; and they further realized that the African negroes had been wrongfully brought to this continent in a helpless and ignorant condition, and had acquired a status under the white race of vastly superior development than they had in their native Africa, the only alternative for both races was to continue the relation in such manner as to impart to the negro all possible aid and assistance, and instruction along the lines of civilization and useful labor, in order to develop as fast as possible the negro's ability to become self sustaining. Either this or else send them back to their native clime, which seemed impossible.

To this extent only did the thoughtful white laboring man of that day acquiesce in continued bond slavery of the negroes. In fact, the first draft of the first constitution for that new state provided that after twenty-five years from its ratification, bond service of the negro should cease. Colonel Parmenas Taylor (maternal grandfather of the writer) was on the committee to draft the constitution and gave his vote and counsel for the provision, and few objected to it. That draft of the constitution, however, was never submitted to a popular vote, not on account of the manumitting clause, but on

various other clauses on which the framers differed, as did many of the electorate.

However, the subject has now passed beyond all discussion at this date of our progress in a new form of government, and this allusion to it is only made to accentuate how little the matter of negro slavery was thought of only a century before the same became the cloak and potent lever in the most colossal, deadly and destructive war of the nineteenth century, and ultimate effects of that war which command consideration at the present day.

GEORGE TURNLEY AT 84

Chapter V. (Continued.)

GEORGE TURNLEY—HIS PERILOUS TRIP TO THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

In character George Turnley combined usual vigor of mind with almost a childlike simplicity of heart. He was gentle and tender to his family, and to his neighbors frank and generous. He was fertile in expedients, and ever ready for a bold adventure. Many little stories of daring and courage, and of hairbreadth escapes he related to some of us grandchildren who lived so near him as to be his daily noisy little companions—long after the red man had disappeared from that region of Tennessee. The writer in previous pages has narrated one of his venturesome exploits as illustrating his readiness to face dangers. That narrative is given largely from memory of what I heard him say, but since writing that narrative, in which I have tried to illustrate as well as I could by some pen and ink sketches, I have come across George Turnley's old note book in which he was accustomed to jot down in brief some of his daily work. What I find is in the main just about as I have elsewhere narrated, but with his dairy notes before me I think it quite proper to give it somewhat in his own words, as follows:

"The Cherokee Indians had assembled on the south side of the Tennessee River. They were holding a council there and their intentions were known to be hostile, and, helpless as the settlements were, there was much to fear from an open declaration of war. Many of the scattering Indians among us were friendly, but would be

hostile as soon as the council declared open war. Several attempts to communicate with the warriors of this council had been made. Two separate couriers had been started with propositions of peace. They were never heard from, and the fact at last forced itself upon the reluctant people that the Indians would hear no terms, and it was suspected that they had murdered the messengers as a token of this determination.

"None but a pioneer in that dangerous time could have any conception of the panic that spread over the settlements.

"There was no possibility of retreat or succor. To fight to the last, and be massacred at the last, was the only prospect. There was little choice in the modes of death. The men did not appear to care for themselves, but for the women and children.

"I was not the oldest nor the wisest man in the settlements; still, as a woodsman of many years, and an experienced trader among the Indians, people looked to me for some expedient in the emergency. One night my father and my brother-in-law (William Cunnyngham) sat with me over our log fire till late. Our talk was of the impending danger and the best way to avert it. I did not give my opinion; but early next morning I rode over to the camp and proposed to start as messenger, myself, depending upon my knowledge of the Indian character, and the Indian tongue, to aid me in persuading them to accept the terms of friendship and concilation offered by the governor. The offer was accepted, of course. In this extremity any chance would have been seized upon by the terrified people.

"Equipped with blanket and gun, and a knapsack filled with dried venison and corn bread, I mounted my pony and set out alone for the Cherokee country. The

distance was about 200 miles. The route lay from my place to the Clinch River, thence to the Tennessee, twenty miles below the present site of Kingston, and thence across the Tennessee and into the Indian settlements. I reached the Tennessee River on the 24th of December. The weather was bitter cold, the river was thick with running mush ice, there was no human habitation near, no fords, and no possible way of crossing apparent but to swim. I concluded to pitch camp for the night. I built a fire, fed my horse upon green cane tops, which grew abundantly upon the river bank, fed myself from my knapsack of dried venison, and made a comfortable night of it, for the backwoodsman never troubles himself with what is ahead.

"In the morning we (my pony and I) breakfasted as we had supped. The ice was thicker than ever, coursing slowly and sullenly down the stream, and seeming to preclude all hope of crossing. Just as I had made up my mind to swim and was casting about for some contrivance for conveying my clothes over dry, two white men rode up like myself equipped for a journey. They had seen my camp fire from a distance, and had sought it, hoping to find company, and possibly, assistance, for they, too, wished to cross the river. We talked the chances over; they could not swim, and would not attempt it.

"A happy thought at length suggested itself—we might make a raft. Here our hatchets were called into service, and by the next day we had constructed a raft strong enough to carry all the luggage and the two men, but it would not carry a third man.

"The luggage, consisting of our saddles, knapsacks, and the greater part of my wearing clothes, were transferred to the raft. One of the new comers pushed the

raft with a pole, working and cutting a way through the thick mush ice, while the other held their two horses, which swam by the side. The raft was carried a great way down—a full mile and a half—but finally reached the opposite bank in safety. Of course it would have been impossible to return the raft for me, and I had made up my mind to send all of my traps and belongings on the raft, excepting my underclothing, and then swim the river by the side of my trusty little horse. The two men most strenuously objected to my attempting such a hazardous venture, but they finally reluctantly assented, when I assured them I knew better than they did what my horse and I could do. Transferring all my traps to the raft, excepting my undershirt and drawers, the men went on board, and while one of them, with my assistance, pushed the raft from the land out into the current, the other man held the bridle reins of the two horses, while I, with a bundle of brush switches, made the two horses splunge into icy flowing river and they were soon out in the current going down stream, of course, but also making some headway across the river.

"I waited by my camp-fire till I saw the raft had reached the other shore, and till I saw the benumbed men start a fire in the drift pile of dry wood we had seen on the opposite shore. I then plunged in with my horse. I swam on the lower side of the horse, with my left hand holding to his mane near his withers. My horse swam splendidly, and carried me along much faster than the raft had crossed over. On reaching the shore near where the fire was, the two men came to my assistance, and assisted me and my horse to dry land. There was a roaring fire of dead, dry trees and

TURNLEY AND THE TWO WAYFARERS SEPARATING

brush, and the men were faithful in their attentions to myself and my horse.

"We spent the night there by our cheerful fireside, and the following morning, after breakfast, we separated, each to pursue his own course through the wilderness. Only yesterday unknown to each other, through the labors and dangers of the day and night, companions and brothers; and to-day again strangers for ever.

"I took my way to the Cherokee village, yet three days distant, alone. On my arrival I delivered my message and dispatches, but was not admitted to the council. An interpreter received my communications, and I was led at once to an Indian hut, and placed under guard of three strong warriors—later under the care of some squaws.

"They pretended they could not understand a word I said, although I spoke pretty good Cherokee. I was well acquainted with Indian ways, and from the manner of the guards and of the few squaws that came about my place of confinement, I understood that there was an excitement in the council.

"At night I was placed under charge of a couple of old squaws, doubtless as a temptation to escape. Three days passed; the suspense was intolerable, for the delay was unquestionable evidence of their hostile intent, and my poor little life was of very slight importance to them, whatever it might be to me. My tact, skill and power of persuasion were of no avail, since they refused to hear me. I made up my mind for the worst, when, at the end of three days, I saw two warriors coming to my hut. They looked sullen and angry, while in their laconic way they told me, in Cherokee, their Chief wished to see me and they had come to conduct me to him. I believe the certainty of being conducted

to the stake would not have so appalled me. There was something in the dim uncertainty more terrible to a brave man than actual and inevitable death.

"I walked to the council lodge with my attendants, two behind and two before, while one walked by my side. The Chief received me with the impassive gravity peculiar to the Cherokee tribe.

"'Pale face,' he said in pretty good English, 'you want peace; your Great Chief promises many things, but we are afraid he will not do what he promises. We want peace, too, but when we would have peace, the white man will have war; he shoots our game, though he promises that he will not; go home and tell the white Chief that we will not kill his squaws, nor his little ones, but his warriors must keep away from our hunting grounds. The red man is angry, and will kill you if he finds you on our grounds. We will send a warrior with you to take you safe through to the Big River.' (The Tennessee River.)

"With all my knowledge of Indian character, I could not tell whether this was friendly or hostile. The words were fair enough, but the manner was far from reassuring, and did not become more so in the appearance of the warrior who was to be my guide.

"I firmly believed, on quitting the lodge, that I had been destined by the council to death, and that my guide was to be my murderer; still, even that was better than the stakes, and it left me a chance of escape. The Chief also gave me a paper to deliver to my Chief, the Governor.

"One Indian was not a match for me then, and I could have held a pretty fair hand with two or three. The Tennessee River was then considered the boundary of the Cherokee country. It was three days' ride, as

I had come; the guide, however, took a shorter trail, and we reached it in less than two. I never for a moment believed in the sincerity of the Indian Chief, and the watch that I kept up throughout the journey to the Big River is painful to think of. Not a motion or glance of the Indian escaped me. The last night we encamped on the bank of the river, and I felt this to be the crisis. Here it was my guide must leave me or execute his designs, whatever they might be, but it is always dangerous to manifest distrust to an Indian.

"After our supper, we lay down, wrapped in our blankets, to sleep, but I did not sleep, though I feigned it. I counted the breathings of the Indian through the long night, believing that at any moment he might make a spring for my life, and I was ready for him. Finally, at daybreak, the leaves rustled, the Indian moved, rose, saddled his horse, and prepared for his journey back. He then came to where I lay. After satisfying himself I was asleep, he softly pulled the blanket from over me. On his approach I had stolen a glance, enough to assure me he had no weapon in his hand. I lay perfectly still while he disengaged the blanket and walked away with it. (See plate 10 in Chapter IV.)

"He mounted his pony and was gone. This proved that his intentions were not to murder me. You may ask why did I not rise up and defend myself at his first approach? I could have done so; my gun was ready and under my head, but there was just one chance among many that the Indian did not seek my life. To defend myself by violence was to make him my mortal foe if I should fail to kill him, and in any case to make certain the war which we were so anxious to avert. So I deemed it best to wait and commit no hostile act, ex-

cept in defense of my life. My policy proved to be the correct one.

"I was left alone with my good pony to pursue my way to the settlements. This time I kept the south bank of the river till I reached a good ford that I knew of. My friends at home had long given me up to the unknown fate of my predecessors, and my return was a surprise scarcely short of a miracle.

"This trip was the means of effecting a treaty with the Cherokee tribe, which secured peace for many years, and, in fact, a permanent peace for that section ever after with all the Cherokee tribe.

"I always regarded the Cherokee Indians as among the noblest of the Indians of this continent."

Signed in diary, GEORGE TURNLEY.

Late results have fully demonstrated the superior character and willingness of the Cherokees to adopt the more civilized and Christian principles, and the industrious and progressive habits of the whites. As evidence of this we point with pride to their present condition, surrounded as they are with cultivated farms, schools, colleges and all the appliances of civilization.

CHARLOTTE TURNLEY, WIFE OF GEORGE TURNLEY.

my Grand-mother

Charlotte Turnley was small of stature, robust and possessed of great powers of endurance. She had dark she was industrious and energetic, and in the general hair, black eyes, and dark complexion. In character management of affairs possessed more tact and ability than her husband. Truly it might be said of her, "she looketh well to the ways of her household." She possessed some asperity of temper, which was the more apparent

in contrast with the mildness of her husband; her hand was always open to the needy; her round of charity was never forgotten, even in her last days and upon her sick bed; her messages of solid comfort were regularly dispatched to those who had learned to expect them.

It was her work as wife and mother to provide, that is, manufacture with her own hands, the clothing of the family, cook the meals, and keep the little household in order, without servants, as the Turnleys owned no negroes. To card, spin and weave, was the daily work of every woman in that frontier country. They dyed their stuffs with barks and roots from the forest, and Charlotte Turnley was assisted in these and all other household duties by her sons as they grew up. In later years the writer, when a small boy, heard her relate many laughable stories connected with her household and her "help." On one occasion John, her eldest, (who, when the story was told, was a lawyer practicing at the bar), was sent to prepare some flax for the wheel. As the process was slow and laborious, he suggested to his brother James, who was assisting him, to bury half the flax and thus save half the work.

The mother's eye detected the ruse. The brother, on being interrogated, told the whole story. John, of course, was in for a whipping, as he had been guilty of both disobedience and falsehood. He boldly met the charge, admitted it, but said if his mother would not whip him he would tell her of an easy way to clean her flax. This was utilizing knowledge in a way the mother had not thought of. John was not whipped. Another time John went to bed without saying his prayers. Charlotte Turnley's discipline was very strict in this particular, and she did not hesitate to enforce it with that universal reminder in those days, the rod. John was called

up to give an account of himself. He said, "it was not his day to say his prayers. It was his turn to wash the dishes, and he never said his prayers when he washed the dishes."

Charlotte Turnley died at the Mount Pleasant Home, July 24th, 1834, aged sixty-four years, three months and eleven days.

As will be seen in the family record, she was the mother of fourteen children. The first, John, born when she was at the age of twenty-two, the last, Julia, when she was forty-seven.

Hath earth one gleam of brightness
That never wore a shade;
One heaven transplanted blossom
Too beautiful to fade;
One star whose light is holy,
As those that flash above;
Yes, bow thy head, and speak it low,
Thy mother's love!

The second child of John Turnley, of Botetourt, Virginia, was Elizabeth. She was born in Botetourt County, 1764. At the age of nineteen years she was married to Mr. George Graham, of Scotch descent, while he yet resided on Tinker's Creek, in that county. Graham, with his wife Elizabeth, accompanied or followed the Turnleys and others to the new "District," now East Tennessee, and located on the north bank of the French Broad River, some three miles above what was then or later known as Sehorn's Ferry; still later as Hay's Ferry and still later as Turnley's Ferry. At a later period he moved on to a creek, water-power, two miles lower down, and a half mile back from the river, and there

erected mills for grinding corn and wheat, and sawing lumber, also a woolen carding machine, and cotton gin.

Graham was by nature a fine mechanic. His early advantages for scientific acquirements, however, were so limited that he was deprived of the advantages of books. Had he been favored with only a few years of such schooling as can at this day be had in our public and polytechnic schools, he certainly would have made a great name in the mechanical inventions, and utilizing machinery. As it was, he surpassed any mechanic living in his county. His home in Virginia was on what was then known as Tinker's Creek. It is a noteworthy fact that of his seven sons, five were the leading mechanics where they lived, and one, Gabriel, died at twenty-four years of age. George Graham and his wife, Elizabeth, had ten children born to them, as follows:

GEORGE AND ELIZABETH GRAHAM'S CHILDREN.

1. Mary, born 1784. Married Mr. John Sehorn in 1802, and died .....

2. William, born October, 1786. Married Miss Mary Shields in 1814 or 1815. Had two children, both daughters. His wife died in 1837 and Graham was burned to ashes in his large country store, September 17, 1857, aged seventy-one years. He also was a fine millwright mechanic; became quite wealthy. His large country store stood about 300 feet from his brick dwelling. It was supposed he was doing something in a back room of the store, in which there was a large pile of rags which country customers exchanged for goods, and that Graham, who had become rather feeble, had a candle with him and stumbled over, the candle setting fire to

the rags. It was late in the night, no neighbors nearer than a mile across the river and only two old women (negro slaves) sleeping in his dwelling, so that the fire had no restraint and consumed everything.

3. James, born 1787. Married Miss Mary McGort of Jefferson County in 1816. He was living in middle Tennessee in 1865. Nothing more known.

4. John, born 1788. Married Miss Mary Ross of Green County, Tennessee. She died and he married a Miss Earout of Blount County, Tennessee. Nothing further known.

5. Priscilla, born 1790. She married Mr. John Gentry of Jefferson County, Tennessee, in 18..; nothing further known, excepting that she lived near her brother, David Graham, and had several children.

6. Joseph, born in 1792. Married Miss Sarah Hill in 1812, before he was of age. He had a large family of daughters and sons. His wife died in 18.., and he married again, but had no more children. He died March 30, 1862, at his home on the north side of French Broad River two miles above Hay's Ferry, formerly Sehorn's Ferry. The complaint that caused his death was malignant inflammation of the bladder, caused, no doubt, by a closure of the neck of the bladder by the prostate gland.

7. George, born 1795. Was married, but nothing further known of him.

8. David, born March 31, 1798. Married Miss Mary G. Lackins, August 11, 1823. She died August 8, 1856, and Graham married a second wife, February, 1857. Graham sold out in Tennessee and went to Texas, Septem-

ber, 1859, where he followed his favorite vocation of a mechanic and farmer. He died August 27, 1878, at or near Dallas, Texas, aged eighty years and five months.

David Graham and wife had nine children. The first, Eliza, born September, 1824, and the last one, named Lavinia Arminta, born September 6, 1844. Their eighth child, a son, named William Glenn Graham, accompanied his father to Texas in 1856 while only fifteen years of age. He married and resided in Dallas; last known of him. He had a grown son accidentally killed in the street by a buggy.

William Glenn Graham and his sister, Lavinia Arminta, were the only children of David Graham that were living as late as August, 1900.

9. The ninth child of George and Elizabeth Turnley Graham, named Elizabeth, was born in 1802, and died 18...

10. The tenth child of George and Elizabeth Turnley Graham was born May 25, 1809, grew up at his father's home, on the farm, and in mills and shops, and died there October, 1833, aged twenty-four years; not married.

So closes the record of the Grahams, so far as I have been able to obtain information.

I have not contemplated making record of any other than the direct line from George Turnley. But his only sister (Elizabeth) who married the Scotchman, Mr. George Graham, had such a large family of children and lived so close to the Turnleys, and all so intimate, that I have felt it a duty to preserve the little data I happen to have from old papers and records for the information of those who may care to treasure it. The writer

was born and grew up to his twentieth year in constant intercourse with Joseph Graham and family. Also David Graham and his family, and was greatly attached to them all, especially the many handsome girls in both their families. They are all now gone—only their later progeny left to carry their names. What has surprised me during the past score of years, during my search for family records, is to discover such a lack of any record in so many families of births, names, marriages and deaths of their children, and the indifference of many to supply what they have. The older Turnleys seem to have had more regard for this than the later ones. So with the Taylors (my mother's family side). I have utterly failed to trace or find any record of Colonel Parmenas Taylor (my mother's father) and only a few of his large family of sons and daughters, which numbered nine or ten. (My own mother was the fifth child of Colonel Parmenas Taylor and his wife Betty.)

In previous pages I have mentioned the murder of young George Cunnyngham, not far from the Turnley's home, and it was in order for me to have said more about the Cunnynghams. Lest I forget it, or it gets crowded out of my manuscript, I will here state that the murdered George Cunnyngham was a younger brother of Mr. William Cunnyngham, who was married and living on Boyd's Creek, some twelve miles from the Turnleys, and the same distance from his widowed mother (who lived just across the river from the Turnleys).

William H. Cunnyngham became anxious for the safety of his little son, Jesse, who was on a visit to his grandmother (Mrs. Arabella Cunnyngham). He lost no time but mounted his horse and proceeded at once

to his mother's and took his little son on his horse in front of him, and started back to his Boyd's Creek home. He started in the night, hoping to escape the Indians, if any should be along his route. He thus made the ride safely, although he passed a squad of Indians in the dark not far from his home, but he was not molested. He estimated the number of Indians at thirty. It is an incident worth relating that the little Jesse Cunnyngham boy of that night's perilous ride became in time the eloquent and popular Methodist preacher, in that early Methodist Holston Circuit. Later he preached in Monroe County within the writer's recollection. After becoming a preacher, he married a Miss Etter, daughter of Mr. George Etter, a German, who, with his family, migrated from the village of Fincastle, Virginia, to his new home in Knox County, Eastern Tennessee, about 1796. The daughter could not speak a word of English at her eighth year of age, but she learned English rapidly, and made the preacher, Jesse Cunnyngham, the best of wives and a charming mother. In course of time, the Rev. Jesse Cunnyngham and wife had born to them a son (on December 3, 1820) at their home in Knox County, Tennessee (near the "Seven Islands"), a short distance above or east of Knoxville. Meantime the Rev. Jesse Cunnyngham's father (William H. Cunnyngham) had located his home on the main state road not far from the Seven Islands, and Mr. Etter, father of the preacher's wife, also lived in reach of the Cunnynghams. When the time came to have this infant christened it was a question as to what should be its name. A committee was convened to decide the momentous question. The infant was the first grandson of both the grandfathers and this led to the fixing, not alone of the Cross of the Saviour on the little tot's cranium, but the further "cross"

of the names of both grandfathers. This led to starting the innocent little victim of vanity out into the world under the romanesque cognomen of "William George Etter Cunnyngham." The reader might well ask if the babe survived the alphabetical burthen. It is a pleasure to answer, "He most certainly did." He was better educated than his father had been. His father was an eloquent preacher and a lover of books, especially of religious books, and a great reader, but lacked early advantages. He was viligant to see that his first son should have all the advantages in reach, including the ample family library at home.

The result was that the much named William George Etter Cunnyngham was prepared for the church at an early day. It was stated by those who knew the Cunnynghams that the boy was "converted" (as the Methodists say) when he was only twelve years old, at a camp meeting; that was about 1832 (at which time the writer of these lines was helping to raft sawed pine lumber down the river from the Turnley sawmills to the landing at the Seven Islands, to be used to repair a house near there owned by Mr. Winton, the husband of Arabella Cunnyngham) and which original house the father of the writer (John Cunnyngham Turnley) had erected for Winton sixteen years before.

Being converted, "W. G. E. C." felt he was called to follow in the tracks of his preacher-father, which he did, and prepared himself so well that in the autumn of 1843 he was admitted into a traveling connection of the Holston Conference. Meantime his preacher-father had removed to a home in Monroe County, Tennessee. He had a fine private library, and this son made the most of it, the fact of his father being a popular preacher aiding him in public attention. He preached for several

years in various parts of Eastern Tennessee, Knoxville, Greenville and Abingdon, Virginia. It was while preaching in Abingdon, Virginia, in 1851, that he married a Miss Litchfield, a charming young lady of an old prominent family, and connections of that sedate and well ordered town. She joined him, not only as wife, but also as missionary to China. They were married March, 1851, and they sailed for China in the spring of 1852 and remained in China nine years, doing missionary work. But learning of the dreadful civil war here in their old homes, they sailed for New York in 1861, and in course of time settled down to church and missionary work until his death, which occurred at his residence in Nashville, March, 1900, aged eighty years.

The writer of this was born 1821, in September, about nine months later than the deceased (William George Etter Cunnyngham). He was the grandson of William H. Cunnyngham, while the writer is the grandson of William H. Cunnyngham's sister Charlotte Turnley. It is opportune and entirely due to the Cunnynghams mentioned to say that they were all (men and women) talented, brainy and industrious, active in mind and body, and as a general thing, all of them in some degree, and some of them in a large degree, inclined to the religious and the pious, god-serving habits of life.

In later years William H. Cunnyngham changed his home in Knox County for a home in McMinn County, Tennessee. I suppose he died there, but I have no record. I find, however, among the letters to George Turnley one from William H. Cunnyngham dated McMinn County, Tennessee (the place not decipherable) but the date June 13, 1827—showing he was then alive and well. The letter is unique and characteristic of a man with a level head, and a purpose in life. It begins "My dear

Brother and Sister" (that is, to George Turnley and his own sister Lottie). The writer feels it quite proper to insert the letter inclosing this narrative of the Cunnynghams. But the reader must bear in mind that Mr. William H. Cunnyngham was born in Ireland and was about twelve years of age when his father migrated to Virginia in 1769, and therefore the boy had imbibed much of the manner and dialect of the people of his native heath, which his limited schooling in Virginia and associations in this country had not entirely eradicated.

Following is correct copy of letter written to George Turnley by William Cunnyngham. Peculiarities of spelling and capitalization carried in copy is as found in original.

"head of Eadernanly 13 Jun 1827 McMinn County, Tennessee. Dear Brother & Sister. We R'd a lether from you at athens on this day week past in Which We Ware very glad to heir that you Ware all Well thank the Lord your Lether found us all injoying the Like blessing for Which to be thankful myself and Magdalen have been pretty much afflicted since We Come heir with pains owing We think to being exposed to Wind and Cold having no shelter but an auld indian house to live in for some time and also an uncommon Cold & Wet spring but the Weather is got warm & We have got much better Corn Crops begins to Look pretty Well now What is very much hirt With the fly & frost their Will not be more than half crops and Corn is Like to be Carse with them that have no money flax Looks very Well Cottin not so Well We are all Well pleased With our move We have got a Comfortable Caban are secure from Wind & smoke and We have a good springhouse & a good barn almost Covered We think

We Will have Corn to do us Without bying We have about six acres of Wheat at peter Ragans it is some better than a half Crop it Will be fit to Cut next Week Magdalen has began to market at athens she has made about Eight dollars by selling butter & Chees We have Nter ed 2 quarters of Land since We cone down for sake of timber one at 12½ Cents pir acre the other at one cent pir acre a pleasing prospect appears to be opining the Lord is pooring out his spirit in different Neighbourhoods the Laborers of the methodists and baptist preachers are both blest souls are Conveied and Converted and aded to both Churches a profe that the Lord is no Respector of persons O may the time shortly Com When alle shall be brought to the Knollage of the truth our very dear Brother & Sister We are bound for the kingdom try to meet us Whare parting Will be no more I saw James Turnley Last Week in athens his famaly Was Well he that day got a letter from mathew as he Cals him he Read the Letter to me he and William Ware Well the Last he heird from William Whe was then Riding a Circuit some distance from him We Wish you to believe us When We tell you that We Would be very glad to see you and see you here settled, on a good quarter of Land We think you Would be pleased to Live in this Cuntry your son James Will be up to see you in July against Cort Pleas send the money with him that you mention in your Letter to me it Will Com in very good time as We Need a Little money We have been disappointed in giting money that We ought to have gottin Last new ears day We owe twenty-five dollars yet for our Land Which has been dew some tim With Regard to our political afairs times is very Warm We are divided som in favour of the present administration and others against it I think a majority is in favor of Jack-

sons being the Nex president We have nothing more Worth your attention We Conclude With subscribing ourselves your affectionate Brother and sister

Wm. H. & M. Cunnyngham.

We will now close the career of our good and aged grandsire with brief allusion to the saddest episodes in his long life of good to all others.

In 1812 George Turnley answered the call for soldiers, and though fifty years of age, shouldered his musket against the British a second time. It was his service in this war that developed the injury he received crossing the Tennessee River in 1792 (a rupture), from which he remained a partial invalid till his death. Some years after, he applied for and obtained a pension of six dollars a month for the remainder of his life.

In 1834 his domestic happiness was clouded by the death of his wife Charlotte. He continued to live at his home and with his daughter Elizabeth, still single, at the head of the household, till her death, 1836, when he turned his affairs over to his son, Matthew J. Turnley, and went to reside for a time with his son, James A. Turnley, in the little town of Cedar Bluff, Cherokee County, Alabama.

November 1, 1839, in company with his son Matthew (who had followed him to Alabama), he returned to Tennessee, for the purpose of settling up some outstanding business. Arriving at Dandridge he separated from Matthew, to visit an humble old farmer named Hill, residing seven or eight miles from the village. Hill was a zealous Methodist, and he and George Turnley frequently met to talk over the progress of their religious work and had corresponded while Turnley was in Alabama.

On this visit, late on Saturday night, at Hill's house, he met for the first time Hill's sister-in-law, a young woman of twenty-five, named Esther Cox; and before he left on Monday morning, had agreed to marry her; appointing the following Sunday morning before breakfast as the time for the consummation. He hastened on to Mount Pleasant (ten miles distant) where John and Matthew were expecting him, and there announced his extraordinary intention. Their surprise may be imagined! Remonstrance, persuasion, entreaty were all in vain; nothing could turn him from his purpose short of absolute incarceration, and on the following Sunday (November 9, 1839), according to appointment, he repaired to Hill's house, and was married in his seventy-seventh year of age (but in his ninetieth year of second childhood and decadency).

Hill was a justice of the peace, and himself performed the ceremony. No doubt the matter had been partially arranged by their correspondence, while Turnley was several hundred miles away in Alabama.

That Hill and his wife concocted and consummated this unfortunate, infamous and sacrilegious marriage, does not admit the shadow of a doubt; but how they acquired such influence over the poor old man must remain a mystery, save only in his dotage.

The fiat of Nature must be complied with and he who passes his "three score and ten" must again put on the habiliments of infancy and go out of the world as he entered it, a helpless and unreasoning child.

Just here (by the way of parenthesis as it were) the writer of these lines, now in his eighty-fourth year of mundane ups and downs, begs to assert his immunity from the virus of superannuated matrimony. He feels sure that no possible combination of circumstances, nor

the apparent rapidity with which more than half a score of the Turnleys (as well as many collateral branches) hastened to form second or third matrimonial burdens in their sere and yellow leaf will ever induce him to commit any such Japanese hara kari as matrimony in dotage. However, it is not the rule of life for men or women to accept advice on this subject at second hand; and nothing but the cold and, sometimes, the merciless school of experience convinces some people of their folly. Such was the sad experience of good old George Turnley. He married in haste under the spur of intensely interested false friends and he certainly had a bitter period of repentance. He quietly and prayerfully considered all the untoward conditions.

His false and ungodly brother and sister Methodists drew him into the hasty marriage (evidently to try to conceal the criminal condition of their truant sister) on November 9, 1839, and the "bride" just as hastily gave birth to her child, June 1, 1840 (say 206 days after her marriage ceremony.) That event excited criticism among friends, but the gentle Christian, George Turnley, thought no evil. Then on the 5th of April, 1844, came a second child, named Adaline, which fortunately died early. Then, the 16th of November, 1846, a third child was born and named Joseph Hammilton (after a life long friend of Turnley's in that county, Colonel Joseph Hammilton.) I use the biblical entry and spell "Hammilton" with two "m's" as it is recorded. Lastly, on March 29, 1848, a fourth child was born and was of such a dark brownish color as to even challenge the credulity of the feeble-minded old George himself. He seemed to arouse himself as from a harrowing nightmare, yet sought light from Divine source in silent prayer, and six days thereafter (April 4, 1848) he pro-

ceeded eight miles to the county seat (Dandridge) and filed his petition for a divorce. No court was in session just then, nor would be until August. But this mattered little with the poor old man in his mental agony of self reproach. He proceeded at once to arrange for putting the truant spouse out of his house. He first sent an agent to lease or rent a snug cottage on the state road, two miles south of his Oak Grove residence, which was done. He then, on April 17, 1848, set apart sufficient of the household belongings to make comfortable the cottage he had rented, then ordered his wagon to drive up to his door and the household plunder he had allotted to the woman, to be loaded on to the wagon, after which he ordered her and her brood of (worse than bastard) children to go also on the wagon to the cottage, all which was done promptly. He then closed the doors of his Oak Grove residence forever and went at once to his son, John C. Turnley, at the Mount Pleasant home, a mile and a half distant. This closes the strange episode of a strange marriage.

He was contented and well cared for at his old Mount Pleasant home, where he actually occupied the same large room which he and his sainted Lottie had occupied when he completed that mansion nearly a half century before. However, George Turnley did not long survive the fall of the curtain. He had long since been worn out mentally and now began a rapid physical decadence, and at 4 p. m., Sabbath, the third day of September, 1848, George Turnley went quietly to his final sleep, apparently without a pain. There were at his bedside his oldest born (John C. Turnley) also his oldest nephew (Mr. George Graham) and a son of his sister, Elizabeth Graham, with many of his friends and neighbors. In fact, the house, on that quiet Sunday, was filled with kind

friends, who had heard of his illness and went to pay their respects to one they had lovingly known all their lives. In due time his remains were placed by the side of his sainted Lottie's in the Pine Chapel grounds, less than a half mile from Mount Pleasant. In those grounds are also buried many of his family and relatives as mentioned elsewhere in these pages.

It may be asked by some why give the details of that untoward marriage. My answer is that the details are recorded in George Turnley's large old Bible, in his own hand writing (save only his actual demise) and that Book, now before me, as I write, has a sanctity and a memory which I desire to preserve and I desire that nothing therein recorded shall stand unexplained, but that every record shall be clearly defined.

The court in which he filed his petition for divorce on Aprii 4, 1848, met in Dandridge first Monday in August, 1848, and on the 23rd of same, issued the Decree of Divorce only eleven days before his decease.

I will only add that possibly the Turnleys now living and approaching the sere and yellow leaf of life may discover the hazard there is in the sapless dotage of senility entering into matrimony instead of preparing their shroud and sepulcher.

George Turnley's views of honor and Christian rectitude were very high, and he felt his connection with the woman who had so shamefully abused his confidence, to be an irreparable blot upon his name and that of his family. Not so, however, was it regarded by his family; and the multitude of friends to whom he was endeared by a long life of Christian faith, charity and good works.

George Turnley was five feet, ten inches high in his prime, weighed 170 pounds, possessed wonderful

strength, activity and power of endurance; was a stranger to sickness; had never, until a few months before his death, so much as tasted medicine. His habits were active, generally laborious, his diet simple; he never touched spirituous liquors as a beverage; seldom drank coffee, till the last two or three years of his life. He often remarked that he was more "than twelve years old before he had ever seen coffee on the table, and he was a free man before he had ever tasted it."

Peace to his ashes; and, as the writer is in his eighty-fourth year, he fully realizes the decadence of mind that long years of life exact, and he does not fear the final end, but only occasionally feels a dread of some lingering ailment or some sudden accident that prolongs pain.

George Turnley of Botetourt County, Virginia, was discharged from the continental army at close of his term of enlistment by a certificate given by the mustering officer, which certificate he preserved. In later years, when he completed his further service in the War of 1812, he received another discharge, which he carefully preserved till some time in the thirties, when he applied for his pension. From the best information I have been able to get, George Turnley must have sent both of his discharges to the War Department (which in those days was virtually the Pension Department), in furtherance of obtaining his pension. If these discharges were ever returned to him they must have been mislaid or lost. Still enough evidence of his service was easily obtained to give his descendants membership in the Society of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

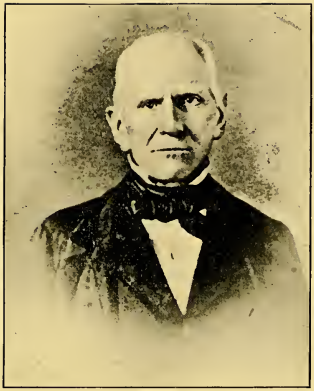
So endeth this chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN CUNNYNGHAM TURNLEY, first child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at the Mount Pleasant Home, in Jefferson County, Tennessee, February 27, 1792. The wild character of the country, as well as the limited resources of the Turnley family, have been shown in the life of George Turnley. John, being the eldest of a family of fourteen children, was early taught to relieve his mother of much of the household labor, and also to take a hand in the farm work, insomuch that the meagre educational advantages which the country afforded were of little use to him. He learned, indeed, to read and write, but even this was little more than nominal, as he had but rare occasion to do either.

At the age of eighteen he went to learn the cabinet trade, under his cousin, James Graham, and in 1811, being then nineteen, he began work for himself, as journeyman, with one David Colier, a house carpenter, in the little town of Monroe, at that time county seat of Overton, Tennessee.

In 1812, when war was declared with Great Britain, he, with others, walked to Nashville, Tennessee, a distance of one hundred miles, volunteered in the United States Infantry, and was mustered into Captain John Kennedy's company, which was afterwards attached to the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. About the 25th of January, 1813, the regiment embarked on flat boats at Nashville, and floated down the Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers.



JOHN CUNNYNGHAM TURNLEY AT 78

Stopping a few days at Smithland, Kentucky, landing at Cairo, Illinois, Chickasaw Bluffs (Memphis), Tennessee, and finally disembarking at Walnut Hills, (Vicksburg), Mississippi, whence they marched to the town of Washington, then the capital of the territory of Mississippi. The regiment, on starting, was to go to the defense of New Orleans, but for some reasons never known to the privates or subordinate officers of the command, they received orders to return to Tennessee by way of the Tennessee River valley.

Turnley had contracted a fever in the swamps of the Mississippi, and found the return march painful in the extreme. It will be remembered how meagre were the transportation accommodations of the government at that early period of its existence, and that the line of march was merely a trail marked through the wilderness. At Columbia he was too ill to proceed further, and was left to shift for himself. One Davis at first agreed to give him shelter, but on learning that he was directly from the malarious swamps of the south, Mr. Davis was afraid of some fatal contagion, and requested, in fact, commanded, on pain of forcible ejectment, that he should leave his house.

The sick boy walked, or rather dragged himself, from this inhospitable door to seek a shelter elsewhere in the sparsely settled neighborhood. A cabinet maker named Gullet agreed to take him in under the stipulation that he should pay his board in labor at cabinet work after his recovery, and if, as then seemed most probable, he should never recover, his effects, viz: gun, knapsack, clothes, etc., were to be taken by Gullet as compensation. Here he received the most kind and assiduous care. Mrs. Gullet bestowed upon him all the tenderness and watchfulness of a mother, and his affec-

tion for this good woman and reverence for her memory ended but with his life.

So great was his anxiety to repay the obligation thus incurred, that against the remonstrance of his host and benefactor, he went into the shop before he was able to do half work; still, ingenuity and perseverance supplied the place of strength, and he completed several light pieces of work in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Gullet paid him for the work at the stipulated rates, which at first was insufficient to balance his board, but, with returning strength, he became a valuable assistant. Thus he paid off the entire debt, and earned some money besides.

About this time an Indian trader named Donelly was fitting out a trading expedition for the Indian country. This trader had carried on a lucrative traffic with the Indians for many years, and, knowing the Chickasaws and Chocktaws very well, had sold to them largely on credit, with a view to collection when their annuity was paid. This had just been done, and Donelly, an unlettered man, unable himself to write or read, was desirous of obtaining a clerk who was scholar enough to transact his business. Turnley engaged with Donelly as clerk. The expedition consisted of a six-horse wagon, laden with dry goods and a little tea of inferior quality, accompanied by Donelly and himself in charge. They proceeded to the Indian settlements from one to two hundred miles northwest of Columbia, and rapidly sold out their stock of goods at high prices—the tea bringing five dollars per pound in gold and silver. Upon Turnley devolved almost the entire business; he collected the outstanding debts without the loss of a dollar, and, reloading with raw hides, they returned to Columbia, hav-

ing made the most successful expedition ever accomplished by this old trader.

Turnley was, of course, elated with his success in his new business, and had he been possessed of capital to begin on, he would doubtless have drifted into the same channel of trade for himself. Not having this, he abandoned the new field, though Mr. Gullet was anxious to retain his services in the cabinet shop at a salary of $300 and his board; but he had begun to look wistfully towards his native hills, and set out at once on foot for the eastern part of the state. His brother, James A. Turnley, had been apprised of the intended journey and had started with a horse to meet him. The two brothers met at Monroe, Overton County, and remained there until John's regiment was paid off and mustered out of service, when they set out together for East Tennessee.

Jackson's Creek war was then in progress, and moving appeals came up from Georgia and Carolina for supplies. Our starving army was in a state of mutiny, and nothing but the iron will of Jackson saved them from disintegration and destruction. The government, almost bankrupt and harassed on every side by enemies, offered favorable inducements to private enterprise in the transportation of supplies. Turnley, on reaching East Tennessee, immediately engaged in floating flat boats, laden with corn, bacon and flour, down the Holston and Tennessee rivers to Fort Supply, now known as Chattanooga, Tennessee. He accompanied the expeditions in person, steering the boats himself. How long he was thus engaged cannot be stated. He was in this business, however, in 1815, and on his return from one of the expeditions, on foot, he stopped for a night with his uncle, Rev. John Winton, residing near Knoxville, Tennessee, and while

there agreed to give up boating and build a dwelling house for Winton. Proceeding on to his home in Jefferson County, he made the necessary preparations for the work, which he began April 26, 1815.

On this same day he records an incident rendered memorable to the inhabitants of that section by its novelty. A heavy frost fell on the night of the 25th of April, and the morning of the 26th presented the curious spectacle of young budded peaches, apples, and pears, hanging on the trees, white with frost. To the surprise of all, not a peach, pear or apple appeared to be hurt, and a more abundant fruit harvest had never been known in the vicinity.

After the completion of Winton's house, which occupied about eighteen months, Turnley undertook the building of a house for another uncle, Mr. William H. Cunnyngham, a few miles east of Knoxville. He thus continued to work at the carpenter trade some months, building several houses in Knox as well as in his own county, Jefferson.

On October 9, 1817, he married Miss Mahala Taylor, a daughter of Colonel Parmenas Taylor, who, with old John and George Turnley was among the first settlers of Eastern Tennessee on the French Broad River, and whose lands lay on the river, directly opposite those of George Turnley. After his marriage he settled in Dandridge (county seat of Jefferson), and established there a large hotel. The enterprise was not successful, and in 1823 he found himself without a penny, and in debt to the extent of $3,000. This disastrous termination was partly owing to bad financiering on the part of Turnley, but chiefly to the failure of other parties, for whom he stood security in considerable sums and for one (Evans) alone $2,000. Evans skipped off to Georgia

and the Carolinas and was never heard of, nor paid a cent of the debt.

Turnley had now a wife and three children to support by manual labor. He built a house on his father's premises, seven and a half miles east of Dandridge, whither he removed his family; and as fast as the work might be accomplished with his own hands (for he had no means with which to obtain help), he added shops for wagon-making, blacksmithing, etc. He called this settlement Oak Grove, a name which it still bears. The house is still standing, but the shops have been destroyed long ago and the majestic forest shade trees that gave it name, through wantonness and carelessness, have been either cut down or allowed to die of neglect. It was for years, and as long as it had the care of its founder, celebrated in that section for its picturesque beauty. He cleared a small farm on this settlement, and with constant and hard labor in his shops and on his farm, he succeeded in paying off most of the debts which his unfortunate business complications had engendered. Not only this, but he found himself able to enlarge his business. Purchasing his sister Elizabeth's interest in the 600 acres he and she had entered some years previous and which adjoined on the east their father's Mount Pleasant home, he built a saw and grist mill, with other machinery and shops of various kinds. At this place, called the Mill Place, he made his residence during the winter months, returning to the more healthy location at Oak Grove in summer months. About this time—1831-3—began, in such malignant form, the bilious and intermittent fevers which proved so fatal in East Tennessee for fifteen or twenty years. Especially were these fevers dreaded on all the river bottoms and lower lands, and, although no portion of that country, not even

the most elevated and salubrious districts, was exempt or free from the deadly contagion, yet its severity was greatly mitigated by a removal back from large water courses and on to higher lands. During three years, however, Turnley and his family, now numbering nine children, suffered greatly with the prevailing chills and the more malignant fevers, involving great expense in medical services, besides loss of time and labor.

During these years of steady labor and only partial prosperity, he found a little time for reading. Besides acquiring much mechanical knowledge, a branch for which he possessed taste and aptitude, he instructed himself in political questions of the day, giving the greater portion of his spare time to the study of the law, without at first, perhaps, any intention of adopting it as a profession, though subsequent events led to this, and in March, 1834, he was admitted to the bar of Tennessee to practice in the State and Federal Courts, he being then forty-two years old.

One thing that, perhaps, had some weight in determining his final action was a law suit in which his father had become involved with one Richard Gregory, a vindictive and unscrupulous man, who, backed by a large family connection equally unscrupulous, laid claim to a tract of land previously entered and for some years owned by George Turnley. This law suit was carried through seven years with much bitterness on the part of the Gregorys, and though the Turnleys gained it in the end, it entailed much expense and annoyance. The whole conduct of the case devolved upon John C., he being better able than his single-hearted father, to cope with their wily adversary. This law suit, with its direct and incidental results, so impaired the fortunes and standing of the Gregory family, that they never recov-

ered their power and position. It was in the last stages of this seven years' contest that John C. Turnley applied for and obtained admission to the bar.

In 1837, while he was in the summer residence at Oak Grove, he met with a serious and to him irreparable loss. His residence at the Mill Place, although unoccupied, was burned to the ground, with all the buildings connected with it. All his household furniture, save a few pieces in temporary use at Oak Grove, was burned, together with a valuable little library, which had been purchased from time to time as his means would permit, and was doubly dear to him as being the sweat of his brow, as well as the source of the few hours of intellectual enjoyment, snatched from fifteen years of hard labor. That fire was a mystery never solved.

Turnley now removed his family to the Mount Pleasant home, which stood at this time unoccupied, his father, George Turnley, having gone to reside with his son, James A. Turnley, in Alabama. He first leased Mount Pleasant for four years, and before the expiration of the time, bought it, and there fixed his residence as long as his family held together. Hard work and reading and practice of his profession had engrossed his married life to the almost entire exclusion of domestic ties; as a consequence, the children had centered around the mother for love, sympathy and counsel. She was the centralizing power that preserved the family unity, and her death, in 1844, laid the ax at the root of the domestic tree.

One by one the children departed to seek their fortunes elsewhere. John C. remained at Mount Pleasant eleven years after the death of his wife, his youngest daughter only remaining with him; and now it was, in his old age, that, after the example of his father, he began

to cast about for a second wife. One would have thought that, with the experience of the father so fresh in his mind and with seven living children to claim his love and interest, a man of his good sense and sound views, would hesitate before involving himself in new family responsibilities. But who was ever yet willing to accept experience at second hand, or could, when most needed, put themselves in the other's place?

In the summer of 1855, he married Mrs. Dorcas Hays, widow of James Hays, deceased; a woman of excellent personal character, and of good family, but the mother of seven living children, the youngest but two years old.

Such a responsibility would have appalled him in earlier life, but now, considerably over three score, and one must suppose in a state of partial mental dotage, he took up the burden joyfully, and through a period of fifteen years manifested more interest and solicitude in the rearing of these children (not bound to him by any ties of blood or affection), than he had ever shown for those of his own flesh. But "'Twas ever thus, and will be to the end."

What a commentary upon human weakness! And here the question arises to the mind, is disinterested kindness and open-handed generosity a virtue, if in the exercise of it we neglect those *selfish* ties which Nature imposes upon us as a duty? Soon after his second marriage, he went to reside at the house of his wife at Hays' Ferry and had the Oak Grove postoffice removed 2½ miles to that place. His remaining child, not finding the parental roof a home any longer, sought one elsewhere, and the old homestead was turned over to tenants, or rather to the drowsy bats to cling in clusters to its gables.

He still continued to practice law to a limited extent, but was chiefly occupied with the management of the Hays estate, the schooling of the seven children of his wife, and, nominally at least, overseeing and directing the large farm and the ferry belonging to the wife he had married and to her seven children. All of this work he performed with scrupulous fidelity. Mr. Hays on his death bed had named John C. Turnley to be his executor and guardian of his children.

The best evidence the writer had of the incapacity of either his father, John C., or of his grandfather George, to manage their own affairs in their declining years, was the cold fact, that the writer felt it a filial duty to supply over Twelve Thousand Dollars in cash between 1850 and the close of the war of subjugation (1870) to clear up and liquidate all obligations against either and both of them.

George Turnley's lewd, wanton and licentious second wife involved him greatly, and after his death (September, 1848) John C. assumed the same, but never entirely liquidated them, while creating (or not liquidating) many thousands of dollars of his own indebtedness. And yet how dare I criticise? because, as I write these lines (in the year of our Lord, 1904) I am myself along in my 84th year and, measured by years, I must be less able than they were when they were in the seventies.

"So I will hold my peace nor utter aught of censure,
But never a second marriage could I venture."

The eternal laws of fate dealt not to every man, and least of all to John C. Turnley, the gift of luck in the acquisition of money. He practically held the theory that money is but trash, and the art of getting it, at best, a

questionable virtue. He knew no device by which to build up a fortune or reputation at the expense of the great aggregate animal, the public. It was not strange, then, that he was generally poor in worldly goods, and left little else than penury as the inheritance to his children. This is a sufficient encomium for a parent, as measured by the ritual, which many teach but which few really practice.

In common with all intelligent and respectable citizens of the South, and of East Tennessee in particular, Turnley suffered greatly in person and property during the war of subjugation—1861 to 1865. While he had never any sympathy with that class of political agitators who unceasingly preached the constitutional and divine right of negro slavery from the stump and the pulpit, he yet held firmly to the landmarks of the old Jeffersonian Democracy. He insisted upon a close adherence to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and upon this basis stood by the South in her need, when many of those who had made state rights a confession of faith, and negro slavery the "Ark of the Covenant," had fled to her enemies, and made the welkin ring with clamors for the destruction of the people they had led and the principles they had taught. It is needless at this late day to name those who did so much harm to themselves and to their State.

During the war of subjugation of twelve of the States of our quasi republic (1861 to 1870) many of the older and politically well-informed men of Eastern Tennessee suffered bodily and financially because of that class of the population who never had any well-grounded knowledge, or even sentiments, as to the true cause, object and motive of that gigantic—almost internecine—war. Pos-

sibly they were not answerable for their ignorance. Indeed, wiser men on most things than even the best of Eastern Tennessee, have not to this day got more than a glance backwards at the concealed motives of that war,—and only a more or less confused opinion of its ultimate results. These truths their great grandchildren will only partially realize when they come to be drafted into military ranks to fight battles for those who hold the Divine Right to command them a century or more in the future.

This brief remark, I think, is sufficient touching that war, considering what I have said in previous pages. I therefore pass over the events that occurred in the border eastern counties of Tennessee, during that first bloody test of a hastily made and never understood by many, and most cordially hated by some, of an experimental effort to form what never has been and never will be a government, fair and equitable to all the human beings who may happen to live under it. Therefore I will simply proceed with my narrative of my old father, John C. Turnley.

The incidents attending his death show, in a striking manner, those qualities which so strongly marked his life,—will, coolness and unflinching courage. He had been solicited by Steel Shadden (an old friend and neighbor), who had in charge a barge laden with corn, the property of a Mr. A. J. Pryor, of Dandridge, Tennessee, to accompany the boat from Mt. Pleasant Farm to Dandridge. He consented to do so with reluctance. Shadden, without any apparent reason, seemed unusually timid, but appeared satisfied, when Turnley joined him, and all floated safely down the river until within two miles of Dandridge, the boat ran over the end of an old

mill dam on the break waters, careened and filled with water. The men became frightened and threw down their oars. Turnley sprang into the water for the purpose of heading the boat up river, but he had miscalculated the depth of the water. Instead of being four feet, as he thought, it was eight; and running a current of five miles an hour. He could do nothing but hold on to the edge of the boat, which swept down before the rapid current, and catching his foot between the gunwale and a ledge of rocks, crushed his ankle to a shapeless mass. The rocks being passed, the men hastened to assist him back into the boat. It was now night and excessively dark; they could only guess at their position, and to add to their peril the boat was found to be rapidly sinking. The men had lost all presence of mind. Turnley essayed to restore order and inspire courage. He directed them in their preparations for escape, and it was not till the last man had been safely launched on a plank, that he began to look out for his own safety. He also plunged into the water, but had no sooner done so, than a cry from the abandoned boat apprised him that Mr. Pryor's little son, a lad of twelve years, had been left behind; he instantly directed the boy to follow him, and with the coolness and deliberation that ever stood by him in emergencies, he provided for the child's rescue by placing his chin on the oars, and directing their course diagonally downwards towards the shore. He said to the boy, "Now, my son, you must swim for us both, as my ankle is mashed and bleeding." Thus encouraged and supported, the brave boy swam to shore, and in turn rescued his deliverer. Mangled, suffering and exhausted, Turnley was unable to land till the child had called to his

assistance the men who had already reached shore, and also some fishermen on shore.

Having attempted, it is supposed, to swim up stream, Shadden was drowned but a few yards from the boat. His body was found some days afterwards. Turnley was carried in a skiff or canoe found near the place of disaster, to Dandridge Landing, then half a mile to the house of A. J. Pryor. A surgeon was called, who pronounced amputation to be the only hope; but Turnley so strongly opposed it, that the operation was deferred for instructions from his son, P. T. Turnley, in Chicago, and for this purpose he wrote a dispatch (to be sent ten miles on horseback to the nearest telegraph station) for his son. But, as if the fates were combined against relief, by some strange neglect this dispatch had not been sent to the telegraph station and the discovery was not made until Saturday afternoon, four days after the foot and ankle had been mashed. To remedy this another telegram was prepared and sent with all speed the ten miles to a station, and was sent off on its six hundred miles to Chicago, and the son received it Saturday evening after all railway trains had departed, and no more would go out of the city for 24 hours. The best that could be done therefore was to dispatch to a surgeon in Knoxville, Tennessee, to go at once to Turnley in Dandridge, thirty miles distant, and do what he thought best in the case. Accordingly the surgeon received the dispatch Saturday evening, and made an all night ride in his buggy, reaching Turnley's bedside at sun-up Sunday morning. The surgeon on examination feared the delay had been fatal, but proceeded to amputate above the knee, as the only hope. This was six

days after the accident. He died June 10th, 1871, just thirteen days after the accident, of blood poison.

John Cunnyngham Turnley received a certificate of discharge from service (Captain Kennedy's company) in the War of 1812. The same was burned in the Mill Place mansion in 1836. He afterwards obtained a duplicate of it—during his thirty-five years' service as postmaster at Oak Grove. But when he applied for a pension for services in that war, he sent the certificate also to the Pension Department at Washington, as appears by an entry in one of his old memorandum books. No information is on record showing that it ever was returned—the presumption is that it was not returned.

John C. Turnley was five feet six inches high, broad in the chest and shoulders, and weighed in his prime one hundred and fifty pounds. He had fair complexion, inclined to freckle, hazel eyes and auburn hair, which turned gray very early—being at fifty quite white. He had a robust constitution, had no sign of inherited disease of any kind; and, but for the accident that terminated his life, he would doubtless have reached, or exceeded the ripe years of his father, George Turnley (86). Possibly he might have reached the 104 years (the age of his grandmother, Mrs. Handy).

He had nine children, all by his first wife.

Before naming them, however, I will pay homage to the memory of my sainted mother, Mahala Taylor Turnley.

Mahala Taylor, Wife of John C. Turnley and Daughter of Colonel Parmenas Taylor.

Parmenas Taylor, father of Mahala, was born April 4, 1753, in the Colony of North Carolina, and was there-

fore twenty-three years of age at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1776. He served in the Colonial Army, first as Captain, afterwards as Major, under the command of Colonel William White, of Burks County, North Carolina. Both officers were together captured in one of the engagements in that Colony. After being held for some time as prisoners of war, they were exchanged and returned to duty, and served during the remainder of that war. After the restoration of peace, Taylor married White's daughter Betty. White was a wealthy man, for that day, and the section of the country in which he lived.

Taylor settled on the French Broad River in Jefferson County, Tennessee, on a large body of rich river land, in what is still known as Taylor's Bend. He was a man of vigorous intellect, and a rare specimen of mountain growth physically, standing six feet three inches in height, and though by no means fleshy, yet weighed one hundred and eighty pounds at advanced age. By profession he was a Land Surveyor, but carried on farming work.

He was several years a member of the Legislature of the Territory, and afterwards of the State, and was also one of the chief delegates who framed the first constitution of the State of Tennessee. Being of Catholic parentage, he found no church in his new home of that denomination, and never was known to recognize nor yet to disapprove of any. It was often a matter of remark among his family and acquaintances that a man of his decided character, exemplary life, and frank opinions on so many points, should never so much as allude to religious matters, so generally discussed by the community.

He died at his residence in Taylor's Bend, Jefferson County, Tennessee, on February 28th, 1827, in the 74th year of his age. The writer, then six years old, well remembers standing by the coffin at the funeral.

His widow (Betty) died at the same place, eleven years later (1838), also in the 74th year of her age, and the writer also attended her funeral. The parents of the latter were of the English Church, and Betty in later years attached herself to the Methodist Society, then predominant in that section of the country. She was not 16 when she married and not 17 when her first child was born.

Parmenas and Betty Taylor had nine children, and it is their fourth (Mahala) who forms the subject of our present narrative.

Mahala Taylor, wife of John C. Turnley, was born at her father's home in Taylor's Bend, Jefferson County, Tennessee, August 3rd, 1792. Was married at her father's house October 9th, 1817; and died at Mt. Pleasant August 10, 1844. She was a large and portly woman, being five feet six inches in height, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, of very strong physique, and robust constitution. She had fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes and large and decided features.

As the writer looks back to the life of toil and self-denial of that devoted mother, in her heroic combat against poverty, and the reverses that bore down so heavily upon her husband during the first half of their married life, it is a subject of too much feeling, even now, to permit him to record it in the cold language of historical narrative. Her life was yet harder than her husband's, for while he did find some opportunity for intellectual pursuits, she, with a rapidly increasing fam-

ily, found no such relief. The entire domestic labor depending upon her, every stitch of clothing for herself, husband and children to be spun, woven and sewed by her unassisted hand, she had no respite from toil; the losses, ill-luck and bad ventures of the husband, while they wounded him, fell more heavily upon her. Her deeper affection and stronger family attachments made her more keenly alive to the pressing wants of her children. Their physical and intellectual needs appealed directly to her, and her agony of mind when the toil of her strong hand failed to supply them was known only to herself. To her eldest son, who grew up her companion, adviser and ally, she told all that could be expressed by words. Even this comfort was denied her, when he was started off upon a journey of one thousand miles to seek that education which the country and circumstances forbade him at home.

Few schools existed then in East Tennessee, and none that came within the reach of a scanty purse. The wealthy of all the Southern States at that time (not since 1861) preferred to send their children to be educated in the Eastern States or Europe and hence felt little interest in promoting schools at home. The poor were unable to send their children away, and equally unable to foster good schools at home. The middle classes alone, therefore, all over the South made efforts in the promotion of home or public schools, and even they have not succeeded well, being deprived of the moneyed assistance of the wealthy, and, of course, unable to get any aid from the poor. Hence, to be educated meant, in those days, a sojourn elsewhere than at home.

Turnley had, through political influence at Washington, secured for his son an appointment to the National

Military Academy at West Point, New York, a step which, in his view, would secure to his son a liberal education, and open the door to an honorable, and perhaps useful career in the army or elsewhere; with the clear, comprehensive philosophy peculiar to him, looking straight through to the end to be attained, without, however, having provided for the practical details necessary to its accomplishment. The boy, without the first rudiments of English education, without experience, was to undertake a journey of eight hundred miles on foot to reach West Point, and was there to be placed on equal footing and in direct competition with young men, many of whom, having taken their degree previously at other colleges, had availed themselves of the privilege of the National Military School merely as the portal to the United States Army.

To the mother, the loss of the companionship and association of her son was great, but a sacrifice she was willing to make; in fact, there was no sacrifice she would not make that promised advantage to him. The obstacles, however, appeared to her insurmountable; more practical than her sanguine husband, she weighed every circumstance and probability with a mother's eye, and there was but too little to encourage, while there was much to oppose the proposed step. She hesitated. The son refused to go without her full approval. The hour had arrived when he must start or forfeit his appointment. The meagre preparations were all made; the little money Turnley could raise (only $36.36, when reduced from the then shin-plaster currency, to gold) was ready. What money there was then in circulation in that state was "State paper," "Shin plaster," good for all debts in

the State, but not worth a meal's victuals outside the State.

His few homespun clothes (a mother's work) were packed in a red cotton kerchief; nothing was wanting but the consent of the mother. Upon one word from her hung the destiny of her more than son—her companion and idol. It was given at last; fearfully, hopefully, she bade him go. She lived to know that her decision had been approved by the success of him whom she loved most. Close application won for him a fair grade in his class, and with good health, the honorable completion of his collegiate course was assured. She eagerly counted every day of his absence, but it was not permitted that she should live to welcome his return. While he, urged on by her love, was giving his summer vacation up to hard study in New York, she, in the old farm-house in Tennessee, pining and hoping for him, sickened and died (August 10th, 1844).

To few, we may hope, falls a life so full of hardship and self-denial and so barren of all the pleasures that make life attractive; but to fewer still is given the high principle and heroic courage to meet such a life with so much womanly dignity and Christian fortitude. A mother's heart is a garden of loveliest and richest blossoms. It is an Eden of pure sunshine and dews, a true estimate of which comes only to the bereaved. To drink daily at the never-failing fountain of a mother's love, and then to be suddenly cast beyond the charmed enclosure; to be left to buffet the rude winds of a cold and selfish world, and make head against the tide of ignorance, misfortune and hardships that beset one's dusty path through life, teaches the young heart a lesson that age cannot forget.

Brilliant eyes may bless thee,
Soft voices may call thee dear,
The young and fair caress thee
With music for the ear;
But when the heart beats wearily
Then as the timid frightened dove
Clings to the sheltering bough,
So the soul turns to a Mother's love,
Goes out to seek the path she trod,
And follows on to Heaven and God.

GRANDCHILDREN OF GEORGE AND LOTTIE TURNLEY.

First. The Children of John C. and Mahala Turnley.

They had nine children as follows:

1. Amanda Malvina, born in Dandridge, Tennessee, August 3rd, 1818. Educated in Dandridge. Married Mr. James Washington Mahoney, at her father's house (the Turnley Mt. Pleasant home) February 27th, 1838. They made a wedding trip through Kentucky, Indiana, into Illinois, traveling partly on horseback and partly by buggy, on which trip Mahoney purchased in Illinois and Indiana a lot of horses and some mules, which he brought back with him and drove down into North and South Carolina and Alabama and sold.

About 1844, he located in Bradley County, Tennessee, where he resided some years. Thence in Union County,

Kentucky, and later in Jefferson County, Arkansas, not far from the town of Pine Bluff. Mahoney died there April 13th, 1858. His widow continued to live at their farm or cotton plantation with her large family of children, and carried on the farm by her sons' help.

She married a second husband, a Mr. Mitchell, in 1858, by whom she had one child, a daughter.

In 1864 the calamities of contending armies in the war of subjugating the Southern States of the Republic caused her to leave Arkansas and come north to Madison, Indiana, as much for schools for her children as for peace and quiet during the war. After active hostilities had ceased she returned to Arkansas and resided a while in Little Rock. Later she returned to her home farm near Buyo Bartholomew, where she died of malarial fever, January 14th, 1877, in her 59th year.

She had nine children by her first husband, Mahoney, and one child (a girl) by her second husband, Mitchell.

The following are the names and dates of births of her children (who of course are the great-grandchildren of George and Lottie Turnley):

1. Oscar Livingston Mahoney. Born in Jefferson County, Tennessee, March 7th, 1839. He was educated mainly by his well-educated mother, and partly in the log cabin school house, and later graduated in medicine at the Ohio Medical College in Cincinnati, in 1866 and 1867. He married Miss Virginia Rosson of Hickman, Kentucky, June 16th, 1870. Practiced his profession thirty-one years, and retired in 1898. Has no children and lives in Arizona on his ranch five miles from the City of Phoenix.

His wife also had a thorough medical education, graduating at the Woman's Medical College in Chicago

(Alopathic) in 1883, and continued her active practice even longer than her husband. She was valedictorian of her class, and has been very successful in her practice. They never have had any children which, of course, left her the more freedom to pursue her medical practice.

2. Caroline Elizabeth was born in Jefferson County, Tennessee, July 3d, 1840. Married Mr. William Hubbard Wilson in Jefferson County, Arkansas, in 1858. Her husband died in 18... She still lives in Arkansas near her first home.

Births and deaths of the children of William H. and Caroline E. Wilson, great-grandchildren of John C. Turnley:

1 and 2. First children, twin boys. John Washington and twin brother were born on July 31st, 1859. One of them died on day of birth and John Washington died on January 20th, 1865.

3. Samuel David was born April 8th, 1860; died November 3d, 1870.

4. Oscar Livingston was born April 8th, 1862; died January 18th, 1865.

5. William Hubbard was born January 16th, 1864; died June 6th, 1864.

6. Robert A. was born May 4th, 1865; died April 15th, 1884.

7. Amanda was born January 11th, 1868, and was married to Mr. George McDonald March 4th, 1886; died February 28th, 1889.

8. James Brooks was born June 22d, 1870; living, married and has a house full of children, all boys.

9. August Marlin was born May 13th, 1872, and died August 25th, 1876.

10. Oscar Mahoney was born February 3d, 1875; still living and not married.

11. David Marlin was born July 19th, 1877; still living, married, and has a house full of children, all boys.

There were born to her and her deceased husband eleven children, ten boys and one girl. The small-pox struck that family, as well as many others in 186.., and only three sons and the mother survived. Those sons named Wilson have families of their own and are still living in that county in Arkansas.

3. A son. Born in Bradley County, Tennessee, May 16th, 1843, and died not named.

4. John Cunningham Mahoney. Was born April 13th, 1844, in Bradley County, Tennessee, died in Jefferson County, Arkansas, March 8th, 1863, after returning to his mother's home from his term of military service in the Confederate forces. Not married.

5. Parmenas Taylor Mahoney. Was born in Bradley County, Tennessee, July 19th, 1845, and was killed by a negro on his mother's farm in Jefferson County, Arkansas, June 5th, 1867. Not married.

6. Augustus Harris Mahoney. Was born July 24th, 1847, and died April 5th, 1850, in Union County, Kentucky. He was born in Dekalb County, Alabama.

7. Amanda Malvina. Was born December 1st, 1849, in Union County, Kentucky. Still living. Never married.

8. Mary Augusta. Was born in Crittenden County, Kentucky, April 6th, 1852, and died at place of birth November 17th, 1852.

9. Cinderella Elvira, their ninth child, was born August 7th, 1854, in Dallas County, Arkansas, and was married to Mr. Gibson E. Blackburn in Little Rock, Arkansas, on June 17th, 1871, and has three children, two girls and a boy. Two of them married and the other is a nun in Indiana.

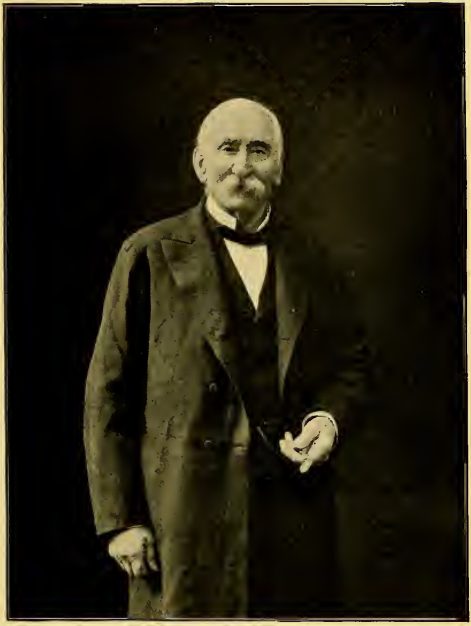
10. The tenth child of Amanda Turnley Mahoney-Mitchell, named Emma Mahala Mitchell, was born in Jefferson County, Arkansas, December 15th, 1859. She is living in Arkansas, not married.

This closes the record of Amanda Malvina, oldest child of John C. and Mahala Turnley.

Second. Caroline Matilda Turnley.

Caroline Matilda, the second child of John C. and Mahala Turnley, was born in Dandridge, Tennessee, June 8th, 1820; was educated with her eldest sister, Amanda, in Dandridge. She came home from her school at her father's mill place, contracted the malarious fever then prevalent there, and died of it April 3d, 1836, only a few weeks after her return from the school, in which she had completed her course with honors. She was buried in the family burying ground on the same premises.

Third. Parmenas Taylor Turnley was born in Dandridge, Tennessee, September 6th, 1821. He grew up on his father's farm and mill place, eight miles east of Dandridge, on French Broad River, followed the usual manual labor on farm and sawmills till near his 20th



Col. Parmenas Taylor Turnley at 84

year. Mr. James Brazelton of Dandridge had been a cadet at West Point from 1838, but failed to graduate, and his failure made a vacancy at that institution from the second Congressional District of Tennessee, and that vacancy the President (Harrison) nominated Parmenas T. Turnley to fill. It was then May, 1841, and a candidate had to report in person at West Point before the 30th of June. Turnley was plowing corn in the river bottom field when he received the important paper from the war office at Washington, but he changed the plow harness on his horse for the riding saddle, and filling his pockets with the only current money then in eastern Tennessee, called "shin plaster," paper issued by the State in that four years of panic and dearth of good money, set out on a canvass of all the farmers and others on that part of the river, trying to exchange the paper state money for gold and silver. Because the paper "shin plaster," while good to pay all debts within the state, was not worth a supper and lodging outside of the state. After three days' effort Turnley could raise only thirty-six dollars of hard money. But he was determined not to allow the nomination to a cadetship to lapse. He therefore tied up a change of shirts and socks in a large bandanna kerchief, and set out on foot 800 miles for West Point. He made the trip and reported at the Academy June 22d. He found 112 other young men there ready to enter in the same class, and found them all divided into sections of fifteen each, and reciting daily to some of the old cadets just on the eve of graduating, on arithmetic, grammar, spelling, writing, etc.

Turnley soon discovered full half of these had spent more years at some schools than he had months, and he concluded it useless for him to enter there and expect to

keep up with the class of men who already knew much of the course; therefore Turnley sought the aid of an old graduate of 1828, who was then professor of ethics at the Academy, to aid him in getting his nomination extended to June, 1842. This he succeeded in doing, and this gave Turnley the opportunity to attend a fine preparatory school kept by an old graduate of 1826, only a mile and a half below West Point.

This enabled Turnley to enter, June, 1842, which he did, and was made first corporal of his cadet company June, 1843, made first sergeant of the same June, 1844, and was made captain of it June, 1845. He graduated June, 1846, was ordered at once to join General Zachary Taylor's army, then on the Rio Grande (beginning the war with Mexico).

Turnley reached Taylor's headquarters in Mexico August, 1846, and joined his company of the First Regiment United States Infantry, with which he served throughout that two years' war in Mexico. An unusual feature of Turnley's service in that war was the long extent of country he happened to be called on to march through, and the number of miles he marched, not always with his own company, but oftentimes with some other company. While the facts are not germane to this little family narrative, yet it will not be much out of place, if incorporated right here, the more especially as the itemized data is not recorded anywhere excepting in Turnley's private memoranda books and diaries he was always accustomed to carry. I will therefore enter it so that it may not be lost when my old pocket memoranda books are gone.

Turnley's marches through Mexico during that war from August, 1846, to time of quitting Mexican soil at Vera Cruz, August, 1848, were as follows:

From Reynosa to Comargo	120	miles
From Comargo to Monterey	130	"
Thence back to Comargo	130	"
Thence to Montemorelos	120	"
Thence along east side of Cerro Madre mountains to Monterey	80	"
Thence along east side of mountains from Monterey to Tampico	375	"
From Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico	152	"
Thence on over the mountains to Cuerna Voca.	120	"
Thence south to protect Haciendas	30	"
Thence back to the City of Mexico	150	"
Thence after peace was ratified to Vera Cruz..	152	"
Making a total of	1559	miles

It is doubtful if any other officer in the United States Army ever marched as many miles on foot even in five years of service, much less in two years.

After the Mexican war closed in 1848, Turnley was for five years on duty along the Rio Grande and Texas frontiers, making roads and locating military posts. In 1853 he was ordered on duty to the general staff in the north, and thence in 1855 to the upper Missouri river locating posts, and in 1858 ordered to Utah, where he was employed in like manner till he sent in his resignation while building the post 40 miles south of Salt Lake City, April, 1860. The resignation was not accepted, but in November, 1860, a leave of absence was sent him, of which he availed himself, by a travel of twenty-five hun-

dred miles to his home and wife and children in Chicago, whom he had not seen since he parted with them in April, 1858. He went on to Washington, March, 1861, to hasten the closing up of his twenty years' of public accounts, and then learned that his resignation could not be accepted, and furthermore that his six months' leave was then abrogated, and he would be required to enter on active duty at once. So he did, and continued till 1862, when Lincoln retired him from the service, in the following language:

"Captain P. T. Turnley (of the General Staff) is hereby retired from the army for long and faithful services and disease contracted in line of duty."

The foregoing is quite enough to say of one who was not born great, never had greatness thrust upon him nor ever even stumbled upon greatness by accident or otherwise. In fact, he never was a child of "luck" in any way. His twenty-five years of army service was all in distant frontiers, and eighteen years of it (winter and summer) under canvas; nor was he favored (in all those years of service) by even one month of relief from active, grinding, rugged duty.

Parmenas Taylor Turnley married Miss Mary R. Rutter at her father's house in Chicago, September 21, 1853, and both are living at this time at Highland Park, Illinois. They have had five children born to them, as follows:

1. Emma Gertrude, born 1855, April 21st, has lived single and is still with her father and mother, and is the most active, competent and energetic business woman to be met with in a lifetime.

2. George Hodges, born October 7th, 1856. Died of

pneumonia and inflammation of the lungs in Chicago, January 30th, 1860. Three years and three months old.

3. Mamie, born in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, July 7th, 1858; was educated with her older sister (Emma G.). Married Mr. Milton C. Lightner at her father's house, 352 LaSalle avenue, Chicago, on the 24th of September, 1879. She died the 24th of November, 1880, at her residence in Chicago (303 Chestnut street), leaving an infant boy three weeks old. Milton C. Lightner died at Turnley's residence, Highland Park, December 13th, 1895, of typhoid fever.

Milton Turnley Lightner, only child of Mamie Turnley and Milton C. Lightner, was born in Chicago, October 28th, 1880. His mother having died when he was only three weeks old, the infant was taken by his aunt, Miss Emma Gertrude Turnley, and was brought up by her and educated. He graduated at Harvard University in 1902. Since then has taken two years' course in the Boston Polytechnic College. He is now, October, 1904, 24 years of age and nearly six feet in height, weight one hundred and seventy pounds, and is a model of physical ability and strength; yet of most quiet and gentle disposition; a devoted member of the Episcopal Church and St. Andrews Cross Society.

4. Ernest Seymour, born at Atlantic City, June 29th, 1875, was in college in 1890-91 and came home on a vacation in July, contracted typhoid fever, then prevalent in Highland Park, and died of it August 21st, 1891, in his seventeenth year of age. It was a sad ending of a bright and promising young life.

5. Ethel, born in Chicago, May 30th, 1878. Educated at Ogontz near Philadelphia. Single, and with her parents. Active and energetic, and of business capacity.

Fourth. Elvira Ann Turnley.

Elvira Ann Turnley (fourth child of John C. and Mahala Turnley) was born at the home of her grandfather, Parmenas Taylor (on north side of French Broad River, a mile above the Turnley Mount Pleasant home), on the 29th of June, 1823. She received her education mainly at the log cabin school house a mile distant. At 12 years of age she took a course of lessons in Dandridge to prepare her the better for teaching.

Early in the fifties, when about 25, she went to Arkansas and began school teaching. A Mr. Martin Carpenter (a native of Georgia) had located in Clark County, Arkansas, where she was teaching, and, as often turns out, they were married in 1856. They had only one child, born May 8th, 1858, and named Alice Mahala Carpenter. In 1870 Mr. Carpenter's health became so impaired that he came as far north as St. Joseph, Missouri, bringing his wife and daughter with him. His health getting worse instead of better, he went to Colorado (leaving wife and daughter in St. Joseph, Missouri). His disease proved to be that fatal tuberculosis, and he died in Denver, Colorado, August 11th, 1874.

At that time Elvira had two sisters, Elizabeth and Cinderella, living in St. Joseph, Missouri, and she made her home with them. Her brother in Chicago sent the daughter, Alice Mahala, to Bishop Whipple's Seminary at Faribault, Minnesota, where she was educated, till her health failed (in all respects similar to that of her father). She had to return to St. Joseph, and died there December 8th, 1876. Her mother being now alone (both husband and only child having succumbed to the insidious tuberculosis), after a short visit to her brother, Parmenas, in Chicago, she returned to Arkansas to look after some

matters which Mr. Carpenter had left unsettled when he came north.

Elvira later on joined her sister, Mary Turnley Moore, in Kansas, when they both made homestead entries of lands, and purchased several adjoining acres, so that they held quite a large acreage in that new and unsettled southwest part of that state. But Elvira's health gave way and she died on her prospective farm lands at the house of her sister, Mary, March 8th, 1886, in her 63d year of age. Mr. Carpenter was a widower when Elvira married him and had a son by his first wife, and as far as we know is still living in or about Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

Fifth. Elizabeth Charlotte Turnley.

Elizabeth Charlotte, fifth child of John C. and Mahala Turnley, was born at her father's Oak Grove home, Jefferson County, Tennessee, November 14th, 1824. Married a Mr. Jesse R. Evans at her father's Mount Pleasant home, March 12th, 1846. Elizabeth is still living, but has lost her eye-sight. She and husband left Tennessee in 1849 for a new home in Arkansas, where they lived till 1864, when the calamities of the war then raging induced them to come north. They lived a while at Madison, Indiana, then for two years at Terre Haute, Indiana, later living in St. Joseph, Missouri. Mr. Evans died in 18.., and Elizabeth, with her three living daughters, went to the new territory of Montana in 1875, where she now lives with her oldest child (Mrs. Dr. Monroe). She had five children, as follows:

1. Mahala Caroline, born at the Turnley Mount Pleasant home, Tennessee, December 3rd, 1847. Married Dr. George W. Monroe at Helena, Montana, 25th

May, 1876. Both are living in Montana. They have no children.

2. Elvira Miranda, born at the Rigg's place, Jefferson County, Tennessee, November 23rd, 1849. Died at St. Joseph, Missouri, November 20th, 1866, aged 17. Not married.

3. Lilbourn George, born January 8th, 1853, in Clark County, Arkansas. Died at Walnut Grove near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, March 13th, 1863, aged 13.

4. Mary, born at Walnut Grove, Arkansas, November 13th, 1857. Married at Bozeman, Montana, October 20th, 1880, to Mr. George R. Nichols. Both are living in Bozeman. Three children have been born to them.

1. Mary Ernestine, born September 11th, 1881, is living single.

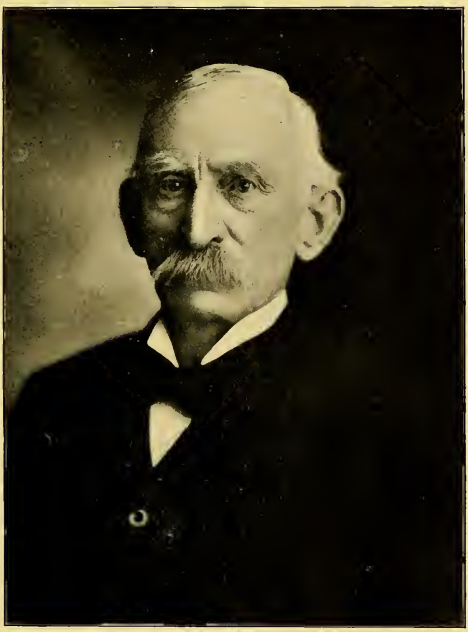
2. Edith Grace, born February 8th, 1883. Is living single.

3. George R., Jr., born April 15th, 1884. Living and in college.

5. Elizabeth, born at Walnut Grove near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, July 20th, 1863. Married Mr. John S. Hoge at Bozeman, Montana, November, 1896. Mr. Hoge was from Anaconda. They have one child, named Frank Evans Hoge, born March 19th, 1898.

Sixth. Lilbourn G. Turnley.

Born at the Oak Grove home, Tennessee, October 28th, 1826, grew up on the farm and in the mills, and at 18 years of age he became chief manager of both the mills



Lilbourn George Turnley at 76

and the Mount Pleasant farm. He managed to put in a couple of months each year going to the log cabin school house in the woods a mile and a half distant. Later on, in 1845, he took a year's course at Holston college, near Mossy Creek, Tennessee, but he had to resume control of the mills and farm in 1847 until 1852. In 1852 he made an extended trip south through Louisiana, Alabama and the gulf coast, which can be described all the better by quoting his itinerary, which happens to be before me, as follows:—

"I spent the spring and summer and fall, 1852, visiting gulf points, New Orleans, Mobile, etc.; thence up the Mississippi River, Red River, Black River to Trinity, the junction of the Tensaw, Wasota and Little River, at which junction is the town of Trinity, where Uncle William H. Turnley had lived and where I expected to find him, but did not. He had lost through litigation the 'La Dell' plantation, a splendid property, and had settled in the woods and canebrakes, forty miles or so northeast, at the head of Catahaula Lake, where I finally found him and his family with one of Aunt Julia's daughters (now Cousin Ada Gaut of Knoxville, Tennessee), who told me, when I saw her in 1904, that she remembered my visit of 1852 at our Uncle William H. Turnley's. After leaving Louisiana, I went up the Anachita River to Camden, hunted up the three sisters who had gone to that state years before (Amanda, at Cane Ridge on Saline River, 30 miles southwest of Pine Bluff; Elvira, who was teaching at Arkadelphia, and Betty, who had settled some 40 miles northwest of Arkadelphia in Clark County, Anvil P. O.).

"Then late in the fall of 1852, I went down the Arkansas River and up the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee

and Holston to Knoxville and on home to Mount Pleasant. Then I left home again and for all time on Sunday, July 4th, 1855, for Saint Louis, by rail to Nashville, and by river to Saint Louis, then by the Missouri River to Council Bluffs, then with old Andy Garton of Liberty, Missouri, and a herd of beef (commissary cattle) to Fort Pierre. In the winter of 1857, after the steamboat D. H. Morton (Captain Samuel A. Turner froze up at Smutty Bear's Village not far above where the present town of Yankton is, I left the boat and Turner and his cross-eyed wife, who remained there and put in the winter, I learned afterwards, trading the government sugar, coffee, hardtack, etc., etc., with Indians and trappers for furs, buffalo robes, etc.

"I went to Mobile, and with a very pleasant party from that town made quite a long cruise, on an old sailing vessel, which we hired. We went first to Havana, thence around the northwest point of the island, thence southwesterly across the Caribbean, thence up the coast around Yucatan, Tehuantepec Bay and River, then on horseback ride by six of the party to the summit of the coast range, whence we could see the Pacific, though some thirty miles distant; thence back to the ship and via Vera Cruz, Galveston, etc., to Mobile. Then I went to St. Louis and on up to Smutty Bear's Village and the 'Morton,' where I arrived at 10 p. m., and at 11 a. m. the next morning the ice broke up in the river and let us out."

The foregoing itinerary closes his travels up to 1856. He then spent a year and a half piloting steamboats on the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers and in 1858 L. G. Turnley visited Utah Territory, built a saw mill for Judge Carter at old Fort Supply, a few miles from Fort Bridger. But the region of Colorado began to be pene-

trated by struggling frontiersmen who discovered gold in the Sand Creek, which now courses through the city of Denver, and L. G. Turnley reversed his course from Utah in 1860 to Colorado and in time occupied himself in mining in Clear Creek, thirty or forty miles from the present city of Denver, where he mined for gold, and performed the duty of Judge of the Miners' Court.

This was the first court that was established to try and punish evil doers and rascals who escaped from the "States" and sought safety and refuge in the wilds of the distant territories. For a year or two the court house was under the splendid shade of two or three trees on Clear Creek not far from his mining work.

The Civil War disturbed things in Colorado as well as further east, and in 1864 he came to St. Louis and had a quartz mill made to take with him up the Missouri River to the then newly discovered Territory of Montana, where rich quartz and other valuable ores were being discovered and in which distant territory many citizens of the "States" sought refuge from the war troubles. His quartz mill was on the cars going to St. Joseph, Missouri, there to be put on a steamboat going up the Missouri River, but was burned with all the cars by the guerrillas between St. Louis and St. Joe. This delayed his work, besides costing him several thousand dollars to refit his mill, but in 1865 he got his quartz machinery on a boat and reached Montana in 1866, near where Helena now is. He there erected his quartz mill and ran it, crushing quartz for some years. Then he sold his mill and prospected further south on the Elkhorn, where he located about 1875-6, and where he still owns large areas of mining and meadow lands, and has done some work in placer mining; but he is now too far along in

years, and too much broken down by a rugged life to do much.

He married Miss Blendina Rumsey, February 27th, 1867, at her father's house in Chicago. Both are still living. They have no children.

This suggests to my mind the fact that L. G. Turnley and P. T. Turnley are the only sons of John C. and Mahala Turnley, and as both P. T.'s sons have deceased (one at four and the other at seventeen years) it follows that with the decease of L. G. and P. T. the name Turnley will come to a close so far as relates to the John C. Turnley branch.

Seventh. Mary Jane Turnley.

Mary Jane Turnley was born April 16th, 1829, at her father's Oak Grove home in Tennessee.

George R. Moore was born two miles from same place September 27th, 1817, and they were married February 10th, 1848. They lived on their river farm, four miles above where they were born and married, until 1864, when the calamities of the Civil War induced them to seek a home in the west. They settled on a farm in Andrew County, Missouri, about fifty miles northwest of St. Joseph, and there pursued farming until his death, which occurred August 16th, 1877.

The widow closed up her affairs and made her home in Austin, Texas, in 1885, then in Kansas in 1889, then in Helena, Montana, till 1894, when she located her home in the new state of Washington at Kennewick, Yakima County, where she is now living in her 76th year of age and her 27th year of widowhood.

Mary Jane Turnley Moore at 77

She is a woman of superior business capacity. She and her husband (George R. Moore) had six children born to them.

1. A son, born December 9th, 1848, and died January 9th, 1849, one month old. Not named.

2. Edmonia L., born April 13th, 1850, and died March 26th, 1860, of scarlet fever (10 years old).

3. Lilbourn G., born October 19th, 1851; is living at Kennewick, Washington. Never has married.

4. May L., born February 13th, 1857, was married to Mr. Shelby McCall, February 22d, 1885, in Austin, Texas. She died at Victoria, Texas, October 6th, 1894, of heart failure. Had no children.

5. Ida G., born January 1, 1860; was married to Mr. Harry P. Murray, at Helena, Montana, October 6th, 1890.

Murray died in North Yakima, Washington, November 17th, 1897.

His widow, Ida, married Mr. Henry C. Riggs, at Portland, Oregon, March 2d, 1900. Is living in Idaho. Has no children.

6. Cordelia Moore, born December 18, 1862, and died November 4th, 1863, of whooping cough, one year old. Buried in the Turnley burying ground on the Mill Place, Tennessee.

All of the six children were born at their farm home on the French Broad River, Jefferson County, Tennessee.

Eighth. Miranda Almira.

The eighth child of John C. and Mahala Turnley was Miranda Almira. She was born at the Oak Grove home

September 14th, 1830. She died at the Mill Place home July 26th, 1834, of inflammation of the lungs, brought on by contracting a severe cold while convalescing from a severe attack of malarial fever (the bane of all that region at that time, but since 1850 it appears to have measurably disappeared). Referring to Page 10, Chapter V, it will be noted that the grandmother of Miranda (Mrs. Lottie Turnley) had died only 48 hours previously, only half a mile distant at her Mount Pleasant home and of the same malarial ailment. John C. Turnley had marked off two acres of ground on the Mill Place twelve hundred yards back, or south, from the river, for a burying ground. It was the top crest or level of a heavily wooded ridge lying right along the east side of the main road leading to and from the mills. The grave for little four-year-old Miranda Elmira Turnley was the first to be made in that then lonely place. The whole distance south from the river to the two acres was then heavily timbered. How strange it seems, then, for the writer to learn a few weeks since from his brother, Lilbourn G. Turnley, who, with his wife, had made a visit in May, 1904, to all that region of our birth, boyhood and early manhood, that all the timber in that 1,200 yards square has been since then cleared away almost up to the cemetery line, and also that from that one little grave which the writer (then a boy of fifteen years) stood by and watched the man digging on the bright afternoon of July 27th, has for its company "more graves than he could count," and among the number are his sister Caroline (1836), then her mother (1844), then her father (1871), besides a nephew and a niece. Yet little Miranda marks the first sepulcher in that growing city of the dead.

Ninth. Cinderella Livingston.

The ninth child of John C. and Mahala Turnley was Cinderella Livingston, born at the Mill Place January 16th, 1833. She grew up a slim, rather delicate child until 14 years old, when she became more robust. She was ready and apt at her books at the little log cabin school house till she was old enough to go from the paternal roof to the seminary at Rogersville, Green County, Tennessee. There she remained some years and took high honors for scholarship, when she returned to Mount Pleasant, having completed her full course at Rogersville. She found every one of the family had deserted the nest save the father (her mother had died in 1844 before she had gone to Rogersville seminary). She felt altogether too lonesome for her ease of mind.

She felt herself well equipped for teaching and determined to make that her vocation. But she preferred to begin it at some other locality than where she had been born and brought up. Therefore she set out for new fields of labor, first to Mississippi, where her services were at once called into action by some well-to-do planters who had children in need of schools, but none in reach. She organized a private school and it grew to large proportions. She was happy and prosperous until that Civil War came to all in reach of it. It broke up her school and even scattered the patrons of it, and her brother in Chicago wrote her to come to him, which she did in 1863.

She got occupation at teaching in a private school and aided for some years in teaching the seven or eight children of her older sisters, who had also come north from Arkansas and Tennessee. Along in the seventies, after her sisters and their children had all gone still farther west, as far as Montana, she made a visit to her brother

at Highland Park, and taught one of the city schools there for a couple of years, but desired a wider field and went to Helena, Montana, where she was elected superintendent of the public schools for a couple of years. Then political questions arose among the political demagogues seeking the spoils of office, so that she withdrew from all connection with the public schools and resumed her private classes.

Later she located at Butte, Montana, where she is still carrying on her private school of classes, in her seventy-second year of age.

CHAPTER VII.

Mary.

Second child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at Mount Pleasant home, January, 1793; lived only four months.

Elizabeth Jane.

Third child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born same place, April 17th, 1794. Being the eldest living daughter, a large part of the household labor devolved upon her. In spinning, weaving, cutting and making garments, and other labor pertaining to farm-life at that time, Elizabeth became very expert. She was never married, but remained with her father; and, after the death of her mother, assumed the entire charge of his household till her own death. She died of bilious fever (then a prevalent and fatal disease in that section), April 26th, 1836; age 42.

She was in height about 5 feet, heavy build, black hair and eyes, dark complexion, and strong physical constitution.

In character, she was decided; scrupulously conscientious, industrious and energetic; devoutly pious, constant and liberal in her charities, and an exemplary member of the Methodist Church.

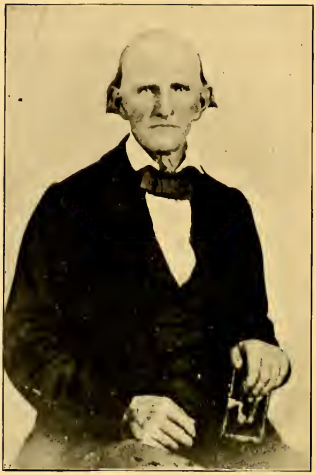
How happy is she born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is her honest thought,
And simple truth her utmost skill,
Which is the reward of single blessedness.

James Alexander Turnley.

Fourth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at Mount Pleasant home, October 25th, 1795. As soon as he was old enough, he took his share of the domestic and farm work. He went to school, as the rest, at spare times, generally a few months each winter; he thus learned to read and write, and also acquired the rudiments of arithmetic.

When seventeen years old, he volunteered, and served as private in the Cherokee war, which lasted six months, and was in the battle of the Horse-shoe. After the expiration of his term of service, he returned to his father, and remained till twenty-two years of age. He then engaged as a clerk in the house of Messrs. McClung & Co., in Knoxville, Tennessee. While thus employed, he found time to study a thorough course of bookkeeping, and became an excellent accountant and bookkeeper. He remained several years in the firm which had first employed him, and in which he had acquired his proficiency.

On March 3d, 1825, he married Miss Mary Bates, of McMinn County, Tennessee, whose father lived about seven miles from the town of Athens. In 1833 he removed to Alabama, and began merchandising in the Cherokee Indian country, at a place called Gaylesville, or Gaylorsville. He was the first to build on that site, and, assisted by a Mr. Thomas, built a mill at that place, having at the time but two white neighbors. He lived there



JAMES ALEXANDER TURNLEY AT 72

and traded with the Indians, exchanging dry goods for pink root, snake root and ginseng, which he sent by wagons to Augusta, Georgia. He was very successful in this trade. It was a wild life, however, and although a few whites had gathered around the nucleus he had started, they had all (in some degree) to fall into the habits of the Indians around them.

James Turnley's boys hunted with the Indian boys, and became almost as expert in the use of the bow and arrow as they, and in early childhood talked the Indian tongue like native Cherokees. After a few years of this life, he, desiring a more civilized mode of training for his children, sold out his entire stock of goods, with a store-house and hotel which he had erected at the same place. The sale was almost entirely on credit and the purchaser, a Mr. McCrackin, failed to observe the articles of the contract, but secretly reselling the houses and a portion of the goods for cash, shipped the remainder, under cover of night, to Gunter's Landing, on the Tennessee River, and thence made his escape with the stolen goods to Texas. And as the Republic of Texas had about that time, or soon after, passed a law exonerating refugees from the United States from debts claimed by citizens of the same, Turnley never recovered any part of his property or claim. He spent much time and money in the attempt to find McCrackin, but failed.

He lost, by this piece of sharp practice, about five thousand dollars. All his plans were thwarted, and he was forced to re-establish himself again in business on the best terms he could command. He next bought a place from an Indian chief, named Grinnet, built a store-house, and purchased another stock of goods, and succeeded very well till the financial crash of 1839 and 1840,

when in common with all merchants who sold largely on credit, he failed; and his entire stock and possessions were sold at sheriff's sale. He then removed to a farm on the Chattauga River, two and one-half miles from the former place. He was here barely able to improve his lands a little, besides supporting his large family. In 1857, he sold out again and removed to Walton County, Florida, where he remained the rest of his life in the occupation of farming and stock raising.

His first wife, Mary B. Turnley, died August 3d, 1846, and January 2d, 1855, he married a second wife, Miss Atlanta E. Witcher, of Polk County, Georgia. She was one of a large family of that name, living in different portions of Florida and Georgia. She was 35 years of age at the time of her marriage.

Her brother, Dr. Witcher, was surgeon in the First Regiment Georgia Cavalry, in 1861; went voluntarily into the battle at Murfreesboro, and was shot dead at the storming of the Murfreesboro Courthouse.

James A. Turnley died at the residence of his daughter, in Milton County, Florida, whither he had gone on a visit and also to transact some private business, May 27th, 1866. Aged 71 years and 5 months. He was sick only one week; the nature of his disease was gravel at neck of bladder. He was interred by the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member, at Milton (Santa Rosa Lodge, No. 16.)

James A. Turnley was about five feet seven inches high, square build, weighed 150 pounds, in prime of life, was robust, healthy and strong, had deep auburn hair, dark eyes and fair complexion. His education was limited, yet he possessed a vigorous, analytical mind and a native eloquence that gave him force as a public speaker. He

was very quiet and unpretending in his manner. In politics he acted with the old Whig party so long as it existed, and when that organization dissolved, he identified himself with the Democratic party of the South. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and an earnest worker for his religion and denomination.

He had no children by his second wife; by his first wife he had ten.

Lord of himself—though not of lands;
And having nothing yet had all!

The most marked characteristic of his mind, in the later years of his life, was extreme faith in the character and office of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners; and next to this, was his very emphatic belief that all men are sinners.

James A. and Mary B. Turnley had ten children, as follows:

1. Hugh Lawson White, born in Alabama, December 9th, 1825; died September 26th, 1842; aged 17 years. Disease, some affliction of the nose and head.

2. Caroline Margaret, born in Alabama, April 3d, 1827. Married Mr. George Blackwell; date unknown. She died December 22d, 1853, in confinement. The child lived and grew up, named also Caroline, and it is reported she married a Mr. Ross of Walker County, Georgia, but the writer has not been able to obtain definite information in regard to her.

3. Prior Lee, born in Alabama, December 26th, 1829. When about 22 years of age he made Rome, Georgia, his home, and embarked in the drug business,

and so continued till his death, which occurred on September 10th, 1901.

He had married November 13th, 1853, a widow, Mrs. Eliza Lamkin, of Rome, Georgia. The latter was still living in Rome, Georgia, when last heard from. They had born to them four children, two of whom died in childhood, and one daughter, Clemmie, died in her seventeenth year. A son, George, lived to be 37 years of age when he was killed on the railroad near Rome, Georgia. (Date not known.) He had one child, who died in infancy.

4. James Alexander, fourth child, was born February 5th, 1832, in Alabama. He left his father's home when only a boy and began to work for himself. While employed as overseer on a plantation, in either Mississippi or Louisiana, he became involved in some personal difficulty with a white man, and was killed (date not known). He was not married.

5. Fifth child, named Julia Ann Burlington, was born March 31st, 1834. Grew up a fine, active young woman of business capacity. Married December, 1853, to Mr. A. J. Powell of Alabama. She died May 26th, 1862. She had five children. Three girls, Mollie, Ida and Julia, and two boys, James, who was foreman of cotton factory at Anniston, Alabama (when last heard from married, wife died and left three children). The second son, Henry Wise; nothing more is known by the writer.

6. William Henderson, the sixth child of James A. and Mary B. Turnley, was named after his uncle, the Rev. William H. Turnley, and was born April 12th, 1836. Grew up a very bright, intelligent boy, and while in school in Dandridge, Tennessee, his health gave way. His dis-

Martha Julia Turnley Pitman

ease appeared to take the form of temporary insanity, and he was removed to the asylum at Nashville, Tennessee, in July, 1858, and died there, November, 1858, aged 22. It was supposed his intense application to his studies at school brought on his brain trouble.

7. The seventh child was born in Alabama, September 4th, 1839, and named Mary Bates, for her mother. She was married to Mr. E. H. McCall, a bridge builder, December, 1865, when about 26 years of age. They resided a while in Florida, but later returned to Alabama, and resided at No. 1008 26th street, Birmingham, Alabama, for some years. She died there, being treated for tumor or cancer, the 5th day of October, 1897. Her husband had died previously. She left three children: William Turnley McCall, born September 16th, 1868. He is living at Birmingham, is a machinist and travels considerably, and is not married. The second child was born August 22d, 1874; was named Mary Eureka. Married Mr. W. H. Callier August 22d, 1894, and is living in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Third child, Elijah Lee McCall, was born December, 1876; married to Miss Sallie Auxford of Hull, Alabama, September 4th, 1900. At present living at Castleman Station (West End), Birmingham, Alabama.

8. The eighth child of James A. and Mary B. Turnley was born October 23d, 1841, and named Permillia Missouri. Married her brother-in-law, Mr. A. J. Powell, January, 1864; died February 10th, 1864, and was buried at Summerville, Georgia.

9. The ninth child, Martha Jane, was born April 12th, 1845. Married to Mr. James H. Pittman, April 20th, 1865. They had five children, viz.:

1. Henry E., born February 12th, 1866; died October 12th, 1868.

2. Gertrude Myra, born January 24th, 1871. Married to Mr. Thomas J. Mims, October 24th, 1890. Had six children: Lucile Martha, born August 6th, 1891; died June 26th, 1892. John Henry, born March 4th, 1893. Nannie Lee, born September 14th, 1896. Myra Gertrude, born January 2d, 1899. Grace Marie, born February 4th, 1902. Bernice Bates, born September 27th, 1904. Live at Brewton, Alabama.

3. Freddie R., born October 9th, 1872; died August, 1873.

4. Claudia Bates, born December 13th, 1874; married to Mr. R. C. Brawner, February 23d, 1897; has two children: Claudia Elizabeth, born December 7th, 1897, and Mattie Louise, born August 30th, 1899. Live at Castleberry, Alabama.

5. Earl Turnley Pittman, born January 7th, 1876; not married; lives in Mobile, Alabama.

10. Laura Elvira, the tenth and last child, was born August 1st, 1846, and died August 6th, 1846.

CHAPTER VIII.

Polly Turnley.

Polly Turnley, fifth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at the Mount Pleasant home, December 19th, 1797. She died July 18th, 1831, in Illinois, as will be narrated further along.

Polly was first named Mary, but she was christened Polly to distinguish her from her deceased sister, who had been named Mary. Polly grew up like others devoted to the never ceasing grind and drudgery in farm life and housework, all of which at that day and in that region was continuous and slavish. It comprehended not only the cooking, washing, bed making and sweeping, and all ordinary housework, but also the carding of cotton and flax; the spinning of the same into thread, then warping it on the old-style loom, and then weaving it into cloth; still further, to cut out and fit the clothing to every member of the family, and, lastly, sew and make the garments. Of course, men worked also, but as a general thing men worked from sun to sun, while woman's work was never done! Polly grew up a fine, active, energetic young woman, and November 13th, 1817, she married Mr. Richard Luttrell of the adjoining county (Knox).

After Polly Turnley's marriage, her life, of course, was merged in that of her husband. We will therefore give a brief record of Richard Luttrell, as made by his eldest son, William Cunnyngham Luttrell.

Richard, third child of William and Elizabeth Luttrell, was born in Virginia (probably Amherst County) January 6th, 1792. He came with his parents and relatives in 1796 to what was afterward Knox County, Tennessee (then part of the territory of North Carolina), and the family settled in "The Fork" of the French Broad and Holston Rivers. Here he spent his boyhood days. In about 1813 his older brother, John (3), and his father, William, died, leaving the responsibility of providing for the large family (about fifteen persons) chiefly on his shoulders. And right nobly did he discharge the duties of eldest son thus laid on him. He was a man of medium size, dark hair, well-proportioned and symmetrical form and buoyant in spirit. His favorite sports were hunting and fishing, both, at that early stage in the country's settlement, somewhat remunerative, and also necessary for the protection of stock and crops.

In the fall of 1813 Richard enlisted in Sharp's Company of Tennessee Volunteers on a six months' campaign against the Creek Indians in Alabama, under General Andrew Jackson. Jackson's army, 2,000 strong, made temporary headquarters at Fort Strother (now known as Hart's Ferry) on the Coosa River.

The first engagement was the battle of Tallassehatchie November 3d, 1813, fought by General Coffee. I suppose General Jackson himself was not at the battle of Tallassehatchie, but with his 2,000 Tennesseeans he fought the battle of Talladega, November 9th, 1813. When the army took up its march from Fort Strother, Luttrell was detailed with others to remain at the fort in charge of the sick, and thus was not engaged in any of the battles with the Indians. He remained at the Fort till after the battle of the Big Horn Shoe on the Tallapoosa River, and was

regularly mustered out of service about the end of March, 1814, when he returned home and managed his mother's farm on the Holston River till 1817.

Richard Luttrell first settled on the south side of the Holston River in Knox County, about half a mile south of where McMillan Station, on the E. T. V. & G. R. R., now stands. After living there about two years he moved two miles south, on the road leading to New Market, seven miles from Knoxville, and lived there about two years. He then moved to Jefferson County, and lived there three years, on the north side of the river, in or near Taylor's Bend. He then returned to Knox County to the place he first settled at and remained there until September, 1829, when he decided to go west. His children, seven in number, all born in Knox County, previous to this date, were as follows:

1. William Cunnyngham, born October 21, 1818.
2. Louisa Jane, born December 10, 1819.
3. John Haynie, born May 2, 1821.
4. Harvey Wilkerson, born November 19, 1822.
5. Charlotte Elizabeth, born January 25, 1825.
6. Elbert Axley, born December 10, 1826.
7. Cordelia Matilda, born September 1, 1828.

Having decided to move west and hearing a good account from friends in Sangamon County, Illinois, who had been there some years, he determined to go there. So he sold his crop and stock, except a fine mare and her colt, and bought a new wagon and a yoke of oxen to pull it. On Monday, September 21, 1830, we started on the long trip. A young man by the name of James Conway went with us. The oxen, mare and colt, and the

two cur dogs (Trump and Drag) were all the stock we took with us. The first day we got as far as Third Creek, two miles west of Knoxville; the second day to Loveville; and the third day to my mother's uncle, Rev. John Winston's. The third and fourth days brought us to Kingston, and we camped on the Clinch River, half a mile above the town, near General Tom Brown's residence. Saturday morning we forded the river and took the main stage coach road leading to Sparta, passed Dixon's Springs, and on to the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, where we pitched camp.

That day the wagon ran over my foot, which laid me up in the wagon for several days, and taught me a lesson—to keep out of the way of danger. We lay over at this place till Monday, keeping the Sabbath, which we did all the trip through. Monday morning we climbed the mountain on the road to Sparta, and we passed in due time also Carthage and Gallatin; then on to Hopkinsville and Princeton, Kentucky. Crossed the Ohio river at Ford's Ferry (the river there was about one mile wide) and passed Equality, Mount Vernon, Carlisle, and on to Springfield, Sangamon County, Illinois. We were on the road about forty days. Found Rev. John Cooper, Henry and Ben Geiger, all acquaintances, twelve miles east of Springfield on the road to Decatur. This was about the first of November, 1830.

He soon bought an "improvement," as it was called, in the "sand prairie," half a mile east of Henry Geiger's. It consisted of a log cabin and ten acres fenced, and "broke" on a vacant "forty." I think he traded his oxen for it. He bought it from a man by the name of Sowell. Toward the last of November Sowell moved away and we moved in. About the first of December,

1830, a snow fell; it was from two to four feet deep, drifted against the fences till they were all covered but the "riders." It finished with sleet, forming ice on top of the snow. Next morning after the snow fell Richard Luttrell went out hunting early, and returned to breakfast, having caught and killed four fine fat deer, and saw thirty-seven others in one drove. Next morning he killed two more. After that it turned too cold to hunt, besides, we had plenty of meat anyhow. During the snow the phenomenon of "sun dogs" or mock suns, or false suns, made its appearance in the heavens, which was quite a sight and a novelty to us, having never seen or heard of anything like it in Tennessee. The winter was an unusually cold one even for that latitude. The snow, with its several additions, lasted till February or March. It was a very bad crop year. Early frost in the fall caught nearly all the corn too green to save, and farmers had to go to St. Louis and other southern cities to get seed corn to plant in the spring of 1832. His mare died and left him with nothing to make a crop with. The neighbors offered to plow and plant for him if he would teach school. He took up school about the first of April for three months. In the latter part of June my mother was taken sick, and he was compelled to close school; and on the 9th of July, 1831, she died. This greatest misfortune frustrated everything. There were seven children, myself, the oldest, only twelve years, and Matilda, the youngest, a little over two years old. The sad death of this young Christian mother is aptly portrayed by the pen of the poet—

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew she must die,

It was night within our bosom—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the eldest of them all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept;
And my sister's long, black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I stood,
To lay the burdens of our grief
Around the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"
Was the mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snowflake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then glory bound her forehead
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silvered sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
On the baby's golden hair.

Polly Luttrell was a pleasant, kind and agreeable child and woman; sympathetic in nature, peaceable, quiet and orderly in her behavior; firm, but kind and affectionate in the management of her children. She professed religion in early life and joined the Methodist Church, of which she was ever after a consistent and exemplary member. She was a good wife, a kind, loving mother, a good neighbor, and greatly loved and esteemed by all her acquaintances. She had no servants, and sometimes had poor health, but she bore all her labors and sufferings with a praiseworthy Christian fortitude, patience and resignation.

Her faith was like the shining light,
Calm, clear, progressive day.

Father determined to return to Tennessee in the fall, but we were all taken sick and not able to give one another a drink of water. At this point Rev. John Cooper took four of us to his home, and Henry Geiger took the other four and cared for us for five weeks, after which we returned to our cabin and did the best we could. Father wrote to Tennessee for help to return, but never got it, and we had to remain another winter and do our best. Early in the spring of 1832 father began to make preparations to go back to Tennessee—sold some feather beds, traded his good wagon and his "improvement" for a small wagon and a yoke of oxen; gave one rifle for a doctor bill, and the other for a little one-horned cow giving milk, to bring with us. About the first of June we started on our return to Tennessee, driving the cow and milking her morning and night, drinking the milk and eating our bread.

A few days brought us to the town of Vandalia. It

was then the capital of the state. Here we found James Leake, who had married father's sister Jane, and we remained in Vandalia until about the first of September. We left our cow and dog with Uncle Leake and started again for Tennessee, passed Mount Vernon, Equality, Ford's Ferry, where we saw our first steamboat, the "Uncle Sam," floating majestically down the Ohio River; thence on to Princeton, Hopkinsville, Gallatin, Carthage, Jamestown, Lea's Ferry on the Clinch River, Bell's Bridge, and on to grandmother's, where we arrived on Wednesday, the 21st day of September, 1832, exactly two years from the day we left.

On the ninth of December, 1832, my father married a widow woman, who lived in an adjoining neighborhood, by the name of Jane Mynatt. She had one child, a boy about three years old. My father moved to where she lived, and lived there ten years. He then moved to Blain's cross roads in the western part of Granger County, and lived there two years (1843 and 1844). He then moved to Major McMillan's place, which lies on the south side of the Holston River, just above McMillan station on the E. T. V. & G. R. R., and lived there two years. He then moved to a place belonging to his brother-in-law, James Legg, near Will's old iron works on Flat Creek, and lived there five years, till the fall of 1851.

He then moved to "Locust Dale" farm on the main road leading from Knoxville to Rutledge, thirteen miles from Knoxville, and lived there till the day of his death, which occurred on the 4th of June, 1871, at 12:30 p. m., in the 80th year of his age. He was very much afflicted for more than forty years with asthma. He died of paralysis.

He was a conscientious Christian and a devoted mem-

ber of the Methodist Church for more than fifty years, and was steward and class leader most of the time as long as he was able, and was also several times Sunday School superintendent. For many years (until too old and feeble) his habit was to hold family prayer morning and night, and especially at night. He was a good friend to the preachers, and very often entertained them in his house.

In the government of the family he exercised strict discipline, being firm but mild.

In the Civil War, though quite too feeble to do anything, in mind he conscientiously clung to the Union. He felt, with the poet,

> *"What conscience dictates to be done,*
> *Or warns me not to do,*
> *This, teach me more than hell to shun,*
> *That more than heaven pursue."*

He believed in religion as a reality, as something to be *lived* and *practiced,* and persistently inculcated these ideas into his children's minds. His cardinal doctrine was do right and trust in God for results.

William Cunnyngham Luttrell, Son of Richard Luttrell and Polly (Turnley) Luttrell.

William Cunnyngham Luttrell, first child of Richard and Polly Turnley Luttrell, was born in Knox County, Tennessee, October 21st, 1818. He was raised upon the farm under the conditions and circumstances usually attending farm life. At the age of ten years he went to Sangamon County, Illinois, with his parents. Here he lost his greatest earthly blessing, a good mother, June 9th, 1831.

On the fifth day of April, 1860, he married Miss Mary Snow, daughter of Dudley and Priscilla Snow of Oxford, Alabama.

In 1863 he joined Wheeler's Cavalry, C. S. A. Served two years. Returned from the war in May, 1865, broken down in health and without a dollar in the world. Tried to farm a little that year, but did no good,—was too late planting.

Unfortunate conditions and circumstances had caused him to overwork for many years, thus inducing premature old age. Added to this, his children were all too young to render the assistance he so much needed. Only one out of the eight amounted to a farm hand. Being overcome with excessive labors, he died of physical exhaustion at his home three miles south of Oxford, Alabama, at 7 o'clock A. M., Friday, October 7th, 1881, aged 62 years 11 months and 16 days. He was laid to rest in the Snow family burying-ground at Oxford. He was strictly conscientious in all his relations and dealings with mankind, and of unquestioned moral rectitude. He was an upright, consistent Christian, and a member of the Methodist Church from early life. He lived and died in peace with God and all mankind. He was six feet high, had dark hair and blue eyes, slender build, weighed 140 pounds.

Mary, widow of William C. Luttrell, survived him several years. Afterward moved to Oxford and occupied the old Snow homestead, which came to her by inheritance from her mother's estate. She died here August 17th, 1896, and was buried by her husband in the Snow burying ground.

William C. and Mary Luttrell had eight children, all of whom lived to mature life.

1. The first child was born in Oxford, Calhoun County, Alabama, February 16th, 1861, and was named Dudley Richard Luttrell. He received only a country school education, but all his father was able to afford him. After his father's death in 1881 he managed the farm and made a support for the family, being aided by his younger brothers. He married Miss Ella Hicks, daughter of C. R. Hicks, a farmer of Talladega County, Alabama, on Tuesday, January 29th, 1889. Built him a house and continued to cultivate part of the parental farm. Afterwards moved to Oxford, where he is now living (1904), and has five children.

2. Bessie, the second child, was born near Oxford, Alabama, January 19, 1863; received limited school education, was a bright, loving, affectionate daughter. Died at home of typhoid fever after a long illness, Tuesday, August 7th, 1883. Thus untimely was the tender plant cut down. She was named Mary Elizabeth, but called "Bessie." She was laid to rest beside her father in the Snow family burying ground in Oxford, Alabama.

3. Annie Priscilla Luttrell was the third child of William C. and Mary Luttrell and was born at or near Oxford, Alabama, December 12, 1865; was a tender and devoted daughter and a refined woman; had about the same educational advantages and opportunities as her elder brother and sister; was married at home, October 24th, 1888, to Mr. Edward S. Farmer of Anniston, Alabama. They lived in Anniston about two years, where Farmer was engaged as mercantile clerk; then farmed at Weaver's station, Calhoun County, one year; then moved to William C. Luttrell's farm in Talledega County, three miles south of Oxford. They lived there several years. Farmer drifted into dissipation and left

Annie and five children to care for themselves. She afterward inherited the Snow homestead in Oxford and is still living there (1904), struggling heroically to raise and educate her family.

4. The fourth child, Lucinda Snow Luttrell, was born in Oxford, Alabama, October, 1867; made some progress in studies at home, then attended Oxford College two or three sessions. Taught neighboring schools several sessions. A bright, industrious, domestic young woman. Was never married. After her mother's death was living with her sisters.

5. The fifth child, George William Luttrell, was born in Oxford, Alabama, February 17, 1869; was raised on the farm a farmer; married in January, 1895, a Miss Anderson of Saint Clair County, Alabama. Lived on his father's farm several years, then moved to Oxford, where he is yet living (1904).

6. The sixth child, Cordelia Caroline, was born near Oxford, Alabama, July 28th, 1871; was given better school opportunities than her elder brothers and sisters; went to Oxford College several sessions and graduated there in June, 1891; several times taught schools in Calhoun and Talladega Counties; is a bright, vivacious and refined young woman. Was married about 1901 to Mr. George W. Brock. Now lives at Opelika, Alabama, where Brock is superintendent of the City Schools. A daughter was born to them in April, 1904.

7. The seventh child, Robert McMillan Luttrell, was born near Oxford, Alabama, May 14th, 1873. Married Miss Dollie Dodd in Oxford, Alabama, about 1899. Died soon after. Left one daughter.

8. The eighth child, Katie Garland Luttrell, was born near Oxford, Alabama, October 20th, 1877; was an industrious, bright, sweet-tempered girl. Graduated at Oxford College and taught school several years. Was married to Prof. E. F. Cawthen. Living at Hamilton, Marion County, Alabama; has one or two children (1905).

Second—Louisa Jane Luttrell.

Louisa Jane, the second child of Richard and Polly Turnley Luttrell, was born in Knox County, Tennessee, December 10th, 1819, and was raised on the farm in same locality. She was married January 2d, 1840, to Mr. William Wilson Blain. They lived at different places around Blain's cross roads for about 14 years; then settled on a farm near Graveston, Knox County, where some of the family yet live. There were eleven children born to them, six daughters and five sons, as follows:

1. James Wilson, born in Granger County, Tennessee, December 1st, 1840.

2. John Howard, born in Tennessee, January 31st, 1843.

3. Robert Alexander, born in Tennessee, August 15th, 1845.

4. Richard Luttrell, born in Tennessee, November 23d, 1847.

5. William Henry Clay, born in Tennessee, September 24th, 1850.

6. Russell Franklin, born in Tennessee, March 30th, 1852.

7. Mary Elizabeth, born in Knox County, Tennessee, May 2d, 1853.

8. Martha Paralee, born in Knox County, Tennessee, November 10th, 1855.

9. Frances Cordelia, born in Knox County, Tennessee, January 22, 1858.

10. Florence May, born October 30th, 1859.

11. Vivienne Sallie, born January 27th, 1862.

William W. Blain was yet living at his old home in 1881, but had been blind for many years. Mrs. Louisa J. died at the home near Graveston, April 22d, 1874, aged 54 years. She was in the truest sense a good woman. To her husband a helpmeet; to her children a loving mother, and to her neighbors a kind friend. For forty years she was a member of the Methodist Church and an ornament to the cause. Modest and unassuming, she sought no notoriety in church or in social life; yet none knew her but respected her, and those who knew her best loved her most. In death she expressed unshaken faith and a firm hope in the Lord Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Third—John Haynie Luttrell.

The third child of Richard and Polly (Turnley) Luttrell was John Haynie, who was born in Knox County, Tennessee, May 2d, 1821; was raised on the farm, and enjoyed only very meagre educational advantages. In the fall of 1842, just after he became of age, he went to McMinn County, where his uncle, Winston Carter, lived; stayed there three years and married Miss Susan

Brock, November 26th, 1843. She was the daughter of a Dutchman living on Mouse Creek, and was born April 22d, 1822. In December, 1845, they returned to Knox County and lived there at different places till about 1854; then returned to McMinn County and lived there for three or four years, when they again moved to Knox County. In 1869 they moved to "Locust Dale" farm, the place bought by William C. and Harvey W. Luttrell for their father's use. John Haynie lived on this place and cultivated it till April, 1881. They had the care of John's father, now quite old and feeble, till his death in 1871. In April, 1881, John H. and the children who had not left previously, moved to Edgar County, Illinois, and settled near the town of Redmon, where they were still living in 1881 and doing well farming. None of the family followed any other calling. There were twelve children, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood; several married and raised families.

1. William Haynie, born in McMinn County, Tennessee, November 7th, 1844.

2. Martha Jane, born in Knox County, Tennessee, February 18th, 1846.

3. Sarah Cordelia, born in Knox County, Tennessee, June 9th, 1847.

4. Margaret Joannah, born in Knox County, Tennessee, October 23d, 1848.

5. Lilbourn Patty, born in Knox County, Tennessee, July 12th, 1850.

6. Polly Ann, born in Knox County, Tennessee, December 14th, 1851.

7. Frances Elizabeth, born in Knox County, Tennessee, November 9th, 1853.

8. John Wilkerson, born in McMinn County, Tennessee, March 28th, 1855.

9. Harvey Elmore, born February 22d, 1857.

10. George Washington, born in Knox County, Tennessee, February 3d, 1859.

11. Louisa Matilda, born in Knox County, Tennessee, August 22d, 1861.

12. Susan Elnora, born in Knox County, Tennessee, September 4th, 1865.

Fourth—Harvey Wilkerson.

The fourth child of Richard and Polly (Turnley) Luttrell was Harvey Wilkerson, born in Knox County, Tennessee, November 19th, 1822; was raised at farming, had very meagre educational opportunities, as did the rest of the family, but was studious and industrious, and made the best possible use of the opportunities he had, so that he acquired a fair common school education. He was emphatically a self-made and self-educated man, In 1844, being about 22 years of age, he left his father in Tennessee and came to Alabama to live with his uncle, Judge Matthew J. Turnley, at Cedar Bluffs, Cherokee County. He lived there about two years attending school and paying his board and tuition by work for his uncle evenings, Saturday and vacations.

In the winter of 1846 he went to Alexandria, Calhoun (then called Benton) County, Alabama, to clerk in the store for Messrs. Isbell & McMillan; stayed with them about six years, and was most of the time deputy

Harvey Wilkerson Luttrell

postmaster. In about 1852 the firm sent him to Oxford, Alabama, in charge of a branch business there. December 14th, 1856, he married Miss Susan Frances Elston, daughter of Allen Elston of the same county. In this year he and his brother, William C., jointly bought out the Oxford store from Isbell & McMillan and set up business for themselves.

In the winter of 1862 and '63 he was called to the service of his country and entered the Confederate Army in Virginia. He was in the army service two or three years. Meanwhile the family (wife and four little children) were left on the farm almost alone and suffering great peril and distress by reason of the perturbed and distracted condition of society incident to the war. The only protection and help they had was an old negro, Berry Elston, his wife Polly and daughter Mandy, given them by Mrs. Luttrell's father. Of these negroes, Polly was old and decrepit and of little help or protection; Berry, though faithful to his mistress, made an unsuccessful attempt cultivating the farm without an overseer; and Mandy was only a girl, but was a good nurse and house girl.

Mr. Luttrell returned from the army quite broken down in health. Being of slender build he was unable to stand the exposures and hardships of a soldier's life.

He continued farming until 1875, then moved to Oxford for educational facilities; sold his farm in 1877, and in 1891 built an addition to his home, where he lived till the spring of 1897, when his wife was stricken with appendicitis in April and died of pneumonia contracted after an operation for appendicitis, April 25, 1897. She was the mother of eleven children, four of whom died

in infancy. In 1904 there were fifteen living grandchildren.

Mr. Luttrell entered the following record in his family Bible:

"Susan Frances Luttrell, my dear wife, with whom I have lived upwards of forty years, died on the 25th of April, 1897, in the 57th year of her age. She lived the life of a consistent Christian, a loving mother and a devoted wife, and her reward is that of the righteous. Her memory is sacredly cherished by her heart-broken and disconsolate husband. H. W. Luttrell."

He went to Brewton and lived about a year with his sons there. Then returned to Oxford and married Mrs. Martha E. Doyle of Texas. No children by this marriage. He died on July 26th, 1899, after a long illness, and was buried in the Oxford Cemetery in Oxford, Alabama, beside his first wife, who had preceded him thither about two years. A beautiful granite monument now marks the graves. The memory of both parents is devoutly cherished by their four living children.

Susan Frances Luttrell.

Susan Frances Elston, wife of Harvey W. Luttrell, was the eighth child of Allen and Martha Elston, and was born in Benton, now Calhoun County, Alabama, February 14th, 1840. She went to her father's school and became a good speller at the tender age of four years, afterwards attending other schools in the neighborhood and later one at Oxford, and thus obtained a fair common school education. She was very fond of study and reading and ever afterward continued to add to her store of knowlege by reading the best and most instructive

MRS. HARVEY WILKERSON LUTTRELL (WIFE OF ABOVE)

books and periodicals. She was trained to industrious and energetic habits, and thoroughly instructed in household economy. She was married December 14th, 1856, to Mr. Harvey Wilkerson Luttrell, formerly of Tennessee, but then a merchant in Oxford, Alabama. Was the mother of eleven children, nine sons and two daughters.

CHILDREN OF HARVEY WILKERSON AND SUSAN FRANCES ELSTON LUTTRELL.

First—Corrie Luttrell.

Corrie was the first child of Harvey W. and Susan F. Luttrell and was born in Oxford, Calhoun County, Alabama, April 11th, 1858. She spent her girlhood at the farm four miles southwest of Oxford, was educated at Oxford College, graduating at that institute in June, 1877, and taught school several years. She was married in the Methodist Church at Oxford, Alabama, on Thursday, October 22d, 1885, to Mr. Charles L. Sowell, Jr., of Brewton, Alabama. Died May 8th, 1903. Buried at Brewton. Had no children.

Second—Oscar Fowler Luttrell.

Oscar Fowler was the second child and was born in Oxford, Alabama, June 14, 1859. Spent his boyhood days on the farm near Oxford; was educated at Oxford College. After his school days filled various clerical positions till January, 1889, when he went to Brewton, Alabama, and became first cashier of the newly organized Bank of Brewton, and has filled this place continually since. He married Miss Mollie Magill Oden, daughter of Captain John P. Oden of Odena, Talladega

County, Alabama, April 12th, 1893. They live in Brewton, Alabama, and have four children, as follows:

1. Infant son, born May 20th, 1895. Stillborn by accident.

2. Oden, born September 10th, 1896.

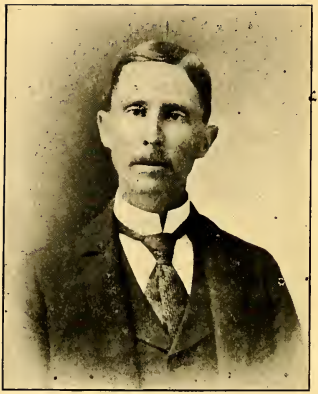
3. Oscar Forney, born June 13th, 1899.

4. Frank Alexander, born December 16th, 1901.

Third—Elston Luttrell.

The third child of Harvey W. and Susan F. Luttrell was Elston, born on the farm four miles southwest of Oxford in Calhoun County, Alabama, May 26th, 1861. Was raised on the farm to the age of 14 and trained to all the branches of farm work. In consequence of the general hard times following the war it was necessary for every member of the family to exert his utmost to aid the father to recuperate his broken fortunes; and Elston, though of very slender build and less stout than the other boys, always "carried his row" with the others, and thus by continual overwork permanently injured the slender powers of constitution he was endowed with. This was kept up till he was about 25 years of age; so that now though but a young man, he is broken down in health and constitution, unable to do anything but light clerical work. He continually regrets his great physical misfortunes, which, in turn, entail a lack of brain power. He finds himself unable to execute the mental or physical projects that he wishes to, and is compelled to limit his aspirations in all directions.

But he has a firm, unwavering faith in the resurrection and restoration of the race under the Kingdom of God in the Milennium, and prays earnestly for the day



Elston Luttrell

to come when all can enjoy the blessed fruits of restitution. He believes in God and the divine plan of the ages, and the restitution of the race as the outcome of that plan, and gives more thought and study to those things than to all the others outside of his daily labors, whereby he earns a support for his family.

Elston Luttrell received his primary education by home instruction, and thus when he started to school at the age of 14 he entered the collegiate department at the first. He went two years to Oxford College, 1876 and 1877; continued the prosecution of his studies at home in the year 1878, thus acquiring a good academic English education, including some progress in Latin. He is a lover of history and the sciences and has always devoted all his leisure to reading and investigation, and continually regrets that financial considerations compel him to devote so much time to business as to allow so little for reading and study. It was in the year 1878 that he first conceived the purpose of getting up a genealogy and history of his (the Luttrell) family. And to this end he devoted his spare moments and snatched hours for about twelve years. He thus accumulated quite a large amount of miscellaneous data for the work, but, finding such a task too great for one of his limited time and means, was compelled to give up the project. However, before dropping it entirely he arranged in shape for preservation the material in hand, neatly typewriting it and binding between boards, and also taking an impression copy of it in a book. This matter covers a fairly good brief history of the family from the days of William the Conqueror, with whom the name came originally to England from Normandy, thence through Ireland and on to America, down to the present day. It

also contains the cuts and descriptions of many of the seals and armorial bearings of the several branches of the family in the old country. All this matter Elston has laid away, keeping it for the possible future use of such as may be interested. He himself does not expect to do anything more with it, having devoted his time and energies to other lines of endeavor.

In 1882, being then 21 years of age, Elston went to Marion County, Florida, and lived there four years. He married there on July 5th, 1886, Miss Lucy Barber, recently moved there with her parents from Elizabethtown, Kentucky. In January, 1887, they returned to Elston's former home at Oxford, Alabama, and lived there six years. In 1892 moved to Hammac, Alabama, and in 1897 to Brewton, Alabama, where they now reside. Elston has been generally engaged in clerical work, and is now secretary and treasurer of the Luttrell Hardware Company, a small commercial corporation.

The children of Elston and Lucy (Barber) Luttrell are five in number, three sons and two daughters, as follows:

1. Randolph, born in Oxford, Alabama, May 29, 1888.

2. Corrie, born in Oxford, Alabama, June 7, 1889.

3. Annie Laurie, born in Oxford, Alabama, December 15, 1891.

4. Harvey, born at Hammac, Alabama, April 19, 1894.

5. Alton, born at Hammac, Alabama, August 24, 1895. Died at same place July 21, 1896. Buried at Brewton, Alabama.

Mrs. Lucy Barber Luttrell (wife of above)

MRS. LUCY (BARBER) LUTTRELL, WIFE OF ELSTON LUTTRELL.

She was the sixth child of James Lee and Ellen Margaret (Vertrees) Barber, and was born near Vertrees Postoffice in Hardin County, Kentucky, December 10th, 1869; was raised on the farm; went to Marion County, Florida, with her parents in December, 1882; joined the Methodist Church in Florida in 1884; was a quiet, obedient, industrious girl, of rather retiring disposition; at an early age engaged actively in all household duties. She thus acquired a good, practical knowledge of housekeeping, was neat, tidy and orderly in all of her work. She was married to Elston Luttrell at home in Marion County, Florida, on the 15th of July, 1886, and went at once to housekeeping at Elston's little home near by. She is an affectionate and devoted wife, a loving mother and charitable neighbor.

FOURTH—CHESTER MCAULEY LUTTRELL.

Chester McAuley, the fourth child of Harvey Wilkerson and Susan Luttrell, was born near Oxford, Alabama, October 8th, 1862. He was educated at Oxford College. Always followed commercial occupations, and is now connected with the Luttrell Hardware Company, at Brewton, Alabama. He married at Oxford, Alabama, October 5th, 1886, Miss Gussie Harwell; moved to Brewton, Alabama, in 1898, where they now reside.

They have four children, viz.:

1. Juliet, born July 31, 1887.
2. Katie May, born January 18, 1890.
3. Elizabeth Lynn ("Bessie"), born March 9, 1893.
4. Ethel Lucile, born April 28, 1898.

All living (1904).

Fifth—Bruce Luttrell.

Bruce Luttrell, the fifth child of Harvey and Susan Luttrell, was born near Oxford, Alabama, July 13, 1868; educated at Oxford College. He married Miss Lena Crumpton at Evergreen, Alabama, August 4, 1896. They now live in Florala, Covington County, Alabama, where Bruce manages a hardware business. They have five children, as follows:

1. Sue Elston, born July 26, 1897. in Brewton, Alabama.

2. Ralphine, born January 28, 1899, at Brewton, Alabama.

3. Rush, born at Brewton, Alabama, January 17, 1900. Died same year, and is buried at Evergreen, Alabama.

4. Lucy Grace, born at Evergreen, Alabama, September 12, 1901.

5. Marcie, born at Belleville, Alabama, August 3, 1903.

Sixth—Rush Luttrell.

Rush Luttrell, the sixth child of Harvey and Susan Luttrell, was born near Oxford, Alabama, December 7th, 1870. He is unmarried. Residence (1904) Anniston, Alabama. Is a railway conductor.

Seventh—Nameless.

The seventh child of Harvey and Susan Luttrell was a son, born on the farm near Oxford, Alabama, January 4th, 1872; died July 27th, 1872. Was buried in the family lot in Oxford cemetery. Not named.

FOUR CHILDREN OF ABOVE

Eighth—Katie Luttrell.

The eighth child of Harvey and Susan Luttrell was Katie. She was born near Oxford, Alabama, July 4th, 1875; died August 18th, 1875. Buried in the family lot at Oxford Cemetery.

Ninth—Marcy.

Marcy, the ninth child of Harvey and Susan Luttrell, was born in Oxford, Alabama, January 16th, 1877. Was educated at Oxford College. Filled several clerkships at Oxford, till his father's death there in 1899. Then went to Brewton, Alabama, and lived in that vicinity till 1903. He had noticeable talent as mechanical engineer; made special study of electrical engineering. Took a position as night engineer for the Selma Light and Power Company, of Selma, Alabama, in February, 1903. While in the discharge of his duty he accidentally "short-circuited" a 2300-volt current through his body, and was instantly killed, night of December 13th, 1903. He was laid to rest by his parents at Oxford, Alabama. Was never married.

Tenth and Eleventh—Frank and Fred Luttrell.

Frank and Fred, twins sons, of Harvey and Susan Luttrell, were born in Oxford, Alabama, March 28, 1879. Frank died August 14, 1879, aged four months and sixteen days. Fred died August 24, 1879, aged four months and twenty-six days. They were buried in the family lot at Oxford cemetery.

FIFTH—CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH LUTTRELL.

The fifth child of Richard and Polly Turnley Luttrell was born in Knox County, Tennessee, January 25, 1825, and was named Charlotte Elizabeth. Her girlhood days were spent at home on the farm in sunny East Tennessee and were pleasant and bright. In her autobiography she narrates many pleasant recollections of her early life. But among the gleeful pleasures of her early days, she was doomed to a great misfortune,—the loss of the chiefest of earthly blessings—a good mother.

"Hath earth one gleam of brightness
That never wore a shade;
One heaven transplanted blossom
Too beautiful to fade;
One star whose light is holy
As those that flash above?
Yes. Bow thy head and speak it low,—
Thy mother's love."

Charlotte lived with her sisters and other relatives for several years. About 1880 she became a pensioner on her brothers in Alabama. In 1881 William C. died and thereafter she was cared for by Harvey W. In 1887 he brought her to his home in Oxford and cared for her there, a helpless invalid, suffering for years with rheumatism, until January, 1889, when he sent her to St. Joseph Hospital, Bloomington, Illinois, where she died. Was never married. She was laid to rest in the cemetery at Bloomington and a beautiful marble monument now marks the spot.

Rurh Luttrell

Sixth—Elbert Axley Luttrell.

Elbert Axley Luttrell was the sixth child of Richard and Polly Turnley Luttrell, and was born in Knox County, Tennessee, December 10, 1826; was raised on the farm, received moderate country schooling, lived with his father till 1869. About 1865 his health failed and he never recovered. September 26, 1870, he married Mrs. Nancy Saylor, a widow with two children (a son and a daughter) and went to live on a farm near Oak Dale iron works in Roane County. Nancy was not a very congenial companion, and after six or seven years she voluntarily left home and has not been heard of since. Elbert lived in various localities, mostly in Roane County, Tennessee, until his death, which occurred June 29, 1895, after a long and painful illness. The latter years of his life were spent at carpentering. No children.

Seventh—Cordelia Matilda Luttrell.

The seventh and last child of Richard and Polly Turnley Luttrell, Cordelia Matilda, was born in Knox County, Tennessee, September 1, 1828. She joined the Methodist Church at twelve years of age. She received a fair common school education, being sent to school by her brothers, William and Harvey. She lived at home with her father till 1856, except while at school, and October 30, 1856, she married Mr. George Washington Crumbliss at Locust Dale. Mr. Crumbliss was from Roane County, Tennessee, and his grandparents came to America from Scotland.

Mr. Crumbliss was the sixth child of James and Ann Crumbliss and was born and raised at the old home in Roane County, Tennessee.

Up to date of George W. Crumbliss' marriage all his labors had been devoted to the support and maintenance of his mother's family, so that at that time there was nothing that he claimed for his own but a horse and saddle. He was content to start out for himself at the bottom of the ladder, being an industrious, energetic and honorable young man. Cordelia's parents furnished her sufficient household goods to begin housekeeping with.

They went to live at the old homestead where Mr. Crumbliss was raised, and continued to live there till September, 1885. By industry and economy they were enabled to buy the place a few years after they were married. There they raised their nine children. In September, 1885, they decided to go west with the hope of bettering their worldly fortunes. They went to Mills County, Iowa, and soon bought a farm near the town of Malvern, where they were still living in 1891. Several of their children had married and set up for themselves as prosperous farmers. Later they and several of their children went to Ulysses, Nebraska, and bought farms and prospered. Mrs. Crumbliss died suddenly while on a visit to her daughter Mrs. Leader, at Tamora, Nebraska, on March 27, 1903, in the 75th year of her age. She was buried at Ulysses, her home town. The husband, George W. Crumbliss, was still living in December, 1904, enjoying good health for one of his age, making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Leader.

Cordelia Matilda was a quiet, unassuming gentlewoman, kind and charitable to her neighbors, and an affectionate, loving mother, gentle but firm in the discipline of her children, and always led a consistent Christian life.

MARCY LUTTRELL

The children of George W. and Cordelia Matilda (Luttrell) Crumbliss were nine in number, six sons and three daughters, all born at their farm home near Kingston, Roane County, Tennessee, as follows:

1. Vivien Walter DeWitt, son, born August 18, 1857; raised up on the farm, but later adopted the carpenter's trade. Married Miss Rosanna Weatherford in Roane County, December 15, 1879; was living (1905) at Avondale, Hamilton County, Tennessee, and had eight sons, the eldest married and the other seven at home.

2. James Richard, second child, born January 29, 1858; died January 20, 1867.

3. Louisa Magnolia, daughter, born November 22, 1860; went with her parents to Malvern, Iowa, in 1885; was married there on September 2d, 1890, to Charles L. Leader; afterward moved to Tamora, Seward County, Nebraska, where they were still living in 1905, and had two children.

4. Hugh Marcus, son, born March 6, 1863; moved to Hillsdale, Mills County, Iowa, in 1882, and there engaged in farming. Afterward moved to Ulysses, Butler County, Nebraska, where he was still living in 1905, being engaged in fine stock-raising and farming. Was married but do not know of any children.

5. Oscar Leonidas, son, born April 18, 1865, in Tennessee, moved to Hillsdale, Iowa, in 1882; married near Malvern, Iowa, on March 17, 1887, Miss Alice May Vandoren. Afterward bought a fine farm and settled near Ulysses, Nebraska; was yet living there in 1904, and had eight children.

6. Eliphelet Fortunatus, son, born in Tennessee, August 24, 1867; went to Iowa in 1885; afterward to Gar-

rison, Nebraska. Was living there in 1905, married and had several children.

7. Ida Lavade, daughter, born in Tennessee, July 18, 1870; went to Iowa with parents in 1885; was married to Mr. George Wunderlich, and was living at David City, Butler County, Nebraska, in December, 1904.

8. Ola Eugenia, daughter and eighth child, was born November 3, 1872; died November 27, 1872, aged 24 days.

9. Oliver Martaugh, ninth and last child, was born in Tennessee, August 25, 1874. Was blind from infancy. Was educated at the institute for the blind at Vinton, Iowa, graduating there in 1901. Was living at Ulysses, Nebraska, December, 1904.

CHAPTER IX.

William Henderson Turnley.

William Henderson Turnley, sixth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at the Mount Pleasant home, January 8, 1800; was raised to farm labor; acquired a meagre knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic at the usual neighborhood school, kept only in the winter season, and, at the age of twenty-one, left the paternal home, to see something of the world, and to set up business for himself. After roving for a year over South Carolina and other southern states, he returned to his father and remained with him yet two years longer.

It was now he fell in with the notion of becoming a Methodist preacher. He devoted himself to such reading and study as he deemed necessary to qualify him for the work of an itinerant preacher or "Circuit Rider." In 1826 he connected himself with the Methodist Conference, in Dekalb County, Tennessee, and thenceforth followed the vocation of an itinerant preacher. This service subsequently led him to Alabama, Mississippi and lastly to Louisiana, where he settled.

He married Miss Sophia Henrie of Rapides Parish, Louisiana, July 8, 1829. He had only one child by her—a daughter, shortly after whose birth, Sophia died. April 21, 1836, he married Miss Martha McCoy, a native of Kentucky, then, at the time of her marriage, engaged in teaching school in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. By her he had eight children.

He died at his residence on Little River, Catahoula Parish, Louisiana, August 23, 1855, aged 55 years.

His widow, Mrs. Martha A. McCoy Turnley, died at White Sulphur Springs, Louisiana, August 22, 1892. Aged 74 years.

William H. Turnley was a quiet, unpretentious man, and a zealous worker in the cause which he espoused. He studied assiduously, prosecuting his course of self-culture in the saddle, in the cabin upon the wayside, or whereever in his round of visitation he might chance to stop for food and shelter. In this way he amassed a fund of useful knowledge, learned the Bible with its commentators, according to his peculiar sect, almost by rote, and made himself in every sense of the word a missionary.

The following letter, which I find among John C. Turnley's papers of a back date, will serve to give some idea of William H. Turnley's life, labors and trend of thought and temperament.

Bayou Range, Avoyelles Parish,
February 24, 1830.

To J. C. Turnley, Jefferson County, Tenn.:

My Dear Brother: Yours addressed to me at Alexandria, overtook me, three days ago, at Opelousas. I was on my circuit; have just got home. We are all well through mercy. Between traveling the circuit and trying to live, I find my hands full, not that I would be understood as complaining of my lot. God is very good to me, and it is to bless me that He keeps my head and hands busy. I will here take the liberty to request that you desist from persuading me to leave Louisiana. I feel confident you have not conversed with the thousands and

multiplied thousands that have died in this "forsaken place," and the people who still live here like it well enough. Have you ever been in Louisiana? I dare answer no; for if you had ever spent six months in this State, you could not be content to remain six months longer where you are; and I speak without prejudice. I do not deny that we have a rough life. Last Monday night, my Sophia and myself lay out in the swamp, ten miles from any human habitation; we had no fire, nothing to eat and but little to sleep upon, while bears, wildcats and panthers were plenty all around us. God preserved us, and by 9 o'clock in the morning we had got through the swamp and reached a house where we enjoyed our supper and breakfast in one.

Tell Amanda, Caroline and Parmenas to be good children; to learn their books and say their prayers. We shall meet and live together in Heaven, if not on earth. My dutiful affection to father and mother, and to all, the assurance of my love and earnest prayers.

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM H. TURNLEY.

The following obituary of the Rev. William H. Turnley we find in the New Orleans Christian Advocate, written by Mr. Uriah Riley ten days after Turnley's death, which properly has a place in our biographical narrative. It will be seen that bronchitis is given as the ailment, and not yellow fever:

For the N. O. Christian Advocate.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. WM. H. TURNLEY.

Died at his house, on Little River, in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana, August 23, 1855, Rev. Wm. H. Turnley, a member of the Louisiana Conference, aged 50 years, 7 months and 15 days.

His death was caused by bronchitis, a disease he had labored under for years. It is probable that this disease extended to his lungs, and thereby occasioned his death.

On the 7th inst., previous to his death, he preached on the latter paragraph of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, which we believe ended his public labors. He was taken very ill, on Friday before his death, and suffered much during seven days, when his happy spirit took its flight.

He was not sensible of any local pain, but suffered much from (as he expressed it) a wretched feeling.

He murmured not at his afflictions, but seemed all the while to be possessed of a spirit of unusual kindness, love, patience and resignation.

He said nothing of his future prospects during his illness, being most of the time out of his right mind, but we have no cause to doubt. Judging from his godly walk, the best index to future happiness, his incessant zeal and untiring efforts for the preservation of his Master's kingdom, we cannot but say he is wearing the long-fought-for crown.

We do not know the minister who seems to be better qualified for an itinerant than Wm. H. Turnley. Not lacking of talent, nor in faithfulness to duty, religion was his theme; and he taught it from the pulpit, and from

house to house. He seemed peculiarly adapted to the instruction of children—a duty he never neglected; while the aged never conversed with him without instruction. Though he was not possessed of great literary attainments, he had his mind well stored with a stock of general knowledge, so that he was not out of his place when among able men. Nevertheless, he would sit, as it were, at the feet of the most simple.

He was a living rebuke to arrogancy—ever humble and never aspiring save for the position he now enjoys—a saint with God.

He was a minister that was much persecuted, from the cause of his plain and heart searching discourses; but it seemed to afford him great pleasure that his persecutions arose from formalists and wicked people, and not from the truly pious.

Stung with his keen reproofs, the wicked would often rail against him; but he bore their insults with grace and Christian fortitude, never returning evil for evil or railing for railing. His friends loved and respected him; his enemies dreaded him, because they could never unhinge his temper, and he wielded with effect the "sword of the spirit."

Long was he known to the writer, even from childhood, and therefore I know whereof I speak, when I say he was truly a good man and an humble follower of his Master. To say that he never erred, would be saying too much; but to say that his errors were as few and far between as those of any man I ever knew, is the truth.

Not long since, while in social conversation, we heard him remark, in substance, as follows: "It is usually the case that as persons grow older, they become irritable,

and I am striving that it may be the reverse in my case—that I may be more mild and heavenly-minded as I advance in age."

Such was the aim of this man of God—that, as he neared the tomb, he might become more imbued with the spirit of Christ, and be better prepared for mansions on high when life's slender thread should be broken.

In the death of Brother Turnley the community has lost a friend, the church one of her ablest ministers, and his helpless family, consisting of his wife and seven children, an affectionate husband and father. But in the midst of our sorrow and loss, let us rejoice that he "rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

"Servants of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

We have not written this brief and imperfect sketch of our loved friend and father in the gospel to supersede the necessity of a more extended one of his life and labors. We hope some one having the facts of his early history will prepare a more extended sketch of his life and labors.

URIAH RILEY.

Louisiana, August 25, 1855.

Seventh child of George and Charlotte Turnley; a son born February 29, 1802, not named; and lived only one day.

Rachel Turnley, eighth child, born April 26, 1803; lived only six weeks.

Hugh Lorenzo Turnley.

Hugh Lorenzo Turnley, ninth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at Mt. Pleasant home, March 29, 1804. The name was Lorenzo Dow, for the celebrated Methodist preacher of that name.

Lorenzo had no better opportunities than his brothers, but through his own industry acquired a much better education. He accompanied William to Alabama, in 1826, and died in Perry County of that state, September 13, 1828, aged 23; not married.

He was of heavy, short figure, weighed 140 pounds, had dark eyes and hair. Died of bilious fever.

The following letters contain all that is known of his death and burial:

Selma, Alabama.
October 9, 1827.

My Dear Father: You have already been informed of the death of my brother Hugh. He was attacked with bilious fever, September 1st, and died September 13th, in the evening. I was not with him, nor did I hear of his death till after the lapse of several weeks. When I wrote you from Greeneville, I had heard nothing of it, though he had been dead ten days. Some days after his attack, he went to the house of Mr. Sturdivant, whom, for some reason, he wished particularly to see. While there, he grew worse, physicians were summoned, (Drs. Kennon and Phillips). He had everything done for him that kindness could suggest and liberal means procure. (Mr. Sturdivant is a man of intelligence and wealth.)

I knew brother Lorenzo, perhaps, better than anyone else. I had been his companion through difficulties and hardships, that few of our friends could understand. When we left our brother James, you knew our condition pretty well. We had but little money, scanty clothing, but one pony between us, and that a borrowed one. Our prospects were certainly very far from inviting. Our education was not such as to command a place among men of intelligence, and we felt most keenly the disabilities under which we labored. It was on this journey, badly clad, almost without money, and among strangers, that Lorenzo and I, upon a cloudy, gloomy day, sat down by the road side and talked over our situation. There we entered into a solemn compact to work our respective ways up with our best ability and never, under any circumstances, to commit one act that we might be ashamed to own before the world and before our God. I believe Lorenzo kept his vow. A few months after, he became a member of the Methodist Society in the neighborhood where he lived. The rest of his history you know; and now, my faith tells me he lives in Christ. May God help us all to say "Thy will be done."

Your son in love and Christian duty,

WILLIAM H. TURNLEY.

Alabama, Perry County,
October 6, 1827.

To George Turnley, Esq., Dandridge, Tenn.:

With feelings of regret, I have to communicate to you the untimely death of your son, Hugh Turnley, which occurred at my house, September 13th last. His disease was bilious fever; his illness short, being only eight days from the time he came to my house till his death. The

best medical aid was called in, but the Master had said "Come" and human power could not detain him.

He was perfectly patient through his sickness, talked but little, expressed perfect trust in our Lord, and confident hope for the life to come.

We buried him in decent order at our Meeting House on the Cahawha River, Perry County.

Your other son, Reverend William H. Turnley, is now present and in good health. With most sincere sympathy in your affliction, I am, Sir, very truly yours,

ROBERT STURDIVANT.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. TURNLEY.

By his first wife, only one child, Laura S. Her mother, Sophia Henrie Turnley, died soon after Laura's birth. Laura was born in 1832 and married Saladin Kibbe of Louisiana, who was a printer by trade or occupation. They located in Mississippi. In the war of subjugation, Kibbe followed the fortunes of the Memphis "Appeal," of which publication he was foreman, when the war began. This of course separated him and his family to a large extent for the years 1862-63-64.

After hostilities ceased he returned with the paper to Memphis and continued his labors with the same till his death in 1868. Laura, with her four children, remained in Granada, Mississippi, during the first three years of the war, but as the war moved southward she fled to Memphis with her four children.

While Mr. Kibbe lived he supported his family in comfort, but the war had destroyed what little he had laid up prior to its commencement, and after that he had only his personal labor to depend on for his family

support. This was sufficient while he lived, but after his death his widow and the children were left destitute, save in so far as the children themselves could earn something, for their mother Laura was about that time stricken down with advanced tuberculosis, and patiently waited her end in her bed. The writer visited her a couple of times when he was passing through Memphis and never failed to contribute to Laura's comfort to the full extent the faithful, hopeful little woman would permit him.

Her four children were as follows:

1. William Kibbe, born November 17, 1853.

2. Amos Kibbe, born February 11, 1855.

3. Harriet Kibbe, born May 3, 1858. Married Mr. L. S. Lake of Memphis. The date of her death is not known.

4. Irene Cynthia Kibbe, born October 20, 1863. Married Mr. L. S. Lake of Memphis, Tennessee, who had educated her; was living as late as 1900.

It is believed both of the sons, William and Amos, are also deceased. Their mother, Laura Kibbe, died in Memphis in 1870. Only a few weeks before her death she wrote to her cousin, Parmenas Taylor Turnley in Chicago, a pathetic letter, the last letter she ever wrote.

William H. Turnley married a second time. His second marriage was to Martha A. McCoy.

There were eight children born to them, as follows:

I. Mary Eliza Turnley, first child of William H. and Martha McCoy Turnley was born at Trinity, Louisiana, 26th day of March, 1837. Was married at Trinity, Louisiana, to Mr. John E. Morris on the 23d day of February, 1858. Living at West Monroe, Louisiana.

They had five children born to them, as follows:

1. William Levy, born January 8, 1859; married Miss Lelia Sarah Parker of Trenton, Louisiana, May 25, 1886. They had three children as follows:

1. Helen Corinne, born at West Monroe, November 24, 1889.

2. John Clyde, born October 3, 1893.

3. Wilhelmina, born September 14, 1897.

The mother of these children passed away in March, 1900, and in September, 1902, William Levy Morris married again, his second wife being Annie McLendon of Monroe, Louisiana. Two children have been born of this marriage:

1. Lena Carolyn, born October 13, 1902.

2. Lucile, born April, 1904.

II. Rosa Lena, born August 8, 1861; was married January 18, 1884, to Mr. Robert Lafayette Reinhart at Trenton, Louisiana. They have five children, namely:

1. Elsie Mary, born January 18, 1885.

2. Fred Ray, born August 5, 1887.

3. Lucile, born December 31, 1889.

4. Robert Morris, born June 28, 1897.

5. Elizabeth, born June 26, 1900.

III. Lucile Seale, born at Trenton, Louisiana, January 31, 1864; was married November 13, 1885, to Mr. William Kidd Duncan. They have three children, viz.:

1. Ben Morris, born August, 1886.
2. Alma Donald, born March 19, 1888.
3. William Kidd, born .....

IV. Laura Corinne, born 14th day of February, 1869, in Trenton, Louisiana, was married October 4, 1893, to Mr. Ernest Noble Faulk at West Monroe. Have one child, Mary, born November 7, 1894.

V. John Ernest Morris was born August 31, 1875, at Trenton, Louisiana. Finished his education at the Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge. During the Spanish American War served a year and a half in volunteer service as captain in Cuba; afterward two years as lieutenant of Volunteers in Philippines; returned to the United States. Was mustered out and straightway made application and was appointed first lieutenant in the United States Regular Army. Served two years and a half again in the Philippines and has now been back in the United States one year. He is visiting his parents in West Monroe, on furlough, at this time. Is not married.

ARMY RECORD OF JOHN ERNEST MORRIS.

Captain Second United States Volunteer Infantry from July 8, 1898, to June 22, 1899.

First Lieutenant and Captain Thirty-eighth United States Volunteer Infantry from September 16, 1899, to June 30, 1901.

First Lieutenant Tenth Infantry United States Army from September 16, 1901, to date—(October, 1904).

II. Joseph Walton, born June 26, 1838. Died in Confederate services at Corinth, Mississippi, April 23, 1862. Twenty-four years of age. Not married.

III. George Alexander, born November 1, 1840; died August 13, 1842.

IV. Margaret Frances, born April 14, 1843. Married, August 7, 1873, to Mr. Harmon Lincecum. Had three children, namely:

1. Alma Rosalie, born July 12, 1874.
2. Harmon, born February 19, 1878.
3. Emily, born June 22, 1880.

V. William Henry, born December 6, 1845. Died May 1, 1890, in the 46th year of his age. Married Miss Mary E. Whatley February 20, 1866. Had nine children:

1. William Virgil, born December 20, 1868.
2. Phineas Victor, born July 31, 1870.
3. Walter Carrol, born .....
4. Parmenas Taylor, born March 6, 1874.
5. Martha Elizabeth, born .....
6. Melissa Luella, born .....
7. James Edwin, born .....
8. Boswell Pearce, born ..... Died while small.
9. Mary Ellen, born September 29, 1884.

VI. Alice, born June 5, 1848. Was married December 18, 1867, to Mr. Albert McCoy. Had ten children, as follows:

1. Glendora, born December 6, 1868. Died October 28, 1878.

2. James Walton, born February 6, 1870.

3. Mattie Lou, born August 9, 1872. Died February 24, 1890.

4. Richard Herbert, born February 28, 1874.

5. Ellen Ione, born October 20, 1876. Died August 26, 1881.

6. William Albert, born February 18, 1879.

7. Arthur DeWitt, born September 23, 1881.

8. Mary Frances, born March 29, 1884.

9. Maud Alice, born March 21, 1887.

10. Edith, born January 18, 1890. Died September 8, 1892.

VII. Lucy Ellen, born June 27, 1851. Was married to John Green Walker May 2, 1872. Had five children, namely:

1. Linus Hugh, born January 7, 1874.

2. John Walton, born November 19, 1876.

3. Moses Turnley, born October 26, 1878.

4. Lucie Alice, born June 3, 1881.

5. Margaret Ellen, born September 21, 1883.

Lucy Ellen died October 11, 1883.

VIII. The eighth child of William H. Turnley and Martha McCoy, his wife, was named James McCoy Turnley, and was born in Louisiana January 14, 1855; received his education in the country schools. He married Miss Sarah A. Whatley of Catahula Parish, Louisiana, on the 14th day of January, 1880. They are both still living. Address, West Monroe, Louisiana. They have seven children born to them, as follows:

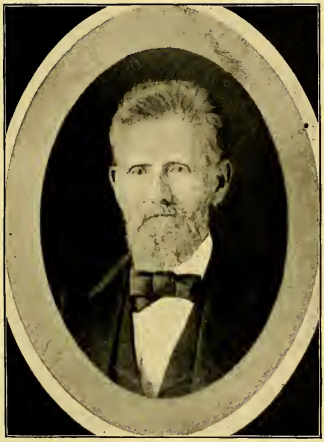
1. Alice Irene, born November, 1881.
2. Martha Ellen, born February 12, 1883.
3. Joseph Wiley, born July 9, 1884.
4. George Henry, born February 7, 1886.
5. Jossie Inez, born February 17, 1888.
6. James Dickson, born December 11, 1890.
7. Newton Calvert, born May 23, 1892.

CHAPTER X.

Matthew Jacob Turnley, tenth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at the Mount Pleasant home Jefferson County, Tennessee, November 30, 1805. He was at first named Jacob Cobbler, for a Methodist preacher of that name, but his parents changed the name to Matthew Jacob, while he was yet a boy.

He worked on the farm, as did his brothers, and enjoyed no better school provileges, except six months,—part of the time at Marysville and part at Knoxville which was sanctioned by his parents at the instance of James A. Turnley, then a clerk in the firm of McClung & Company, Knoxville. Matthew was very studious and made the most of all his opportunities. He could not, however, gratify his desire to enter college, for want of the necessary funds. He repaired as far as possible the want, by working through the summer, and studying through the winter; in this way he became a pretty good scholar, and at length entered upon the study of law. His preceptor in his professional studies was Robert Hynds, of Dandridge, at that time an eminent lawyer, and afterward judge of the Circuit Court.

In 1837 he was admitted to the bar of Tennessee. Pursuant to his original plans, he soon removed to the State of Alabama (February 7, 1837), accompanied by his youngest sister, Julia, for whom he obtained a situation as teacher in a school at White Plains, then in Benton County, now in Calhoun. He obtained a license to



MATTHEW JACOB TURNLEY AT 80

practice law in the courts of Alabama at the first session of the Circuit Court, held the first Monday in April, 1837, in a log cabin Court House just finished, in the woods near the Coosa River. The place was subsequently called Jefferson, and still later Cedar Bluffs. Here he located, making his home, for a while, with the first man that took boarders in the new town.

On May 3, 1839, Matthew Turnley married Miss N. M. Isbell, daughter of Benjamin Isbell, of McMinn County, Tennessee. In the winter of 1840 he was elected by the Legislature of Alabama to the office of judge of the County Court, which office he held many years, without, however, relinquishing his other practice. He removed to Jacksonville, Alabama, in 1854, and in 1859 was appointed by President Buchannan, United States District Attorney for the Northern and Middle Districts of Alabama, an office which he resigned on the 9th of August, 1861, two days before the convention of Alabama passed the Ordinance of Secession.

His devotion to study was one of the leading characteristics of his life. He became eminently successful in his profession, and had at one time, in connection with his eldest son, George I., a large and lucrative practice. He was about five feet, seven inches in height, weight, say 145, auburn hair, blue eyes, square build and of very fair complexion. In manner and temper he was mild and gentle, courteous toward his associates and neighbors, affectionate and considerate to his family; a devout and consistent member of the Methodist church, yet extremely liberal in his views toward all Christian denominations.

In politics he was always known as a Democrat, and adhered to the Jeffersonian States Rights doctrines. He

was never a slave owner in the extended sense of the term, though he owned domestic servants. He claimed that the question belonged entirely to the state and local laws and not to the Federal Government. That the powers of the Federal Government were delegated by the separate and independent states for the mutual good of each, and when this power became destructive of the ends for which it was conceded, it became the privilege, and the duty, of each state so aggrieved to recall that power, inherent and inalienable; that it was to establish this right we rebelled against the mother country (England), and by success of arms established it as one of the fundamental principles of the new government; that in the very nature of our government there could be no rebellion of a state, but that a state might withdraw from the Union by solemn decree of her convention. Recognizing this right, he nevertheless deprecated the policy of separation from the federal compact.

After a visit to the Northwestern States in 1858-9, he discovered such violent opposition to slavery, and heard such reckless denunciation of all laws that tolerated and protected it, even of the Federal Constitution itself, that he became convinced that a separation at no distant day was imminent, and admitted its necessity, when the election and inauguration of Mr. Lincoln placed a president in the chair upon a platform avowedly hostile to the institution. He discovered in Lincoln, and the party which had then attained power, an aggressive spirit toward the states which he knew the southern people could not sanction; and he hoped that a large portion of the people in the north also would disapprove of; at least so far as to acquiesce in a peaceful separation. He could not bring his mind to the conviction that a war

Mrs. Miriam Isbell Turnley (wife of above)

could be willingly entered upon, for the exercise, by a state, of one of its greatest reserved or inherent acts of sovereignty. He fully appreciated the superior advantages of the whole country in Union, provided such could be maintained in harmony and by mutual consent; but he recognized no right on the part of the federal to coerce the State Governments, nor any right for any number of states, as a federal power, to coerce any one or more of the states into a Union which, to them, had ceased to be beneficial or desirable.

Entertaining these views, it is not surprising that he felt disappointed in the general feeling exhibited throughout the Northwestern States. Having inquired as well as he could into the public mind during his trip, he became satisfied that either the great moving, living masses of the great northwest, never had well fixed ideas and correct views of the relative powers of Federal and State Governments in our system, or that they recklessly assumed to have outgrown the boundaries, and had embarked on a revolution.

We all know what followed. We may have to defer to the new century the full answer to the question, as to who was most wise in the manner of revolutionizing the American Union.

He told the people of the northwest (as did many men whose wisdom will be more honored in the next century than in the present), that they were precipitating the disruption of the United States, that they would drive the south to secede. Northern politicians then said "the south could not be kicked out of the Union" and that, which way so ever the victory might go, it would be the death of American Republican institutions under the

existing constitution. Was he right? Let the question be answered in 1961.

Let it be remembered that Judge Turnley had no personal interest in the preservation of the institution of negro slavery, as an institution handed down from Virginia yeomanry, who in 1624, and often thereafter, petitioned the British Parliament to prohibit the slave trade then carried on by Dutch and New England ships. He inherited a personal dislike for negro slavery *per se*. He regarded it as one of those incidents unwisely entailed upon the country in its infancy, yet sanctioned by the solemn written constitution, and which could only be dealt with by the sovereign people of the sovereign states respectively. The doctrine promulgated by the northern people, of the equality and social intermingling of the black and the white races he regarded as simply monstrous. What say our readers of this view to-day?

It need not be said here that Judge Turnley acted with the south in the war that followed secession in 1861. His course of action was marked by a firm conviction of duty, and no patriot ever acted with a clearer conscience. He gave freely of his means as far as he was able, and also of his personal service and that of his family, furnishing one son and one nephew, who entered the ranks, the latter of whom found a soldier's grave at the taking of Vicksburg; and the former returned from a long and perilous term of duty in Virginia, broken down in health and constitution.

At the conclusion of the war in 1866, Judge Turnley announced himself a candidate for the position of judge of the Circuit Court of his district. He had no opposition; but the military government which President Johnson had set up over the subjugated states was a barrier to his

reaching the bench. General Meade, then commanding in that part of the country, prohibited an election, and himself appointed some man, or camp-follower, from the north to fill the vacancy.

In later years Judge Turnley and wife made their home in a cottage they erected in Sherman Heights, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he died March 22, 1889, aged 84 years.

His widow, with her youngest child (a daughter), single, continued to reside there until by accident the comfortable little cottage was burned with its contents. She then lived at hotels or elsewhere, and in November, 1897, she and her daughter made a visit to her son's home in Cold Springs, Texas, where she suddenly died of heart failure, the 9th of January, 1898, 79 years of age.

In this wise did she fall asleep on earth, but only to meet her loved ones gone before. She thus followed her sainted husband, who had preceded her nine years. The writer (a nephew of Matthew J. Turnley) was, from his cradle to his 16th year, almost a daily companion of his uncle, and therefore knew him well, or as well as a boy could know a man. His death at Sherman Heights March 22, 1884, took from earth my last uncle, and the death of his sainted widow January, 1898, was the last of my aunts.

As I this moment write these lines, I recall my own birth record and realize that I am now along in my 84th year of age as he was at his decease, but I doubt very much if I have acquitted myself in my past years as Matthew J. Turnley acquitted himself; or as his noble consort performed her labors of a long life. Their deaths severed the last link that held me to the previous genera-

tion of my family lineage. All I could possibly say at present could no more than pay a doubly deserved tribute to my last uncle and aunt.

Their lengthened years were years of love and peace and of Christian duties well performed—justly meriting this token of homage from an affectionate nephew. As parents of worthy sons and daughters they were faithful to every duty, and were living exemplars, as well as preceptors to children and grandchildren that can never fade from memory. Few parents ever received more hearty and willing homage from children than they did from theirs. Two of her sons accompanied her remains on the long journey from Cold Springs, Texas, to Sherman Heights, Tennessee, and met there others of her children, all of whom helped in the sad duty of placing the casket by the side of their father's. Both parents now rest in Forest Hill cemetery, at the foot of that great landmark, "Lookout Mountain." Both had reached a ripe old age (quite beyond the Psalmist's three score and ten) and through their long lives had been faithful members of the church of their choice; their daily lives had been a beacon light to all who came within their charmed circle.

Thus did the children close mother's eyes on the phantoms of earth, only to open and gaze on a lovelier birth.

On the wonderful things no tongue can express,
No mortal believe till our visions they bless;
On the fair fronded palms of those fortunate isles
Where infinite peace of eternity smiles!

Yes, we closed her soft eyes in the still of the night
As o'er the billowless sea her bark took its flight,
Kissed by those winds that are never so fair,
From pleasure to pleasure her soul they shall bear.

Yes, we closed gently those eyes and strew myrtle and rose
O'er the emerald turf where her ashes repose.
Only the casket is there—but seek ye the jewels of soul
Where harps of the angels continually roll.

'Tis there our Father gathers parent and child
And welcomes us all to a home undefiled.
Then weep not for mother nor father for they have found rest
But remember the lips the children have blessed.

And now they link anew with beckoning hand,
With another to welcome when weary you stand,
By that dark, dreary river each mortal must brave,
Ere spirit and matter must divide 'neath its wave!

Parmenas.

CHILDREN OF MATTHEW J. AND MIRIAM ISBELL TURNLEY.

GRANDCHILDREN OF GEORGE AND LOTTIE TURNLEY.

Matthew J. and Miriam Isbell Turnley had eight children, as follows:

I. Martha Julia, born March, 1840, at Cedar Bluff, Alabama. She married Mr. James Armstrong of Tennes-

see at her father's home on the 19th day of December, 1867. They had two children, namely:

1. Zella, born ....., 18...

2. Frank Turnley Armstrong, born ....., 18...

Zella, living with her mother at Chattanooga. Not married.

Frank T. A., living at Nashville; not married.

Mr. James H. Armstrong died at his home in Chattanooga; date not known.

The above information was obtained from William F. Turnley of Galveston, Texas, and from no other source have we received more definite data as to dates and places.

II. George Isbell Turnley, born August 29, 1843. Served in the Confederate Army from 1861 to 1865 and surrendered with General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. Married Miss Willie Woodward of Jacksonville, Alabama, February 15, 1870. She died May 11, 1871.

George Isbell Turnley practiced law in connection with his father (Matthew J. Turnley) in Jacksonville, Alabama, till 1876. He located his home at Cold Springs, Texas, in 1876, where he lives still and where has continued his active practice of the law. The firm is Turnley & Robinson, composed of Honorable George I. Turnley and Judge C. W. Robinson.

As a jurist George I. Turnley stands in the front rank of lawyers in Texas. He is a man of high social standing, broad-minded and progressive. Mr. Turnley was a member of the nineteenth Texas Legislature, and while

such made an excellent record. He declined a second nomination because of his extensive law practice requiring all his time. He is a brilliant speaker and his thorough knowledge of the law makes him one of the ablest attorneys in the state. Of a quiet, studious nature, he is always thoroughly informed upon the current topics of the day.

Mr. Turnley married (a second wife) Miss Ross, the talented and accomplished daughter of Captain Wesley Ross, an old time Virginian, and one of the pioneers of east Texas. A bright and happy home is one of the delights which Mr. Turnley enjoys.

In politics he is a firm believer in the good old principles of Democracy (which, alas, is now dead and buried). He is also a Mason and a member of the Knights of Honor. The writer pencils with pleasure this brief voluntary tribute to the worth of one of Cold Springs' most estimable and progressive citizens.

III. Mary A., born December 6, 1845. She was married to Mr. John H. Reynolds of Cleveland, Tennessee, July 29, 1873, at her father's home in Jacksonville, Alabama. They have had six children born to them, as follows:

1. Hugh Turnley Reynolds, born September 7, 1874.

2. William Barton Reynolds, born May 7, 1877. Died August 9, 1896. (Was killed by falling from a cliff at White Cliff Springs, Tennessee.)

3. Miriam, born August 27, 1879.

4. May, born January 19, 1882. Married Mr. Raymond Gilmore Scott, October 6, 1903. One child, born January 9, 1905, named Reynolds Gilmore Scott.

5. Ruby, born September 30, 1885.

6. John H. Reynolds, born January 17, 1888. Died April 21, 1892.

John H. Reynolds lives in Rome, Georgia, where he owns and manages, with the assistance of his son, John H., Jr., the Rome National Bank. Mr. Reynolds is a genial, social gentleman; a loving husband and a devoted father.

IV. James B. Turnley, born February 8, 1848, at Cedar Bluff, Alabama. Began mercantile work in Jacksonville, Alabama. In 1878 he located in Galveston, Texas, in the same business, where he continued till.... He married Miss Louisa A. Phinizy of Augusta, Georgia, February 11, 1873. Later he located his home in Cassandra, Georgia, where he now resides. Five children have been born to them, namely:

1. Miriam Louisa, born at Galveston, Texas, July 14, 1874.

2. John Phinizy, born at Galveston, January 17, 1876.

3. Janie B., born at Galveston, Texas, May 31, 1878. She married Mr. Charles A. Sedberry, October 9, 1901, and died at her home in Wetumka, Alabama, August 23, 1902, leaving a baby boy a few days old. The baby died also the following November.

4. James Marco, born at Montgomery, Alabama, April 6, 1881.

5. William Micon, born at Galveston, April 12, 1885. All are unmarried and living at home except William, who is in college at Auburn, Alabama. James B. Turn-

ley resides at Cassandra, Georgia. He has a lovely wife and family. He is personally much afflicted by the loss of his eye-sight, but he manages to get about and attend to his business.

V. William F. P. Turnley, born November 19, 1852, at Cedar Bluff, Alabama. He resides in Galveston, Texas, and has for many years; engaged first in mercantile business and later and at present in real estate business. Is married. Has one child, a son, who is practicing law in Galveston.

VI. Thomas Howard Turnley, born March 13, 1855. Died in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, September, 1903, aged 48 years.

VII. Francis A., born February 22, 1858. Died June, 1859.

VIII. Eppie R., born December 19, 1859. Married Mr. Matthew C. Sayre of Pittsburgh, Texas, September, 1900, where they reside. No children. This marriage took place at the residence of the bride's brother, George I. Turnley, at Cold Springs, Texas, and was a most enjoyable meeting of many friends. Cousin Eppie has her old octogenarian cousin's very best wishes for a long and happy life.

CHAPTER XI.

George Washington Turnley.

George Washington, eleventh child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at the Mount Pleasant home, July 7, 1808. He was perhaps the most intellectually inclined of George Turnley's sons. With no better school facilities than the rest of his brothers, he yet attained a fair proficiency in the rudimentary branches, and on reaching his majority (1829) he opened a school of his own, in his father's neighborhood. In this he continued four years, teaching and at the same time prosecuting a course of study in higher branches he had marked out for himself.

In 1833 he closed his school and went to Alabama, where he resumed teaching and also a course of law study. He hesitated for a time between theology and the law, but finally chose the latter as his future profession. But he was often met with at religious meetings, and even in the pulpit as an exhorter. Later on he moved still farther south and finally located at Harrisonburg in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana. October 5, 1845, he married Mrs. Emily Grant Doyle of Bienville Parish, Louisiana. After his marriage he devoted himself mainly to the care and management of his wife's plantation in Bienville Parish.

He died at his home in that parish very suddenly in 1848, aged 40 years, of "cramp" or bilious colic, a complaint he was often troubled with from early boyhood.

Later discoveries in diseases suggest the presumption that it may have been acute appendicitis.

In person George W. Turnley was tall, but slender of build. He had black eyes and hair. Slow and pleasant of speech with a soft and rather musical voice—in fact, he was musically inclined and always from early boyhood took great delight in attending and conducting, or participating in the neighborhood "log house" or "meeting house" singing schools, which were taught by itinerant teachers, who made it a business to teach boys and girls from the old time "Dunce Note" music books. The present day boys and girls are deprived of the real pleasure of such neighborhood musicals. Of course, the place of meeting was always chosen with reference to the convenience of the greater number of the pupils to attend, and this required that some at least had to ride horseback from one or two miles to four or five miles; but, as the girls and boys of those days were equally experienced in horseback travel and were always ready to mount their saddle horses, the "singing day" was looked forward to with impatient anxiety.

The writer of these lines looks back with pleasant recollections of 1831 and 1832 when his uncle, George W. Turnley, so kindly and patiently taught him arithmetic far better than other teachers, and always closed an hour's lesson of arithmetic by full half an hour of teaching me how to sing the notes in the long ago old "Missouri Harmony." I had more boyish love for my Uncle George W. T., than for any other of my numerous uncles. Why this was so, I have later realized, was because of his quiet, gentle and patient manner of imparting information. Ah! why is it that a nephew is writing these lines in his 84th year of age, yet good, kind and gentle Uncle

George closed his career at little less than half of 84.

Greenberry Madison Turnley.

Greenberry Madison Turnley, twelfth child of George and Charlotte Turnley; born at Mount Pleasant home, May 9, 1810; remained with his father till his death. Died October 1, 1831; disease, bilious fever; buried at old Pine Chapel burying ground. Not married.

Greenberry M. Turnley, like the other brothers, was brought up on the plantation, mainly at the plow-handle, the hoe and the axe; with the log house schooling in winter months. He was short in stature, but square and heavily built, weight at 21, 140 pounds. He never had been sick, scarce a day, until in some way he fell a victim to the severe epidemic of a bilious malarial fever then violent in that section and died of it after a week's sickness, October 1, 1831. The writer was then just ten years old, and was constantly by his bedside during his only six days' sickness. He, like the brothers, had contemplated migrating south and for that purpose had provided himself with a fine saddle horse and equipments.

About a week after the funeral, grandfather George went in to his nearby shops, where he had all kinds of mechanical tools as well as wood, stone and iron material, and he dressed neatly a headstone, three feet long by one foot wide, and about three inches thick, and cut on one side of it in large size the three letters "G. M. T." When completed, the writer (a ten year old boy) accompanied his grandfather in the farm wagon to the grave and assisted him in erecting the stone at the head of the grave. But the writer has never since visited that burying ground.

Andrew Jackson Turnley.

Andrew Jackson Turnley, thirteenth child of George and Charlotte Turnley; born at Mount Pleasant home, December 2, 1813, and was brought up on the farm. Left the home, 1838; wandered through Alabama a couple of years, thence to Mississippi, Louisiana, and finally to Texas. Lived a short time in Houston; afterward established a lumber and wood yard on Buffalo Bayou, some miles below the town, and sixty miles from the village then started on Galveston Island, now the city of Galveston. After a few years he sold out this business and bought a ranch and piece of land located on the Brazos River, some forty miles from Houston, and near the town of "San Felipe de Austin." Here he stocked his ranch, established a ferry, bought some grazing lands, ten miles below Houston, and appeared to be prospering financially. His family at home rarely ever heard from him. He never married.

The writer met him at Indianola on the coast of Texas in April, 1851. The writer was the chief quartermaster at the time engaged in loading two hundred army wagons with army supplies sent over from New Orleans, to be transported by wagons over 800 miles to El Paso, Texas, and further on to posts then being located in New Mexico and Arizona. We had recently acquired those territories by the treaty of peace with Mexico in 1848. In order to obtain draft animals to pull the wagons, the quartermaster in San Antonio had advertised for oxen, and, to the surprise of the writer (who was a nephew of A. J. Turnley) the latter arrived at Indianola one day with a drove of oxen numbering nearly one hundred in accordance with advertisement. The writer received the oxen, and gave the required receipt, which

enabled the holder to obtain pay for the oxen from the quartermaster in San Antonio.

On one other occasion we met in 1852 in Houston, Texas, as the writer was on his way north, and at A. J. Turnley's request accompanied him on horseback five or six miles out from Houston to his cattle ranch. It was not till the summer of 1856, while the writer was building a military post on the upper Missouri River at Old Fort Pierre that he heard of the death of Andrew J. Turnley. He must have left several thousands of dollars worth of property, but not a relation or friend to look after it in the so-called probate courts. Whatever property there was, therefore, shared the fate usual in Texas in early days, where no kith or kin or personal friend was close at hand to intervene as care taker or custodian. The officials managed to swallow it without a qualm or a grimace.

The writer, in 1857, was detained in Galveston for a week and improved the occasion to make a visit to San Phillipe and make inquiry about the property but in the day or two he had to spare, he could only learn that there was no record of any property left by A. J. T. at his death. My acquaintance with such matters at that day in Texas was not such as to favor any further search for the proceeds. So I cut short my visit and returned to Galveston, there joined my wife and two children and took the first steamer for my destination, Brazos Island.

Andrew J. Turnley died at his home, San Felipe de Austin, in the winter of 1854, of a cold contracted through exposure on his nearby ranch.

He was 5 feet, 7 inches high, squarely built, weighed 145 pounds, was strong, active and brave. He was peaceable and quiet in disposition, and strictly temperate in habits. He was never married.

CHAPTER XII.

CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND LOTTIE TURNLEY.

Julia Ann Charlotte Turnley, the fourteenth and last child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at Mount Pleasant home, January 11th, 1817.

Growing up at a later period when the general state of society, as well as her father's worldly condition, had been much improved, she was favored with greater school facilities than the other members of her family, and finally, through the assistance of her brother Matthew, received a polite and liberal education. This, added to her native grace and great personal beauty, rendered her an attractive and entertaining young woman.

She accompanied her brother to Alabama in 1837, accepted a position as assistant teacher in a large seminary then in operation and flourishing in White Plains, Benton County, Alabama. Was married to Mr. Daniel Anderson, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and at the time principal of the seminary in which she was teaching. They both remained in the institution till 1846.

The annexation of Texas in 1844 had opened a tempting field to men of enterprise; and Anderson wound up his business at White Plains and with his little family, set out for that new State in 1846. They traveled through Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Of course an overland trip in wagons even with the best possible equipment, involved great hardship and exposure.

They had four children with them, namely:

1. David Matthew, born March 13th, 1839.
2. Frances Adelaide, born January 11th, 1842.
3. Augustus, born 1844.
4. Julia Elizabeth, born May 20th, 1846.

From which it will be seen that the first three children were seven, four and two years old respectively, and the fourth an infant in arms. After reaching the part of Texas aimed for, Mr. Anderson was exceedingly disappointed. He found it unlike what he had been led to expect. He found it a rough, sparsely settled and uninviting region for him and family. It did not take long for them to make up their minds to return to Alabama. Soon after he had started back he learned that yellow fever was raging in New Orleans and on the rivers. He therefore stopped at Trinity, Louisiana, where Rev. William H. Turnley lived (a brother of his wife), and there waited for the epidemic to subside. But the unacclimated seldom escape the malarious fevers of that unsettled, miasmatic region, and Mr. Anderson sickened and died August 15th, 1847. His widow soon followed him, as she died just twenty-two days after her husband, or on the 6th of September, 1847. This left the four helpless orphans.

William H. Turnley took them all to his own home and cared for them most tenderly. The third child, Augustus, died at William H. Turnley's house about a year after the death of his mother, thus leaving three infant orphans in the tender mercies of their uncle, William H. Turnley. Right well did he perform the task, notwithstanding he had a large and growing family of his own. Meantime news of the orphanage of the four chil-

dren had reached Matthew J. Turnley at Cedar Bluff, Alabama, and he lost no time in making his way to his brother William's home at Trinity, Louisiana. He assumed the care of the oldest boy (David Matthew) and the youngest, Julia, and took them home with him to Alabama, where he brought them up with his own growing family of children. After the death of William H. Turnley at his home on Little River in August, 1855, the daughter Frances Adelaide, left Louisiana and went also to her uncle, Judge Matthew J. Turnley's at Jacksonville, Alabama. From there she was sent to Cleveland, Tennessee, to school, and while there married Mr. S. P. Gaut, as will be narrated under another head.

The pathetic episode in the career of Anderson and his family brings to the mind of the writer of these lines a flood of memories, both sad and cheerful, of things far back in his early boyhood when only nine years of age. No better place to insert a few lines episodic, than in the narrative of my greatly beloved, now sainted, Aunt Julia Charlotte Turnley Anderson.

Mention was made, in connection with John C. Turnley, of his "big frame tavern house in Dandridge." In the long ago years, 1829, Miss Jane Lucky, a splendidly educated young woman of less than thirty years of age (and a sister of Judge Lucky), in that part of the state, had a fine, select, private school in Dandridge, Tennessee.

The Turnleys' Mount Pleasant home being eight miles distant made it too far to attend as day pupils, and boarding houses did not exist at that time to any extent in that village. The tavern house was no longer used as such, but was rented out by the rooms to families who desired to live there. But at that time there

were three rooms on the first floor, besides the adjoining small kitchen and a small dining room entirely vacant.

This state of the case suggested to John C. Turnley and also to his oldest sister, Elizabeth (the good, dear old maid she always was), the idea of furnishing those three rooms sufficiently to accommodate herself and her youngest sister, Julia, and her brother John C.'s two oldest daughters, Amanda and Caroline, and also their brother, Parmenas T. Also that she (Aunt Elizabeth) take charge of the four youngsters as matron and "boss" of the household, and thus give the best opportunity for the three girls to attend the private school, while the nine-year-old Parmenas could carry water from the splendid limestone spring three hundred feet distant, could make the fires, do all the chores, feed the cow (which "grandma Turnley" insisted on sending from her half dozen milkers at Mount Pleasant).

The tavern lot had a nice cow stable all ready at hand, and Parmenas T. was the very boy to feed and look after the cow. All this was planned and agreed on, as the best mode to give the three young girls the full benefit of Miss Lucky's excellent school. As for the boy (Parmenas T.), if he found time heavy on his hands (after doing the "chores," etc.) then he could attend the Murray Academy on the hill, five hundred yards from the "tavern house." This good Aunt Elizabeth, who was to command or "boss" the outfit (to use a modern coined word) as was stated under head of her birth (born 1794), was at the time we speak of (September, 1830) thirty-six years of age, while her sister, Julia, born January 11th, 1817, was only thirteen years old, and the two nieces, Amanda and Caroline, were twelve and ten respectively, and the boy, Parmenas T., was just

nine years old. It was thus designed to avail of that good school for the special benefit of Julia, Amanda and Caroline. This was accomplished in the two years to 1833, when the "happy family" was retired to their homes, at Mount Pleasant and Oak Grove (or rather to the Mill Place), to which John C.'s family had moved in the meantime.

How vivid do all the smaller and larger events and happenings of those two years come to the writer's mind as he jots down these lines. Instead of seeming a long time ago, it rather appears as only of yesterday, so completely has the intervening seventy-five years been crowded with the activities of life. My aunt Julia never really seemed to me to be my aunt. On the contrary, I felt towards her as to one of my sisters, so closely were we all of the same age. And those three girls, Julia (our aunt), Amanda and Caroline, were three of the best educated girls that the schools of Dandridge turned out at that period.

To go back a little: I will here state, Mr. Daniel Anderson was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, where he was born 1813. He was well educated and set out in the world to do for himself. Of course he naturally turned his face towards the United States, and in his travels he discovered the flourishing school at White Plains, Benton County, Alabama, of which he soon became the head. He there met Julia A. C. Turnley, who was one of the teachers. Nothing more natural than for two such devotees to the work of the school room, to join hearts as well as hands. The unfortunate step for them was their seeking a new home in the rude, rough wilds of Texas of that day. At the present time things are different, but in 1846 it was venturesome even for those

accustomed to "roughing it," but unbearable for the inexperienced.

Of the family of Mr. Anderson little could be learned at that time, as communication was difficult and slow. His children were too young, and their guardians were too much engrossed in their own affairs to try to correspond under the difficulties mentioned. But later, when the children came to more mature years, a letter came into their possession which had been written at the instance of their grandfather, David Anderson, then an old man, seventy-four years of age, and sent to their mother's brother, Judge M. J. Turnley, seeking to learn about them, and other relatives in this country.

This letter was written June 8th, 1850, by a nephew, then a law student at Glasgow, Scotland. It was never answered. It stated that the old gentleman was hale and hearty, and was then with his widowed daughter, Agnes, near Thornhill, Perthshire, Scotland, his wife having died in 1846. She was formerly Miss Gean Gow, of North Scotland. His daughter's property, called the "Mill of Goody," being in need of repairs, he had erected, under his personal supervision, a fine new dwelling house and offices, where he, his widowed daughter, her three sons, and his unmarried daughter, Elizabeth, were living in great comfort.

Nearly fifty years after this letter was written his great grand-daughter, Miss Sue Lea Callaway, wrote to the Postmaster at Perthshire asking if any of the family still lived in that part of the country,—and she received, in a short time, a letter from one of these same grandsons, written from "Thornhill by Sterling," stating that he was the only surviving member of his family. That their grandfather, David Anderson, had died in the year

1855, at the age of eighty-three, and that he, himself, was living on his estate, unmarried. Having inherited two large estates he was enabled to devote his time to literary pursuits, of which he had always been very fond, especially the astronomical and mathematical sciences.

We will now narrate of the four little orphans, whom the untimely death of their parents left to the cold charities of a busy world.

GRANDCHILDREN OF GEORGE AND LOTTIE TURNLEY—CONTINUED.

Children of Daniel and Julia A. C. Turnley Anderson.

They had four children born to them, as follows:

I. David Matthew Anderson, born at White Plains, Alabama, March 13th, 1839. He grew up in the family of his Uncle Matthew J. Turnley, and received such educational advantages as the other children of the family. When the war of subjugating the southern states became a fixed purpose of imperial power in the North, David Anderson joined the Confederate Army at the age of 22 and became a gallant and useful officer. At the age of 23 he was Captain of his company ("C" of the 10th Regiment Alabama Volunteers); was mortally wounded at the Battle of Baker's Creek, Mississippi, May 16th, 1863, and died of his wounds June 17th, 1863. He was complimented for his skill and bravery on that field and was also promoted to a Colonelcy, but did not live to exercise the office. He was buried in the grounds of the Odd Fellows at Clinton, Mississippi. Not married.

II. The second child of Daniel and Julia A. C. Anderson was born at White Plains, Alabama, January 11th, 1843, and named Frances Adelaide Anderson. She was married to Mr. S. P. Gaut of Cleveland, Tennessee, on the 4th day of December, 1861.

Mr. S. P. Gaut died at his home in Cleveland, Tennessee, the 13th of September, 1897, of some stomach trouble (the doctor could not diagnose), aged 62 years and five months. Mr. Gaut was a model husband, an able lawyer, an intelligent and useful citizen and a genial and hospitable friend. He was a native of East Tennessee. Following are a few extracts from some of the press notices given at the time of his death:

From the "Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times."

"The town of Cleveland is in mourning; one of its most honored citizens, one of its brightest exemplars of pure and lofty manhood, the Honorable S. P. Gaut, died at his home in East Cleveland this morning at five-thirty. Mr. Gaut was born in Jefferson County, Tennessee, April 16th, 1835. He was educated at Mossy Creek College (now Carson & Newman) Jefferson County. He studied law at Cleveland, Tennessee, with his cousin, Judge John C. Gaut, and at the time of his death was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in East Tennessee."

From the "Cleveland (Tenn.) Banner."

"In the death of Mr. Gaut the loss to our town can hardly be overestimated. A true, pure, good man in his family, in his profession, in his church, and in society. He was noted as a friend to education, and the schools of Cleveland will miss him. As a mark of respect, the city schools and all business houses were closed during the funeral services."

From the "Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal."

"The sad news of the death of the Honorable S. P. Gaut was received here this morning, and many hearts are saddened and many eyes are dimmed with tears. He was surrounded by his heart-broken family (except David A.) when the summons came, and he gave up the unequal struggle. As the *Journal* goes to press the funeral services are being conducted in the Baptist Church, of which he was a member, by Reverend Egerton, in a beautiful manner, before the largest congregation that ever attended a funeral in Cleveland. Peacefully he lived and peacefully he died, and the world is better for his stay in it."

Tributes from the Cleveland Bar.

"In honor of the deceased, the Circuit Court, which was in session here, was adjourned until next Wednesday morning. At 2 p. m. there was a meeting of the bar, at which every lawyer and many other prominent citizens were present. Judge P. B. Mayfield was made chairman, and upon motion a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions upon the death of Mr. Gaut, to present to the Circuit Court and to become a part of the records of Bradley County. Upon taking the chair Judge Mayfield said, in part: 'It becomes my painful duty to announce to you the death of our professional brother, S. P. Gaut. He has been in the practice of law here for about forty years. His coming in and going out has been before the community. He was chaste in language, virtuous in action and honest in his dealings. Always kind and courteous to his brethren, whether in the consultation room or the forum. He was so set in honesty and integrity, that the blandishments of wealth

could not win him from the right as he saw it. He was not open to trusts and combines or any form of greed, and consequently he goes down with a monument in the memory of all who knew him better than marble. We shall rarely look upon his like again.'"

Colonel Edwards said:

"Of Brother Gaut nothing remains but a memory, but a memory that should be dear to you all as it is to me. My mind goes back for forty years, when he came here, a boy, to study law. He became as near perfect as men ever get to be, and it is fitting that something of his life should be put on record testifying to his worth for the benefit of rising generations."

Major M. H. Clift, of Chattanooga, said:

"Although not a member of the Cleveland bar, I esteem it a great privilege to be present at this meeting. I have known Perry Gaut intimately for forty years. I never saw or knew a purer or nobler character. I never saw him at any time or under any circumstances when he was not a true man and a true gentleman, and I want to bear testimony to the fact that I never knew him to swerve either to the right or left of what would constitute right action and pure life of a good man. Every word he told you could be implicitly relied on. Every promise was fulfilled. I deeply sympathize with this bar and his wife and family."

Honorable J. K. P. Marshall said:

"I have known Mr. Gaut fifteen or twenty years. He has done his part in life—a part as essential as clothing the naked and feeding the hungry. I sympathize with his bereaved family—especially that model of a gentleman, his son, David, who lies now in Texas with fever,

and is denied a last look into the face of a father who was a father."

Judge John B. Hoyle said:

"I have known Perry Gaut forty years. I only want to say that I cordially endorse every word that has been said of the life and character of Mr. Gaut."

Colonel James G. Stewart said:

"S. P. Gaut was a man of good heart, pure life, unswerving integrity and an ornament to manhood and his profession. His virtue and dignity made him respected, admired and beloved by all who knew him."

Other members made speeches testifying to the high character of Mr. Gaut. Before the meeting adjourned the secretary was instructed to invite the bar of Chattanooga, Ooltewah and Athens to come to Cleveland to the funeral to-morrow at 3:30. After the church services the Masonic Fraternity will take charge of the remains.

He left a widow and four sons, as follows:

1. David Anderson Gaut, born in Cleveland, Tennessee, the 12th of March, 1864. Grew up in Cleveland under the teaching of his father and made the law his profession. He practiced in Knoxville for five years with success, when his health began to fail so much that he was advised to change climate and went to Texas. For a time his health improved slowly. He resumed practice of law in Texas and was elected County Attorney of Tom Green County. Later he went on a visit to his mother in Knoxville, Tennessee, but was never able to return to Texas. He died at his mother's home in Knoxville, Tennesese, the 13th of October, 1902. He was of a bright and versatile mind, and was successful in what-

ever he undertook. But ill health closed his promising career just in the prime of life, at the age of 38 years and seven months.

2. Joseph Perry Gaut, born in Cleveland, Tennessee, April 15th, 1867, was brought up and educated in Cleveland, Tennessee. Began business soon after reaching his majority. At the age of 25 he was made cashier of the Holston (Knoxville) National Bank, which position he held till January, 1903, when he was made President of same bank, which position he now holds (March, 1905). Was married to Miss Pauline Chambers of Louisville, Kentucky, the 26th of January, 1904.

3. Frank P. Gaut, born in Cleveland, Tennessee, the 25th of March, 1869. Like his brother, he grew up in Cleveland, Tennessee; soon entered business in Knoxville, Tennessee; is now President and General Manager of the firm of Gaut, Ogden & Company, in which he and his brothers are partners. He married March 10th, 1896, Miss Mary Tillman of Knoxville, Tennessee. He has one son, named Lewis Tillman Gaut.

4. William Edmund Gaut, born in Cleveland, Tennessee, the 29th of November, 1870; is in business in Knoxville. Secretary and Treasurer of Gaut, Ogden & Company. He married Miss Mary Chambers, daughter of Samuel R. Chambers of Louisville, Kentucky, and a sister of his brother, Joseph P. Gaut's, wife, December 14th, 1904.

III. The third child of Daniel and Julia C. Anderson was Augustus Anderson, born at White Plains, Alabama, in 1845. He died at the home of Rev. William H. Turnley in Trinity, Louisiana, in 184...

Mrs. Julia Callaway and Two Grandchildren

IV. The fourth child of Daniel and Julia A. C. Anderson was born at White Plains, Alabama, on the 20th of May, 1846, and named Julia Elizabeth.

Julia Elizabeth Anderson married Mr. Joseph Callaway, of Cleveland, Tennessee, on the 20th of May, 1869. He was the son of Thomas H. Callaway, one of East Tennessee's most prominent men,—at one time president of the Ocoee Bank, of Cleveland, Tennessee; later connected with the People's Bank, of Knoxville, Tennessee, and one of the Trustees of the University of Tennessee. At the time his last illness overtook him, he was President of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad Company.

Joseph Callaway was a young man of fine business qualifications, was educated at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia. At one time he was connected with the People's Bank, of Knoxville, Tennessee, and at one time, while still quite a young man, was a member of the banking firm of R. T. Wilson & Company, of 144 Broadway, New York. Later, he removed to his estate on the Tennessee River, where he resided until his death. He died suddenly in the prime of life at Sweetwater, Tennessee, September 1st, 1890, leaving his widow, Julia E. Callaway, and two children, namely:

1. Sue Lea Callaway, born in Cleveland, Tennessee, March 1st, 1870. Is living with her mother in Knoxville, Tennessee. Unmarried.

2. Joseph Jacques Callaway, born in Cleveland, Tennessee, May 7th, 1872. He married Miss Pauline Williamson, of Ripley, Tennessee, January 10th, 1894. They have three children, as follows:

Elizabeth Callaway, born March 24th, 1896.

Julia Anderson Callaway, born June 16th, 1898.

Pauline Callaway, born April 4th, 1904.

He entered commercial pursuits and is now connected with Gaut, Ogden & Company, in Knoxville, Tennessee.

[The following tribute to the memory and the sterling virtues of Mr. D. A. Gaut, son of G. P. and Frances Anderson Gaut, we clip from the newspapers of that part of Texas where Mr. Gaut was best known.

P. T. T.]

The Standard, San Angelo, Tom Green County, Texas.

DEATH OF DAVID A. GAUT.

It is with a feeling of the most profound sorrow that the *Standard* chronicles the fact set forth in the above headline. The news reached San Angelo Sunday, in the form of the following telegram, addressed to Emory Foreman:

"Knoxville, Tennessee, October 12th, 1902.

"Dave died at 4 this morning. Please notify his loyal and kind friends there. Will write full particulars in a day or two. JOSEPH P. GAUT."

The people of San Angelo and of Tom Green County had a feeling of personal possession and pride in David A. Gaut. They felt that he was identified with them and their interests, and that in him, in his upright life, in his sturdy, honest straightforwardness of character, in his broad catholicism of view and wide mental grasp, this country and its citizenship as a whole were honored. Few men, not "to the manner born," could have come into the country as he did, an entire stranger, and within

so brief a time have won the place he held in the esteem of our people. That he was able to do so illustrates forcibly the great adaptability and winning personality of the man.

He had to a rare degree the intuition, or tact, which may almost be ranked as a sixth sense, which draws men to its possessor as infallibly as the needle is attracted to the pole, and yet withal there was a sturdy, rugged independence of character about him which commanded the respect of all who came to know him. You felt intuitively, "here is a man," and, as acquaintance grew and ripened into friendship, this impression grew into absolute knowledge of its truth. Frail and weak though he was from the wasting disease which was slowly sapping his strength, and regardless of the continual suffering which was his portion, his interest in life was vivid and strong, and his intellect keen and incisive.

His work upon various local papers was of a character which deserved and called forth the highest commendation, and as evidencing the regard in which he was held by his co-laborers in the journalistic field, it may be stated that so far as known every newspaper worker and printer in San Angelo cast his vote for him in the primary election held last May, when the Democracy of Tom Green County chose Mr. Gaut as its nominee for the office of County Attorney. And another thing: in newspaper work the sensibilities are to a certain extent blunted by constant acquaintance with the sorrows which make up so great a portion of the sum of human life, but every member of the profession in this city experienced a keen thrill of sorrow when that message, "Dave is dead," flashed over the wires, and many eyes were dimmed with tears to which such display of emotion is ordinarily for-

eign. We all felt that when D. A. Gaut "slipped into the shadow" a true friend had waved us the final good-bye from the shores of Time's wide ocean, and had taken ship for the unknown port which lies somewhere far beyond in the silent vastness of eternity.

It is with a heart full of grief that the *Standard* lays this poor tribute upon his tomb—a grief which is shared in full measure by all who knew and loved him for what he was, that rarest of all God's handiwork, an honest, conscientious, straightforward man; a man full of the frailties of human nature, which but served to endear him yet the more to his friends; a man whose almost mortal physical weakness showed the more clearly the strength and vigor of the virile mind which burned within the frail tabernacle of clay. To the members of his family, and especially to the poor mother, whose tender devotion to "her boy" was one of the sweetest sights which it is granted that men may see, the incense of purest sympathy arises from every heart in the far-away Texas land, where this strong spirit wrought so bravely and builded so well.

May he rest in peace! and may that Father "who loveth all" bring consolation to the suffering ones whose shattered hopes lie hidden in the tomb of the son and brother who has passed beyond their mortal ken.

IN MEMORIAM.

David A. Gaut.

In the early part of 1901, or probably a year earlier, when David Gaut was writing on the *Standard,* I published in *The Press* a translation from the French of Proudhomme, the last verse of which ran:

"Let music roll once more to me and ripple in my hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach, where no craft anchoreth;
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving naught nor fearing
Drift on through slumber to a dream and through a dream to death."

Gaut came up to my rooms with a copy of the paper and pointed out to my notice the last line, saying, "Do you know, old man, that's the most beautiful thought I've ever seen expressed. 'To drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.' He repeated the line several times, for it bore a meaning to him, that it did not to me, realizing as he did that he was a few steps nearer the misty moorlands than I.

Gaut's attitude towards women was chivalrous in the extreme, and his respect for motherhood led him to look at many questions with almost Puritanical straightness. The light word and coarse jest, he declared, marked a downward path for the maidenly faith once pure and high, and let the wrong step be once taken, and the finest powers of human nature would be wielded for diabolical ends. Our influences for both good and evil were eternal, and marvelous was the influence of all pure and simple life and love, weak, though it appear.

Would that his philosophy in this respect were more far-reaching! How warily would we step. How solicitous to give our best life, our best thoughts to the world. Influence is all. It may be but a tender infant, whose mother cared for it unceasingly, though hopelessly, until it sunk into the grave. That pure waxen face entered her heart, and henceforth its memory ever evoked ten-

derness, kindness, sympathy, passed from life to life, forging an eternal golden chain of happiness and well being, simply because one child lived and died.

Rest on, David Gaut, and lightly may the sod rest on thy breast. Thou hadst thy wish I heard thee express, and thou hast lived to thy best endeavor thy day. Thou, in the long Forever, art, perchance, wiser and purer and happier than we, in the momentary Now. Brief be the twilight as I pass from light to dark, from dark to light.

Man and his strife; and beneath him the earth in her green repose,
And out of the earth he cometh and into the earth he goes.
Oh, sweet at last is the silence, Oh, sweet at the warfare's close,
For out of the silence he cometh, and into the silence he goes.
And the great sea round him glistens, and above him the Great Night glows;
And out of the night he cometh, and into the night he goes.

C. J. F.

Printers' tribute to D. A. Gaut, taken from the San Angelo (Texas) *Press:*

"Again the Angel of Death has beckoned one of Earth's noblest men to the dark valley of the shadow. The sad news of D. A. Gaut's death reached San Angelo at the close of last Sabbath, and the hearts that were light and happy were made to beat in sorrow.

"David A. Gaut possessed the highest traits of manhood, a mind broad and cultured and a heart brave, ten-

der and true. Wherever there was human sorrow or human suffering his sympathies gathered quickly about it, and his heart and hands were ready to do their part to alleviate it. He loved truth and honesty, and whatever he believed to be right he upheld with all the strength of his gifted pen, and fought that which seemed to him wrong uncompromisingly to the bitter end. His friends were legion and he knew them—the same smile, the same hearty handshake for the humblest boy as for the governor of his state.

"It is hard to say 'Thy will be done'—for the world is in need of such brilliant minds as that possessed by Mr. Gaut, and it needs the influence of such tender, true hearts. We cannot understand why Nature endows a man with such splendid gifts and then cuts him down in his prime. Some day we shall understand. Standing in God's presence we will be made to realize that 'He doeth all things well.' Yet our hearts are sad, and our heads are bowed with grief. We remember that last message, so full of tender sympathy and hope for the unfortunates of the Landon fire, whom he was so soon to join on the other shore. He sleeps now in the sunny soil of Tennessee. There, where in happy days of childhood he loitered under the maple boughs, listening to the sweet songs of the birds.

"Peace, sweet peace; bright and cloudless honor to his memory."

The twelfth chapter completes the record of the John Turnley branch of the Botetourt County, Virginia, Turnleys. The Francis Turnley branch, who were mainly settled in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, have been treated of in the second and third chapters, while the

Turnleys in Europe are referred to in the first chapter.

The Introduction to this book will show why and in what manner I began the compilation of the data which my fortunate acquisition of both my father's and grandfather's desks, many books and some old diaries, journals and records aided me in the work.

The work of searching out the data required has been Herculean, as to mind, memory and patience. Not once but many times have I felt a little regretful that I ever began it, so far along in my decadent years, and almost as mouldering, too, as the Mount Pleasant, Oak Grove and Mill Places, around which so many of the related incidents cluster. As if to test one's fortitude, patience and perseverance, just as I had fairly commenced the labor of arranging the scraps of data for use, I was stricken down by malignant *cystitis*. This entirely disabled me for nine months (from September, 1903, to June, 1904), and as only my own pen and fingers could indite the pages, it became a serious and perplexing labor.

However, as in most things, patience and perseverance generally accomplish results. While I was looking round for a printer and binder to do the last work on the book, as if by inspiration my mind reverted to the three great-grandsons of George Turnley, who have the finest printing and binding establishment in all East Tennessee, right in the city of Knoxville, the stamping ground and center of George Turnley's habitat for more than three score years. It is now the wide-awake city of sixty thousand people, but was, when George Turnley first saw that region, only a Block-House, or Stockade, called White's Fort. Mr. H. L. White, a son of the older White, for whom the Fort was named, later became one

Colonel Turnley's Highland Park Home

of East Tennessee's admired and able statesmen, named Hugh Lawson White. I began to feel that nothing could be more appropriate than to have the episodes in George Turnley's life printed in Knoxville.

It was in that village of Knoxville, September, 1795, that George Turnley floated down the river in his large canoe, his potatoes, watermelons, corn and bacon, beets and cabbage to sell. It was in that very embryonic village, around White's Fort, that George Turnley in 1796 took his canoe load of vegetables and "garden-sass," and not being able to sell out, he exchanged his canoe-load for a city lot (but then called town lot), and he then "poled" his canoe nearly fifty miles back up the French Broad River to his Mount Pleasant home. A few years after that "vegetable and earthy trade," he exchanged his town lot for a big strong farm horse, which he rode back home, and hired two men to pole his canoe back to Mount Pleasant.

These, and a score more of incidents of those early days in George Turnley's frequent visits to White's Fort, seemed to make it all the more romantic to have the record of the same printed in Knoxville, and so I have felt the more I thought about it. In the meantime I have delayed the work in order to get the data from some of the branches of the Turnley Tribe, which I have had to insert as well as possible in proper sequence. In going over it I find it rather ragged with too much inter-lining to please the typesetter. This makes me hesitate to send it out of my reach to be printed. I feel sure that I alone can make the proper corrections and proofread the work. This I can do only by having it printed close at hand. Sentiment, therefore, in this as in many things in our life's journey, must give way to the cold demands of

utility. I hope this will be apparent to the greatly esteemed great-grandsons of George Turnley in Knoxville, Tennessee, whom I fondly hoped at one time to intrust with the printing and binding.

I have added a last and final chapter, containing a very interesting historical narrative of the "Luttrell Clan and Family." It dates back more than six hundred years, to the Seventeenth Century. Was written by John Luttrell Murphy of New York City and dedicated to Mary Luttrell Murphy (what relation she is to John Luttrell does not appear). The readers of the eulogy cannot fail to discover that the writer of it was quite in love with his subject (just as all writers ought to be), and we all will hope that the many excellent virtues therein portrayed still exist in present generations of the tribe, and will continue in all succeeding generations.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOUNDING OF THE ANCIENT CLAN OF LUTTRELL

THE EARLY ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF LUTTRELL

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE LUTTRELLS

John Luttrell.

So far as both Ancient and Modern History go, John Luttrell was the first of the race of Luttrell,—the origin of their clan and founder of their house.

His excellence and superiority were so signal and marked that he was early in life raised to the high degree of Doctor of Divinity, at the celebratedly intellectual and moral center of Oxford; and speedily elevated to the exalted rank of Grand Chancellor of the world-renowned University of Oxford, in England, in 1317.

In addition to Luttrell's marvelous powers of mind and heart in general, and his wonderful scholastic and ecclesiastic learning in particular, he displayed exceptionally rare talents and lofty genius in the subtle art and delicate polish of diplomacy. And in that capacity was so well recognized in diplomatic circles, and in such demand by the Executive Heads of Government, that he was selected for, and accredited by the King of England to the then all-powerful and artful Court of Rome, to settle the bitter dispute and feud between the Protestant University and the Catholic Order of Dominicans; where,

however, he was found equal to the difficult task; and by his irresistible oratory and indisputable logic, captivated the court, and won for himself a world-wide reputation as a diplomatist.

In 1319 he was honored with the Prebend (the Stipend, or "living," from a Cathedral) of Oxford, at Salisbury, England.

In 1329 his great diplomatic powers were again called into requisition by the Crown, and he was returned on a high mission to the Court of Rome.

In 1332 he resigned the Chancellorship of Oxford. In 1334 there was bestowed upon him the Prebend of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire.

In 1335 he died at Arigon, in the prime of his blessed and beloved life, at the zenith of his grand and glorious career and in the full fruition of his beautiful character, his brilliant reputation and his bounteous achievements, with his name written and perpetuated in illumined and illustrious characters all over the scholastic, theological, philosophical and political literature and history of the British Empire of his time.

And such was and is our Ancient Ancestor, and the historical and beneficent father of all the Luttrells.

Edward Luttrell.

With the early lamentable passing off the stage of the world's life in the first half of the fourteenth century, the Luttrells seem to have largely dropped out of English, Scotch and Irish history during the balance of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and until the latter part of the seventeenth centuries, when Edward Luttrell fully restored the name to historical annals, and flourished between 1670 and 1710.

Edward was a native of Dublin, in Ireland, and belonged to the Irish branch of the Luttrells.

He was an artist of high grade, and a crayon painter and mezzotint engraver of great celebrity in his day and generation. He first studied law in New Inn; but preferred art, and first practiced it for pleasure and adopted it as his profession.

He was the inventor of the method of laying a ground on copper for drawing crayons on. To this day his portraits of some of the most distinguished persons ornament the National Portrait Gallery of England, and are still to be found in the print room of the British Museum. He acquired such distinction and notoriety in English history that he was able and permitted to have a print-stall in Westminster Stall.

A series of his drawings from life of the great men of his time were engraved by Master Artist Vanderbanck, to illustrate and embellish Bishop Kennett's "History of England."

He was undoubtedly, then, the greatest artist of his kind living, and well worthy to bear and wear the illustrious name and enlightened fame of Luttrell.

Thomas Luttrell.

It is not to be wondered at that the Luttrells materially dropped out of history during the period of the Dark Ages. There was virtually no history left to drop into. Not only the Luttrell family, but every other great family, was practically buried in the debris of the decay of all contemporaneous history.

But the name of Luttrell was destined to live through all this mental, moral and even physical wreck and ruin of an entire globe of the universe. It was a question of

the survival of the fittest with all men, and out of the universal prostitution and pollution, the ever-living star of the Luttrells was bound to rise again, and, if possible, soar higher and shine brighter than it had ever done before.

And so, close upon the first sudden gleam of the new dawn on the horizon of Luttrell, through Edward there burst forth quickly the bright morn of the full day of Luttrell from Thomas, of Luttrellstown, in County Dublin. Thomas caught up and held onto the torn and tattered end of his long lost hereditary thread of the lineage of Luttrell, where Edward had picked out of the meshes and mazes of the ages of darkness, and passed it on down to posterity and the world, through his two brave and brilliant sons, Simon and Henry Luttrell.

Thomas Luttrell first saw the light of this world about the last of the sixteenth or first of the seventeenth century, and passed peacefully out of it into a brighter light in that other and better world, along in the year of our Lord 1674, at the beautiful and bountiful country seat of the family or clan, at his beloved and cherished Luttrellstown.

Simon Luttrell, Sr.

Simon was the oldest son of Thomas Luttrell, and was born in the first part of the seventeenth century, and died without children, in the latter part, 1698. He married into an English noble family in 1672, Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Newcombe, Baronet, in whose regiment he was lieutenant-colonel, and succeeded to the Luttrell family estates, at Luttrellstown, on the death of his father two years after.

Simon was a devoted adherent of James II of England, levied a regiment of dragoons for his service and received from the King the high and honored position of Lord Lieutenant of the County of Dublin, and membership of the Privy Council in Ireland.

He was elected a member of the Irish Parliament of 1698, from County Dublin, and was appointed Military Governor of that city.

While Governor Simon issued and enforced two famous military orders relating to the Protestant inhabitants of Dublin at that time, and to these and other sagacious and forcible measures adopted by him, are ascribed the preservation of Dublin for the Jacobites against the designs of Schomberg and his followers. And he held and exercised the Governorship till the withdrawal of King James II and his forces from Dublin and Ireland in 1690.

On account of his high standing and diplomatic ability, he was selected and went to France at the head of the Irish representatives, the same year, to urge on James II. the propriety of removing the Duke of Tyrconnel from the office of Viceroy of Ireland. By his great force and resource he soon return with a French fleet of war vessels, but unfortunately too late to be of any help to the Irish in their great struggle against William of Orange, in October, 1690.

On landing again in France, he was immediately appointed Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Infantry in the Army of King James.

The Treaty of Limerick contained a clause of indemnity against Simon Luttrell and other Irish officers (who had espoused and fought for the cause of James against William), who should return to Ireland within

eight months thereafter, and take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. But Simon refused to foreswear his former allegiance or accept any consideration at William and Mary's hands, and they enforced the law of attainder against both himself and wife. Rather than prove disloyal to their principles, they forfeited their civil rights in their native land.

Simon served with distinction as Brigadier-General in Italy, under the great warrior, Marshal Catinat, and afterward under the "Fighting" Duke de Vendome, in Catalonia.

An inscription perpetuated to his memory in the Irish College at Paris, France, preserves the record of his death on September 6th, 1698, while English and Irish history are full of his honored life and distinguished services to Ireland and the world.

Henry Luttrell, Sr.

The first Henry, second son of Thomas Luttrell, was born about the year 1655, and died in 1717.

He recovered the great family estate at Luttrellstown, at the Restoration.

He served as a young officer some years in the French army with such mark and notoriety that he soon got into the way and attracted the attention of the greatest of all English historians, Macauley, who described him as having "brought back to his native Ireland a sharpened intellect and polished manners, a flattering tongue, some skill in war, and much more skill in intrigue."

He, as well as his brother Simon, was an active supporter of James II., and also went to the King's court,

St. Germains, France, as one of the Irish representatives for the removal of Viceroy Tyrconnel.

He early represented County Carlow in the Irish Parliament and was made Colonel of the Sixth Regiment of Horse in King James's Army.

Before the Battle of Boyne, he was selected to and did meet and check the advance of King William's forces. He was afterward sent to the support of Marshall Sarsfield in Connaught, and by his great efforts and strategy, enabled him to take Sligo.

His disaffection from the Jacobites the year after caused their defeat at the bloody battle of Aughrim.

At the last siege of Limerick he was captured and held by the French and Jacobites, and threatened with death, which was prevented by threats of retaliation, till the surrender of Limerick, which secured his safety and release. Thereafter King William III. granted him a pension of £500, or $2,500, a year, and he was very active and successful in inducing the Irish soldiers to espouse the cause of William.

In 1693 he was empowered by the King to raise 1,500 Irish soldiers, to serve for the Venetian republic against the Turkish empire.

In 1702 he was promoted to the rank of Major General in the Dutch army. But on the death of King William, he returned and retired to his home at Luttrellstown, and passed the remainder of his life in dignified quiet there, with a respectful consciousness that his native and other lands had good reason to know and remember that he had been born and had lived in the world.

He was finally assassinated as he sat in his sedan chair in Stafford street, Dublin, on November 3d, 1717,

by the papists, in revenge for his able and loyal defense and support of William and Mary (of Orange), and so declared by the Irish House of Commons, who offered a reward of £1,000, or $5,000, for the discovery of the assassins.

And afterward, during the excesses of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 (the 100th anniversary of which was celebrated in Ireland in 1898), when, excited by the course of his grandson (Henry Lawes Luttrell) as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland in 1796, this same class of devilish and deadly papal perpetrators had to reek their vengeance upon him again, and if possible, in a still more base and brutal manner, when it was recorded of them, that, after he had been buried nearly 100 years, "his grave was violated and his skull broken in pieces with a pick axe."

But his sterling name and sturdy fame could not be tainted nor defamed, in the eyes of the Protestant and independent world.

A fine portrait of Henry Luttrell, Sr., belongs to Lady Du Came.

In 1704 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Halkin, of Flintshire, and by her had two sons, Richard, who died while young, on his travels, without an opportunity to make himself known historically to his race and the world; and Simon, who was destined to perpetuate the blood, and brought honor to the name of his family and the House of Luttrell.

Simon Luttrell, Jr.

Simon, Jr., was the second son of Henry, Sr., and grandson of Thomas Luttrell.

He married Maria, who died in 1798, daughter of

Sir Nicholas Lawes, governor of Jamaica, and was the father of Henry Lawes Luttrell, John Luttrell, Jr., Olmius, James Luttrell, Temple Luttrell and Anne Luttrell (his eldest daughter), who, of his children, distinguished themselves and are recorded in history.

Simon, Jr., came into the world in the first part (1713) and went out in the last part (1787) of the eighteenth century.

After an active and patriotic career of over half a century, in 1768 he had earned and was raised to the Irish Peerage first as Baron Irn Ham; and soon after, in 1780, to Viscount Carhampton, and in 1785, to the Earl of Carhampton, which were little enough credits, and by no means too high ranks, for his exalted merits, the eminent services to his people and country, if the titles of nobility conferred upon him did run up to the third from the King himself: Earl, Duke, Prince, and King.

His name will be found permanently and deservedly recorded in Burke's "Extinct Peerage," in Lodge's "Peerage of Ireland," in Macauley's "History of England," in Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography," and in many other works of the times in which he lived and wrought.

Henry Lawes Luttrell.

Henry Lawes Luttrell was the eldest son of Simon, Jr., grandson of Henry, Sr., and great-grandson of Thomas Luttrell. He was given to Ireland and the world, in 1743 (the same year that Thomas Jefferson was given to America and the world), and he was taken from them in 1821, at the ripe age and rounded life of 78 years. A scion of nobility on both the paternal and

maternal sides of his family, he became by inheritance the second Earl of Carhampton; was the most skilful soldier, successful politician, and able statesman of his country and clan, and was altogether undoubtedly the greatest and most distinguished and powerful of all the Luttrells who ever lived in history.

He was evidently the Henry Luttrell treated of in Foster's "Alumni Oxonienses," as the son of Simon Luttrell of Caton Hall, Warwickshire, and as having matriculated at Christ Church in 1755.

He was soon placed in the army by his father, and made Ensign of the 48th Foot in 1757; and thereafter successively rose to and successfully filled fully a third of a hundred of the first and highest offices and commissions in the land, of honor, profit and trust, under the Government, holding actively as many as sixteen separate ranks on the military list, and more than as many more distinct offices on the civil list, besides countless complimentary and honorary positions of respect and eminence between times, sitting for more than a quarter of a century in the Irish Parliament, so that he is more than entitled to the "Mikado" distinction of the "Pooh Bah" of Ireland.

An example of the speedy pace of his preferment and the rapid strides of his promotion, any one need only refer to the history he himself made and the deeds it, of its own accord, recorded.

Born in 1743, after matriculating in 1755 and entering the army, and becoming Ensign in November, 1757, he was, in March, 1759, promoted to Lieutenant of the 34th Foot; in August, 1759, to Captain of the 16th High Dragoons; in April, 1762, to Major of Dragoons; on the same day, to Deputy Adjutant General of the Army in

Portugal; in October, 1762, to local Lieutenant-Colonel in Portugal; in February, 1765, to full Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Horse; in September, 1770, to full Adjutant General of the land forces in Ireland; in August, 1777, to Brevet Colonel in the Army; in November, 1782, to Major General of the Army; in June, 1788, to full Colonel of the 6th Regiment of Dragoons; in 1789, to Lieutenant General of Ordnance in Ireland; in 1795, to Commander-in-Chief of the Army for the suppression of the Defenders and the pacification of the Province of Connaught, in Ireland; in 1796, to the full Commandership of all the military forces in Ireland; in 1797, to the Master General of Ordnance in Ireland, and, finally, in 1798, was elevated to the highest rank of full General of the army, and, at his death, stood third in the list of army general officers of that grade; which was the same exalted rank conferred only on General Grant of the American Army, the highest of all military services throughout the world.

Then, in the civil line, from 1768 to 1774, he was a member of the Irish Parliament for the Borough of Bossiney, in Cornwall; from 1774 to 1784, again a member continuously for Bossiney; from 1784 to 1790, a member for the Borough of Old Leighton; from 1790 to 1794, a member for Plimpton Earls, in Devonshire; and from 1817 to his death in 1821, a member for Ludgershall, in Wiltshire. In 1787 (on the death of his father) he succeeded to the Irish Peerage, and to the Baronetcy of Irnham, and the Vicountship and Earldom of Carhampton. Afterward, patent customer for Bristol and thereafter Governor of Dublin.

On June 25th, 1776, just eight days before the American Declaration of Independence, at the age of 33, when

his bright star of success was beginning to rise above the horizon of his fame, General Henry Lawes Luttrell married Miss Jane Boyd, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of George Boyd, of Dublin, Ireland, and lived happily with her till his death.

About 1798, he finally parted with his Irish ancestral property at Luttrellstown, and retired to his celebrated seat at Painshill, in Surrey, where he spent the last 20 years of a life full of inspiration, energy, prosperity and renown, in an elegant, satisfied and honored retirement, such as had fallen to the lot of but few, if any men, of his country, or of the age in which he rose and flourished.

Having no children by his wife to inherit his titles and his estates they passed, by the law of the land, to his eldest brother, John Luttrell.

Henry Lawes Luttrell was a learned, eloquent and powerful lawyer, as well as soldier and statesman, and his speech before the High Court of Chancery in England on the 9th of December, 1815, in defence of his sister Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, and sister-in-law to King George III., upon the disputes arising out of her will, was one of the greatest oratorical and logical legal arguments, not only of his time, but of any age, and was published as such in 1816.

It is useless to give references to find the history of such a brilliant character and illustrious career. It is written all over the annals, and everywhere preserved in the archives of both England and Ireland.

His grandfather, father, uncles and himself, each served his country as well and better than Jack Churchill, and was as much and more entitled to be made a Duke as he. And had any of them got themselves as close to their Queen, his sister, as he did to his King, the House

of Luttrell would have had a Dukedom as well as the House of Marlborough, into which Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt has just gone as the ninth Duchess, just the same as Miss Anne Luttrell went as Duchess of Cumberland, except that she went still higher and nearer to the crown. But they got their Earldom, which was next to the Dukedom, justly and honestly, and was exalted enough to satisfy the ambition of the matter-of-fact and unostentatious Luttrell.

John Luttrell, Jr., Olmius.

John was the second son of Simon, Jr., grandson of Henry, Sr., and great-grandson of Thomas Luttrell, and eldest brother of Henry Lawes, to whose titles and estates he succeeded on his death in 1821, and therefore became the third Earl of Carhampton, etc.

History does not give the exact date of his birth, but he had risen to the high and responsible rank of Captain in the navy as early as 1762, and could not have been born under a year after his elder brother, Henry Lawes, in 1743. Even at that, making his birth in 1744, and him a naval Captain at the extremely youthful age of 18 years. He must have been, therefore, an extraordinarily precocious and capable youth. And while still an exceptionally young Captain, he was made Commander of his naval squardron, and on October 17th, 1779, reduced Omora, in the Gulf of Honduras, to his great credit as a naval officer, and afterward retired from that branch of public service.

In 1784, however, he was appointed one of the Civil Commissioners. In 1787, on the death of Lord Weltham, the brother of his first wife, who was a daughter of this noble family, he succeeded to the family name, title, arms,

etc., of Olmius, belonging to that house, and thereafter added that additional surname to his own, and henceforth became known as John Luttrell-Olmius.

After his first wife's death in 1797, in 1798 he married a second wife, in the person of the untitled daughter, Maria, of John Morgan, Recorder of Maidstone.

He died in 1829, without a brother living or child to succeed him in the peerage, and, consequently, the Luttrell titles to nobility, of Baronet, Viscount, Earl, etc., became extinct and passed forever out of the family of Luttrells. His career may be found in the civil and naval records and history of England and Ireland.

Temple Luttrell.

Temple was the third son of Simon, Jr., grandson of Henry, Sr., and great-grandson of Thomas, and second brother of Henry Lawes Luttrell.

He was born the next after John, Jr., but history leaves us to infer the precise date, doubtless some time in the latter part of the seventeenth century forties—about 1748.

His first appearance in public life, as recorded by history, was when he was elected to Parliament for Milborne Port, in 1774, and served with marked ability till 1780. He could not have been 30 years old when he entered Parliament.

He also served with much distinction in the army, and was captured at Boulogne, France, on September 18th, 1793, and imprisoned in the Abbayne and Luxembourg prisons of Paris, from October 27th, 1793, to February 14th, 1795, when he was released.

His sister Anne, having married the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III., his captors, while holding

him a prisoner of war, took great satisfaction in exhibiting him to the populace in France, as the "brother of the King of England."

After well maintaining the high standard of character and reputation to which the name and blood had long since obtained, by lofty principles and eminent services to his country, family and race, Temple Luttrell died in Paris, France, without children to inherit his fame and fortune, at the beginning of the present century and in the infancy of our republic, on January 14th, 1803.

Significant mention and praiseworthy comment on him and his career may be found in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of 1792 to 1798 and 1803. And also in Alger's "Englishmen in the French Revolution," pages 148, 200, 341, etc.; and other contemporaneous publications.

James Luttrell.

James was the fourth and youngest son of Simon, Jr., grandson of Henry, Sr., and great-grandson of Thomas, and third brother of Henry Lawes Luttrell, and, inheriting the instincts and endowed with genius of his family, he, too, early developed into a great warrior, parliamentarian and statesman.

He was born about 1751 or 1752 at Four Oaks, in Warwickshire; and even before attaining his majority, when not over 18 or 19 years of age, he having, while still younger, enlisted in the English navy, was, on February 2d, 1770, promoted to a Lieutenancy in the naval service of his country; and on October 27th, 1780, to the Commandership of the naval vessel "Merlin"; and on February 23d, 1781, to that of the warship "Portland"; and on March 16th, 1782, to that of the famous battleship "Meditator," carrying 44 guns.

In December following, while waiting off Ferral to intercept an American frigate lying there, there unexpectedly hove in sight a considerable squadron of five or more of the enemy's (American) vessels, heavily armed, and manned by an aggregate of over 600 men.

Luttrell suddenly found himself confronted by a formidable fleet, with but a single vessel to meet it, and without the hope of support or assistance of any kind; he set sail, manned his guns, cleared his decks for action, and immediately bore right down upon the whole flotilla.

As soon as they sighted him and saw his ship standing out towards them, they instantly formed themselves into a regular line of naval battle and prepared to give him and the "Meditator" a warm reception. But Luttrell, nothing daunted at their warlike appearance and the fearful odds against him, continued to bear down upon them with all the speed possible. The moment he was within range he began to pour his solid broadsides into them, and to their surprise and consternation, kept it up, till he soon cut the "Alexandre," one of the largest, off from the main body of them, and compelled her to strike and surrender. And while taking possession of her he frightened and stampeded the others and they scattered and fled for safety.

But just as soon as Luttrell could secure and hold the one he had captured, he at once started, full sail, in hot pursuit of those which had run away, and five hours later overtook another, the "Menagere," and after a fierce and unceasing fight of five hours more had made her a prisoner, too. And notwithstanding he was thereafter encumbered with and guarding two of the largest and most powerful, he kept right on after them, promptly following up his victories, until he ultimately partially

dismantled and disabled two more of them, and put the balance to a helpless and inglorious flight.

While he was thus engaged and engrossed in the chase after battle with a single craft against so many men-of-war at one time, a desperate and almost fatal attempt was made by his captives to set fire to and burn his own and only vessel, the "Meditator."

But Luttrell proved himself to be a master on the sea, equal to any emergency in naval contest, and thwarted their frenzied designs and successfully brought his gallant ship and his proud prizes safely to England, after having, under the unfavorable circumstances and adverse conditions environing and menacing him, manifested the most daring bravery, exhibited the most expert strategy, displayed the most skilful maneuvering and accomplished the most masterful feat, doubtless, ever performed in all the range and history of naval warfare, and that, too, when only a boy not over and even less than thirty years old.

The great Nelson, himself the father, founder and head of the incomparable and unconquerable navy of the British empire, never accomplished a more brilliant and next to impossible success at his youthful age.

Then, again, in April of the year thereafter, 1783, Naval Commander Luttrell was promoted to the command of the celebrated battleship "Ganges," carrying a much larger battery, of 74 guns. In September following, evidently on account of failing health, he retired from the arduous and exposed service on the water, and was elevated to the most important and distinguished post of Surveyor-General of Ordnance for the British Navy, which he filled with great credit, and held till his premature and unfortunate death from consumption, on

December 23d, 1788, when only about 37, and not even in his prime, without marriage or children.

Had he had the undiseased and enduring constitution of Nelson, he might yet have easily divided the highest naval achievements and honors with him, the ultimate greatest naval commander opportunely developed by the world.

But his grand and noble services in the navy were not all the patriotic and valuable services he rendered to his state and people.

In 1775 he was returned to Parliament by the borough of Stockbridge, in Hampshire, England, which he ably represented till 1784, when he was again preferred and returned by Dover. His gallant and marvelous services on the "Meditator" were the subject of great naval paintings by the celebrated Dodd, and three different views of them, by the renowned Serres, all of which have been engraved and preserved, together with a great portrait of Luttrell himself. His name will be found richly emblazoned on navy lists, on the commission and warrant books in the Public Record Office, in the *Gentlemen's Magazine,* in Beatson's "Naval and Military Memoirs," in the "Memoirs of Sir Michael Seymour," and all over the naval annals and archives and the histories of England in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Henry Luttrell, Jr.

Henry, Jr., was the only son of Henry Lawes, grandson of Simon, Jr., great-grandson of Henry, Sr., and great-great-grandson of Thomas Luttrell.

His father belonged to the noble blood and descent in

every class, and he showed his noble blood and descent in everything.

He was born about 1765, at Woodstock, England, bred under the walls of the great seat of learning at Oxford, breathing its cultured atmosphere, feeding on its literature, drinking at the fountain of its refinement, nourishing its talents, quickening his wit, firing his genius and inspiring his muse, he soared above the lofty heights of humor and floated in the upper realms of poesy, easily becoming the greatest wit of all England, and one of the first poets in English literature.

With the aid of his father's influence he first won, then quite young, a seat in the Irish Parliament, in 1798, from Clonmines, in the County Wexford; and also succeeded to an important post in the Irish Government, which was afterward commuted for a pension.

After the close of the Irish Parliament, and about 1802, Henry, Jr., was sent to the West Indies to take charge of and manage his father's great estates there; but, not being satisfied with isolation, he soon thereafter returned to England, and was thereupon introduced into the first circles of London society by the far-famed Duchess of Devonshire, which, of course, gave him entree at once, not only into the very cream of wealth and letters, but up through the whole range of the noble guilds and titled classes, the exclusive sets of royalty, and to the very throne itself. The natural consequence was, that through his own superior cleverness and the carte blanche of his ducal patroness, he immediately attained a social position of great eminence and success, and was admiringly looked upon and dotingly received "as one of the most agreeable, accomplished and entertaining men of his day."

In 1819, he began the publication of some of his remarkable literary works, and among them some of his most beautiful and graceful elegies, such as, "Lines written at Ampthill Park in the Autumn of 1818," dedicated to his good friend, Henry Vassal, Lord Holland, and numerous others of similar elegance and equal brilliance. On a different plane, however, if scarcely up to the high level of his colloquial reputation, is his "Advice to Julia; a letter in rhyme," followed with others of like exceptional style and character, early in 1820.

And with a faint semblance of his favorite Horace (whose Lydia, of Epistle VIII, Book I, is the prototype of his Julia), this gem of a poem has been well defined by the best of authority in that line, as "a brief society epic suggesting the inimitable Praed," and containing the best vignettes of life in London, since the immortal Gay's "Trivia."

Then comes his incomparable "Description of a London Fog," following closely upon his ingenius and unique "Appeal to Chemistry, to teach our chimneys how to chew the cud," brimful of grim realism.

While his "City Showers" challenges comparison with the household name Swift's well known and universally admired "Rhymes and Verses." And so attractive and well liked was this, his first published volume, that it drew to it the highly critical but impartially complimentary attention of that world-famed and beloved Irish poet, Tom Moore, who unhesitatingly characterized it as a book "full of well-bred facetiousness and sparkle," which, of course, immortalized it and him, too, in the world of letters, as he had voluntarily made himself largely its literary sponsor.

And as his first venture in the vast field of the world's literature grew so rapidly in popular favor and the public demand for it became so great, Luttrell was induced, in 1822, to bring out a third and improved edition with the title altered to simply "Letters to Julia in Rhyme," which so pleased the noted Christopher Worth that he promptly pronounced it, "quite bijou," a jewel. Why, even the undying-famed Lord Byron made haste to proclaim to the wondering and inquiring world his great and unalloyed admiration of it, and particularly of its charming "wit and artful tact," and even still more so, "the good breeding" of his "Letters of a Dandy to a Dolly," and took pleasurable pains to compliment them very highly to everybody, and particularly to the refined and cultured Lady Blessington.

Unfortunately for mankind in general, and especially for the word of letters, Luttrell never printed nor got out but one more distinct volume of his wonderful writings and sayings—a work entitled "Crockford House," in 1827, a satire on high play, etc., with which, however, he did publish a shorter poem styled "A Rhyme in Rome."

After this he spent much of his time traveling about the world, especially in Europe. While abroad he kept a diary of his movements, events and observations, which Moore says was "exceedingly clever."

But Luttrell's real, greatest and rarest excellence was as a "talker and diner-out," where the brilliancy of his wit charmed everyone, and the splendor of his discourse captivated all, where his humor incessantly flowed from a never failing fountain, and his learning ever shed its light from an inexhaustible luminary.

Henry Luttrell, Jr., and Tom Moore were very fond of each other, and were continually visiting one another and exchanging poetical gems and trifles with each other, —on which occasions, and especially at Moore's board, Luttrell would launch not a few of his famous and familiar jests upon a "Prosperous Career." At Moore's, in 1831, Luttrell formed one of a remarkable party, including Lord Macauley, the renowned English historian; Lord John Russell, the celebrated English statesman, and Tom Cambell, the famous English poet, which was chronicled by Macauley, in his works, entitled "Macauley's Letters."

Moore had so much regard for and confidence in Luttrell, that he took counsel of him before destroying the manuscript of the unpublished work, styled "Memoirs," which Lord Byron had written and entrusted to the judgment and discretion of Moore.

Luttrell was always bracketed with the distinguished poet and man-of-letters, Rogers, compared with whom he is described as "less caustic but more good-natured" than Rogers; the two were "seldom apart, and always hating, abusing and ridiculing each other."

On one noted occasion in October, 1826, Sir Walter Scott breakfasted with Rogers, and, of course, the great London wit (as he was universally called), Henry Luttrell, Jr., was also a guest,—indeed, no such an event among literateurs and celebrities would or could have been complete without the presence of this master-in-chief of the art of humor and the genius of learning with the spiriting spice of his wit and the sugaring savor of his culture and the pleasurable perfume of his refinement.

At another party of literary notables at Rogers' in March, 1835, at which the illustrious scholar and poet, Wordsworth, with Luttrell and other contemporaries in letters, was being entertained, Luttrell wrote impromptu in an album his witty verses on "A Man Run Over by an Omnibus," concluding with that well-known saw, *"Mors Omnibus Communis."*

Then he wrote both English and Latin verses upon "Rogers' Seat," at his summer house in Holland Park. And it was he, instead of Lady Blessington, who made the funny remark that "Rogers' Italy would have been dished but for the plates." Although Rogers was full of jealousy and fear of Luttrell, still he could not help confessing that there was "no one who could slide in a brilliant thing with greater readiness." Luttrell was a frequent and welcome guest at Holland House, where many of his best things were written.

Byron gave him the reputation of being the "most epigrammatic conversationalist" he ever met; but that did not prevent his rapt admiration of the eminent poet Hood's genius and pains, and he went so far in his appreciation of Hood's writings, that on one occasion he deliberately passed by the side dishes at Holland House in order to contemplate a man who had failed to laugh at the great humorist, Sidney Smith's, side splitting jokes, an account of which may be found in the "Memoirs of Sydney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland, in 1855, page 319, etc.

Sydney Smith, on a noted occasion, jokingly said of him, that until he taught him better, Luttrell imagined muffins grew on stalks; but Luttrell, himself, was given to constantly speaking of his taste for domesticity, and

was fond of comparing himself to the King of Bohemia, who was noted for his liking for navigation.

Though a natural Bohemian, and a cultured classic, and a born wit with an amazing power of repartee, Luttrell must not be regarded in any sense as superficial, nor by any means devoid of real "Thackarayan wrath against the shame and snobberies of society." While his vein, as well as his meter, was often "Hudibrastic" in forcible denunciation; as for example, in his much admired and oft quoted lines on the hypocrisy, humbuggery and frivolities of the people.

"Oh that there might in England be
A duty on hypocrisy,
A tax on humbug, and excise,
On solemn plausibilities."

Lady Blessington, in describing him as a conversationalist, said he was one among talkers "who always makes me think," as can be seen in the "Idler in France," II, 116. And the great Greyville defined him as a "philosopher in all things, and especially in religion." While the graphic Gronow styled him as "the best of the conversationalists" on meeting with him in Paris in 1849, and which is recorded in "Gronow's Reminiscences," 1889, II, 255.

Henry Luttrell, Jr., died at his house, Number 51 Brampton Square, London, on the same day with his companion contemporary, Turner, the artist-painter, December 19th, 1851, at the ripe old age of 86 years, within our own time and knowledge, and as particularly reported in the Athenaeum, December 27th, 1851, and elsewhere. And thus was shut out from the face of the earth, the

life, but not the light, of an immortal soul that shone through the form, blood and name of Luttrell, to tickle the world, to quicken society, to inspire genius, to stimulate culture, to animate literature, to better government, to elevate religion, to gratify humanity, and to put a new and higher life into all mankind. The master of letters, the chieftain of writers, the prince of talkers, and the king of wit, he was enthroned in a crown of glory studded and illumined with the brightest and rarest gems and crystals of genius, learning, refinement and ability, here below, long before he was called above to receive his well earned and everlasting "crown of immortality."

A grand portrait of Luttrell still hangs in and ornaments the great Holland House he loved so well and did so much to make famous in song and story, fiction and history throughout the world, in dear and loving remembrance of him and his literary companions, and referred to in "Leitchtenstein," II, 243. While a fine lithograph portrait of him is likewise preserved and in the possession of the celebrated White's Club, frequented by him, made from a drawing of him by Count D'Orsay, and is reproduced in Bourke's "History of White's," I, 224.

Something of the most remarkable career and wonderful history of Henry Luttrell, Jr., may be gathered from the following works, etc.: "Greyville Memoirs," 1855, Part 2, 2-425; "Thomas Moore's Diary and Correspondence" (passim); Clayden's "Rogers and His Contemporaries" (passim); Roger's "Table Talk," 1887, p. 236; Madden's "Countess of Blessington," 1855, II, 46, and III, 189; Pryor's "Life of Malone," 229; "Noctes Ambrosiance," McKenzie's Ed., I, 196-224, and II, 263; "Leitchtenstein's Holland House" (passim); "McReady's

Reminiscences," II, 161; "Crab Robinson's Diary," II, 305; Lord Houghton's "Monographs," 268; Clark Russell's "Representative Actors," 252; Wheatley Cunningham's "London," 281; London Times, December 25th, 1851; Irving's "Annuals," 343; Gentlemen's Magazine, 1845, II, 578; Irish Quarterly Review, 1853, 663; and many others. Luttrell also formed the subject of papers by Mr. Austin Dobson in the St. James Magazine as late as January, 1878, 43-52. And so on through the catalogue.

Narcissus Luttrell.

Narcissus belonged to a collateral branch of the main historical Luttrell family, as principally exemplified in Thomas Luttrell and his descendants, in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Narcissus, too, was a man of letters, with a high and enviable literary reputation, particularly as an annalist, compiler and biographer. He was descended from the Luttrells of Dunster Castle, in Somerset, England, and anti-Jacobites and an adherent of William III. of England, a follower of William of Orange, the supporter of William and Mary in their great contest for supremacy in England and Ireland, against King James II. of England.

He was a son of Francis Luttrell of London, was born in 1657 and educated in the School of Sheen at Surrey, England, under the great scholar and teacher, Mr. Aldrich. On February 17th, 1673, at about sixteen years of age, he was admitted as a fellow-commoner of St. James College, Cambridge, England, and in 1675, two years thereafter, was created a Master of Arts, by Royal mandate, when only eighteen years old, as appears in "Graduati Cantabr," 1825, 303.

While most of his family were Jacobites and favored King James as their ruler, if they must be governed by England, yet Narcissus warmly espoused the cause or claim of King William, as will be seen in Rawden Papers, 359-519. The relentless strife and war between these two Kings or claimants, or pretenders, to the throne, caused the Irish to divide in their allegiance and adherance on religious grounds, the Catholics supporting James and the Protestants William. The Catholics were organized and known as Jacobites, and the Protestants as Orangemen fighting under the yellow colors of William of Orange. And the party spirit ran so high that the feud between these people of the same nationality and blood became so bitter on the part of the Jacobites, that to this day, even in America, the descendants of Orangemen cannot parade the public thoroughfares in celebration of any event in their history as such, without a riot made on them by, or an armed force to protect them from, their Irish Catholic neighbors and kindred, and then, too, in the very face of the fact that they are all living together in a free country, and that their Orange brothers have a permit and full authority from the Government for their demonstration, just the same as the Catholics have when they celebrate in honor of any of the historical events of themselves or their ancestors.

For many years Luttrell lived in complete seclusion at Chelsea, England, studied much, chronicled the stirring events of his time, and collected an extensive and valuable library, including some important manuscripts, which Hearne even pronounced to be a very extraordinary collection of books, etc. In it were found to be many manuscripts of incomparable value, which Luttrell seems at that time had not the spirit himself to communicate

to the world, and was afterward greatly mortified to see the world gratified through them without his own assistance even. His library also embraced a great number of fugitive political tracts, with broadsides and slips, bearing significantly upon his own time. His whole vast and vital collection finally became the property of that noted writer and publisher, Edward Wynne, author of "Ehnomus, or Dialogues Concerning the Law and Constitution of England," and a near relative of the Luttrells. Then, in 1876, it was broken up and dispersed by Leigh and Sotheby. And ultimately, after passing successively through the hands of James Bindley (Q. V.) and the Duke of Buckingham. A large number of the sheets, consisting of 188 eulogies and elegies, 255 humorous, political, historical and miscellaneous ballads, 143 proclamations and broadsides, were purchased by the British Museum as late as August 9th, 1849, and will remain in perpetual preservation for the information and edification of the world. Other portions of Luttrell's grand collection were, on the dispersal of the Heber Library, incorporated with the great Britwell Collection, as per information kindly furnished by Mr. R. E. Graves, also by Dibdin, "Library Companion," 1824, II, 325.

Luttrell was an indefatigable worker, and compiled day by day an invaluable chronicle of contemporary events, under the title of "A brief historical relation of state authorities from September, 1678, to April, 1714," the manuscript of which is now preserved and on exhibition in the Library of All Soul's College, Oxford, England. But, although an important quotation from it was used and printed in Howell's "State Trials," yet this indispensible work lay there almost neglected, until Lord Macauley, the classic English historian, drew public at-

tention to it and aroused general interest in it, by frequently resorting to it and freely quoting from it in the standard "History of England."

However, it was soon afterward published for universal use, by the delegates of the Oxford University Press, and issued in six volumes, 1857, 8vo. Luttrell's "Diary of his own life, private transactions," at various times between November 1st, 1822, and June 11th, 1825, was written in Greek characters, but in the English language, and is regarded as of so much value, that it also is possessed and preserved by the British Museum. (Addit M. S. 10, 447.)

Narcissus Luttrell passed away after a lingering illness, on June 27th, 1732, at the fair old age of seventy-five years, at his country-seat, at Little Chelsea, England, and was buried at Chelsea on July 6th, 1732, as chronicled in the "Historical Register," 1732, Chronological Diary, 28. His sons, Narcissus and Francis, were also buried at the same place in 1727 and 1740, respectively.

Narcissus Luttrell sprang from a family that dwelt in castles, basked in wealth and culture, and affiliated with the highest and best classes of titled and aristocratic England. Bred a gentleman, educated at Cambridge, the peer of nobles, the associate of literateurs, he was well suited and finely fitted for the difficult and arduous work of life which he undertook with so much alacrity and patience, and accomplished with such perfection and acceptability. The standard of the Luttrells was never lowered by Narcissus from the exalted station where it had been born and planted by his predecessors and contemporaries.

He wrote his splendid achievements high up on the ever-living monument the world has erected to his clan; and from the lofty position to which he had climbed, handed down a life of example, sound with intelligence, full of faithfulness, ripe with culture, ringing with activity, solid with success and shining with honors for every Luttrell on earth and all mankind besides.

Much interesting and valuable information of Narcissus Luttrell may be gained by referring to the "Athenæum," Number 1542, 621; Cooper's "Athenæ;" Cantabr Manuscript; Falkner's "Chelsea," II, 135, 136; Beaver's "Memoirs of Old Chelsea," 330; Hearne's "Collections" (Doble), 169, 171; Howell's "State Trials," IX, 1005; "London Gazette," 16-19, October, 1693, Number 2915; "Notes and Queries," 1st Ser., XII, 408, 2nd Ser., I (passim), 3rd, 133, 5th, 149, 12th, 47 and 48, and elsewhere.

The More Modern Luttrells.

The Luttrells have here been traced and brought historically down from and including the thirteenth century to the year 1851, in the present, or nineteenth century, thus covering a period of over six entire centuries, or more than six hundred years. All belonging to the main or principal families of England and Ireland, and one family in particular, through five distinct generations, which lap over, connect with and dovetail into the main or principal family of America, the past and present Luttrell family of Tennessee, which runs back to and blends in the eighteenth century Luttrells.

Among the leading and most noted of the American and Tennessee Luttrells, may be called to mind Colonel James Churchwell Luttrell and his two prominent sons,

Mayors Samuel B. and James C. Luttrell of Knoxville; Squire Louis Luttrell and his four worthy sons, James, Joseph, Madison, and Abner Luttrell of Knox county; James Churchwell Luttrell and his seven bright sons, Frank, John, Lawson, Gideon, James, Creed and Barney, of the Fork and Knoxville; Honorable John King Luttrell of Tennessee and California; and others too numerous to name and particularize here.

THE TENNESSEE LUTTRELLS.

Colonel James Churchwell Luttrell.

"Colonel Jim," as he was familiarly called by his relatives and friends everywhere, held the mayoralty of his home city of Knoxville as long as he would accept it, and also the comptrollership of his native state for a great portion of his life, besides many other high, public and private positions of honor, profit and trust among his neighbors and people.

And no man ever wore and represented the Luttrell name and fame with a higher character or a better reputation for honesty, integrity and capacity, than he in the honorable and responsible stations he so faithfully and creditably filled. His name was a household word in his city and state, and his life an everyday example for his family and people. And his sons and daughters have proven themselves most worthy and respected successors to their eminent and beloved father.

Samuel B. Luttrell, the elder of the sons, especially, may be safely set down as one of the ablest and foremost business men of not only his own city and state, but of the whole South and country as well.

Both brothers have been honored with the office of chief executive of Knoxville until they have had positively to refuse to be honored any longer.

Besides presiding over and directing banks, corporations, mercantile houses and various and varied other organizations and business enterprises, "Sam" has long been the head, center, and controlling spirit of a great financial and industrial institution, the Southern Building and Loan Association, which already outranks and leads every other institution of its kind, not only in the land, but throughout the world. And much the same may be said of his younger brother, "Jim," who timely and ably seconds and co-operates with him in all his undertakings and affairs.

Indeed, there seems to be no end to the capabilities and resources of that Luttrell family. There would appear to be no danger of the business capacities dying out, nor the achievements fading away of the Luttrells, while any of "Colonel Jim's" family or descendants remain. Long may they live, and wave the ensign of Luttrell aloft in honor and success.

Squire Louis Luttrell.

Squire Louis Luttrell in his day and generation was one of the leading and most intelligent, as well as most worthy and valuable men in Knox County. He was for a large portion of his lifetime the chosen judicial officer and public administrator of justice in his section and among his people, and a better qualified and more upright justice never sat upon the judicial bench nor presided over a legal court in Knox County, than Squire Louis Luttrell of the Third Civil District.

He was for many years an honored and distinguished member of the County Court of Knox County, and was the author and promoter of many wholesome reforms and valuable improvements in the method and management of the affairs of his county. He was noted for being a man of solid character and substantial thrift, reared a large and creditable family, and acquired an extensive and valuable property, which he equitably divided among them. He was truly a deserving Luttrell, and his name should be honored and perpetuated. His sons and daughters all are honest and industrious citizens and worthy of and entitled to inherit his name and fortune.

James Churchwell Luttrell.

"Uncle Jim," as he was familiarly known, was one of God's noblemen, a typical Luttrell, a thrifty man, a sterling citizen, a jovial companion and a natural all around gentleman.

He was the possessor of a beautiful country homestead and estate, and established there a lovely family home on the banks of the picturesque and charming Holston River just above the confluence with the French Broad River, and the formation of the grand old Tennessee River.

Here he brought up, and gave to the Luttrells and the world, one of the largest and most interesting families in his section of the country. For "Uncle Jim" Luttrell and his children, it can be truly said, were and are a well merited credit to their great name and noble blood, and to their proud county and gallant state.

Where would anyone, indeed, look in all the wide range of the Luttrells, and even among the people at large, for a better man and a finer citizen than Marshall

John Murphy Luttrell of Knoxville? or where could they hope to find a more exemplary man, or a higher minded gentleman than our own genial and beloved "Cousin John?" And so of Cousin Frank, James and all the family of grand old "Uncle Jim" and good old "Aunt Dicy" Luttrell. They were and are genuine "Luttrells of the blood," which they will ever honor and perpetuate in its great strength and purity.

Honorable John King Luttrell.

"John K.," as he was known far and wide, was one of old Uncle James Luttrell's family of the Fork, a characteristic Tennesseean, a thoroughbred Luttrell, a person of great force of character, a citizen of unusual popularity and a man of extraordinary success for his raising and opportunity.

Born in the Fork, log-hut schooled in the backwoods, a "bull-whacker" across the plains, a gold digger in California, a pioneer settler on the Pacific, he soon made his way to wealth and distinction. became one of the smartest politicians in his adopted state, and rose to the first ranks of statesmanship on the Pacific coast and in the land. He was elected to Congress repeatedly and until he would have it no more, and could have easily been elected Governor of California and occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States had he wanted or would have accepted them.

He was a man of fine physical and intellectual "portions," an untiring worker, a captivating orator, and a congressman of powerful influence in the halls of legislation and in the councils of the nation.

Latterly he was selected for a high station in far-off Alaska by the Government, where he owned large and

valuable interests, but where he prematurely died in 1895.

John K. Luttrell was well worthy of his family and race and has erected an enduring monument to their and his name and fame.

Other Luttrells.

And much could be said and is entitled to be said individually of a similar and highly complimentary character, of still other Luttrells within our knowledge and midst, would time and space permit.

But suffice it to add that the Luttrell "blood will tell" anywhere and everywhere it is planted, and will crop out and shoot up everywhere it has the slightest chance.

And likewise in the family of Captain James Madison Murphy, of Knox County, in the persons of Colonel W. R. Murphy, Coroner F. A. R. Murphy, and others of the family, of high character and well earned prominence, through the godly, faithful and dearly beloved Mary Kane Luttrell, only child of John Luttrell of the Fork, whose premature death in her infancy robbed him of the opportunity of developing his full manhood and demonstrating his real character to his people and country.

And also in the sturdy Matthew Gaines family of Knoxville, through the wife and mother, the amiable and estimable sister of Colonel Luttrell, and especially in their noted son, Colonel James Luttrell Gaines, that esteemed citizen and prominent business man at Nashville, Tennessee.

And besides the "James C. Luttrell" family, already treated of, the same blood has shown itself through Hugh Luttrell, John Luttrell and Madison Luttrell, the sons; and also through Polly Luttrell-Legg, Betsy Luttrell-

Roberts, Susan Luttrell-Carter, Luttrell Chumlea and Malinda Luttrell, the daughters of the late venerable William and Elizabeth Luttrell, of the Fork, and their descendants.

And so on almost ad infinitum, down the long and living lines of the ever descending and disseminating Luttrells, embracing the noted Luttrell family of Alabama and elsewhere, and also the family of that distinguished officer of the United States Army, Captain G. S. Luttrell Ward, the marriage of whose beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Mary Louise, with the wealthy and prominent Henry Elmokeys, was, in May, 1897, solemnized and celebrated in one of the most leading and fashionable churches of Greater New York.

There is no doubt that all the Luttrells, of whatever subsequent nativity, originally sprang from the one name, the one blood, the one individual head and the one distinct clan; and that they, living in whatever land and speaking whatever tongue, are limbs and branches of the same grand old family tree, whose thrifty roots have flourished in every soil and whose prolific trunks have borne fruits under every sun and spread blessings in every clime. And it is a question whether any single clan or family, taken as a whole, has been able to produce, and is entitled to have placed to its credit, so many self-made men of destiny, so many men of letters, so many masters in art, so many independently earned titles, so many individually merited distinctions, so many great warriors, so many grand statesmen and so many noble heroes, in all the world, as that of Luttrell. And I challenge impartial history to muster a single class or guild of men more worthy, more faithful, more successful, more tal-

ented, more noble and more brilliant than the race of Luttrell, for the past six hundred years and more.

The vast wealth and broad character they have attained were wrought out by their own hands and brains, the lofty stations they have filled were won by their own endeavors, the honorable titles they have won were placed there as their virtues' own reward, the distinguished heights which they have reached were the results of their own climbing; and the everlasting monument they have erected to the high standard of their stalwart manhood, marvelous genius and wonderful achievements, is of their own conception, design and creation.

The Luttrells have been faithful workers, skillful craftsmen and artful creators in the towering structures of illustrious character, fame and fortune. The world has long since, in the past, felt the quickening presence and stirring power of Luttrell, and in the future will yet be thrilled with its lightning flashes of genius and aroused by the awakening thunders of its achievements.

And if some Luttrell has not conquered or accepted a crown it was because he would not give up his allegiance to his fellows or did not want to wear one, for some of them have been powerful enough to have overturned thrones and dictated their own coronations.

Filially and gratefully compiled and dedicated, in affection for and honor to Mary Kane Luttrell-Murphy (and her husband, family and kindred) of Oakmont, Knox County, Tennessee, on April 21st, 1897, the occasion of the eighty-fourth anniversary of her birth, by her loyal and devoted son,

JOHN LUTTRELL MURPHY.

THE GENUIS OF LUTTRELL.

As one who stands upon the sunlit peak,
Amid the deep infinity of space,
Too thrilled to move, too charmed and awed to speak,—
I contemplate the genius of the race,
And worship at its solitary shrine
In deep solemnity, as near divine.

FINIS.

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